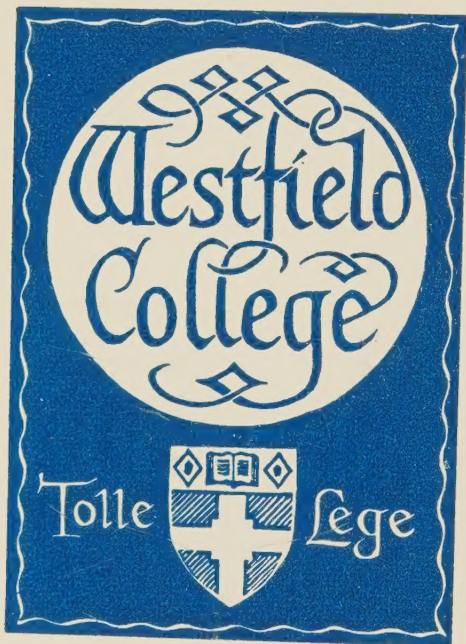


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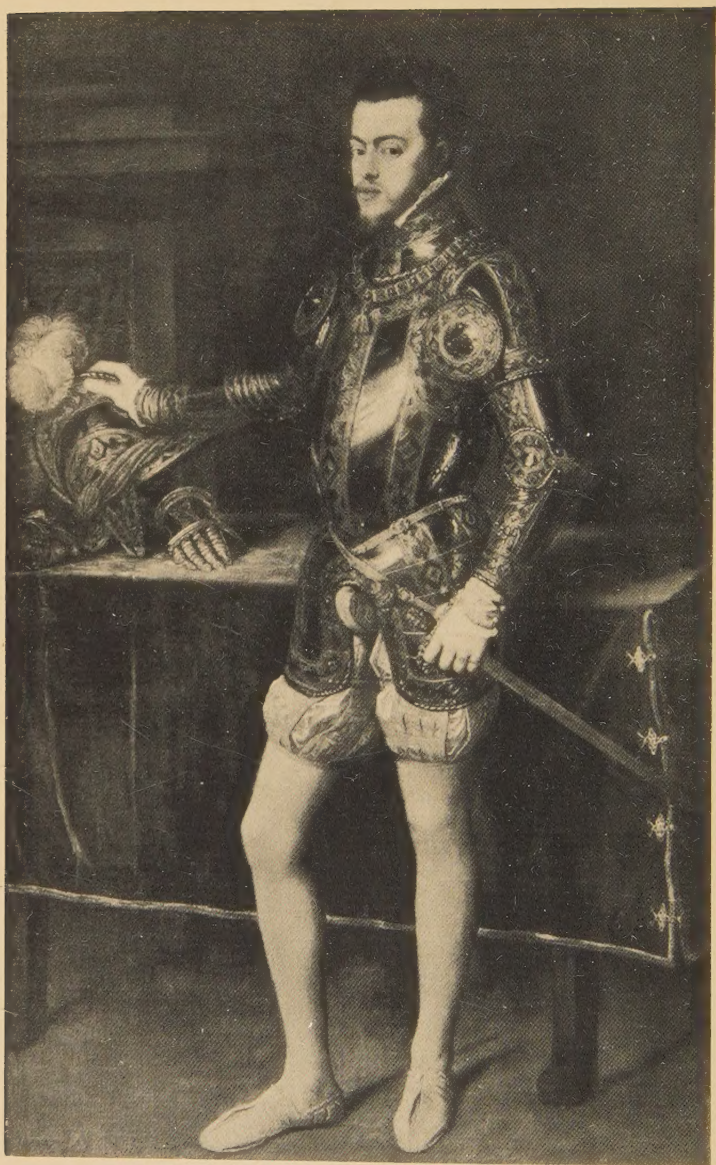
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PHILIP II OF SPAIN

"The cry of his people goes up to Heaven."

PHILIP II

of Spain

DAVID LOTH

LONDON

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Introduction

PHILIP II of Spain was born into a world which suffered acutely from growing pains. Europe, entering the second quarter of the sixteenth century, was trying to accommodate itself to enlarged ideas as to the size of the earth, the opportunities of man, the truth of religion, the possibilities of commerce, the delights of adventure. New worlds, new faiths, new conceptions of power and glory were being discovered by the heroes of an enterprising generation.

Four young men, all experienced beyond their years, swayed the political destinies of the West. Charles V of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire, Francis I of France, Henry VIII of England and Solyman the Magnificent of Turkey dominated all the world that they knew. Clement VII was Pope. Luther and Erasmus were at the height of their fame. Michelangelo was still alive. Cortés had conquered Mexico.

Spain was at the peak of her national prosperity. Her cloth, silk, leather and metal industries had not yet been blighted by queer governmental restrictions and keen foreign competition. Vast herds of sheep and cattle wandered from winter pasture in the valleys to summer grazing in the mountains, paying enormous taxes for the privilege. There were plenty of wars in Europe to supply booty and reputation for those who wished to pursue a traditionally honourable career on the field of battle. Imaginative Spaniards, however, were much too excited to be content with prosaic commerce, manufacture, agriculture or war. They were founding the first great colonial empire since Rome, lured on by

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the glorious adventure of exploration, braving unknown dangers, subduing strange peoples, amassing huge fortunes, winning immortal fame.

The first golden fruits of Columbus' discovery were just coming into Spain to tempt the avaricious. The amazing conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortés and his handful of inspired blackguards was only six years old. Thousands sought to emulate him, for Spain had heard more of the splendour of the achievement than of the hardships, and knew nothing at all of the intrigues and treacheries with which the Conqueror was struggling less successfully than against the warriors of Montezuma. Gonzalo Pizarro, ruthless, pitiless, indomitable, was sailing up from Peru to Panama dreaming of the expedition he would lead into the land of the Incas to loot the gold he had seen but had been obliged to leave behind him.

Spain's internal quarrels had been composed so that they no longer handicapped exploits far afield. Charles V, born a Fleming, had come to the peninsula as a raw lad of sixteen, speaking hardly a word of Spanish. His new subjects were taxed to provide fortunes for Flemish strangers and to finance Charles' elevation to the Imperial throne in Germany. Spaniards disapproved of the expensive luxuriousness the newcomers displayed. During centuries of warfare with the Moors, the Spanish Court had been a Spartan circle of fighting men and militant priests. When protests against imported manners swelled to revolt in Castile and Catalonia, Charles took the hint. He learned the Spanish language and customs. He exerted the charm of a remarkable personality to win popularity and managed to achieve respect in spite of the fact that he kept spending Spanish money in Germany, the Netherlands and Italy.

Aloof from the bustle of politics, trade and adventure, but near to all, was the vast establishment of the Spanish Church, owning far more than its share of the nation's land and brains, tenacious of its privileges, stronger than any other Church of its day. Much

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less corrupt and more able than their brethren in other countries, the Spanish clergy — especially the parochials, with whom the masses of the people came into closest contact — performed their duties so well that their flocks could not believe decent men might listen to the damnable heresies of Luther. As the people lacked the chief incentive to religious reform, so their rulers had no such stimulus as started German and English princes on the road to schism. These latter broke with Rome in order to establish the supremacy of the civil power. Spain had long since done so without leaving the fold.

Spanish kings exercised over the Spanish clergy as much authority as was ever claimed by a king of England. The monarchs bestowed preferment and received their share of the material benefits. They found Churchmen rather more submissive than laymen, more easily taxed. Naturally, royalty was nearly always the firm protector of ecclesiastical prestige and Catholic orthodoxy. During the Reconquest of Spain in the interests of the Cross, Spanish Kings had induced Popes to grant them all the powers for which Protestant princes clamoured in vain.

Therefore, Spain was not as much concerned with theological controversy as the rest of Europe. She was too busy with a more secular culture. The Renaissance came late to the country, which was now entering her golden age of art and letters, an age that would culminate in Luis Vives, the Escorial, El Greco and Cervantes, an age that produced a civilization only Elizabethan England could rival.

It was a more thoroughly Spanish civilization than might have been expected. Ferdinand and Isabella had subdued the last Moorish kingdom, Granada, only fifty years before and the Moriscos still numbered one-eighth of the population. Such Jews as were not converted to at least outward observance of Christianity had been expelled from the country even more recently. The apostates were rich and influential out of all proportion to their numbers. The Moors were the bulwark of industrial and agricultural well-

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being, the most industrious and skillful part of the nation. However, both races were so cordially hated with the venom which only centuries of war, resentment of superior culture, envy, greed and inflamed religious prejudice can engender that the people who had dominated the thought and learning of the peninsula even longer than they had been its political rulers now exercised at most an indirect influence.

The Inquisition, most powerful instrument of religious discipline the world ever saw, was the only typical product of Spanish civilization which concerned itself with Moors and Jews. As an episcopal institution, it had been known for ages, but under bishops had never attained the prominence which the reorganized Spanish model merited. Queen Isabella had procured Papal authority for its establishment under royal patronage. At that time it was directed primarily against the Jews, and was considered a very nice bit of statecraft as well as a highly meritorious act of piety. In the first flush of Inquisitorial enthusiasm, the numbers burned at the *Autos de Fé* (Acts of Faith) were enormous, but after a few years such rigour was no longer deemed either necessary or politic. Financial penalties served the turn. Where thousands had once marched to the stake, only dozens now needed to be "relaxed to the secular arm," as the jargon of the day put it.

There were even occasional acquittals. Ignatius Loyola, the gallant young soldier who had improved a long convalescence by meditating on religion and had then seen visions, was studying at the University of Salamanca to fit himself for the holy work to which he felt called. When Philip II was born, Loyola was reposing in the Inquisition prison because of certain suspicious utterances connected with his "call." He was exonerated, and the victory was not reckoned as one of his miracles when the next century came to canonize him.

The Inquisition proved a great bulwark of royalty. Time had recently been when the grandees of Castile or Aragon could dictate to their sovereigns. By a strategic alliance with the towns, the

INTRODUCTION

lesser nobility and the Church, reinforced by the dreaded Inquisition, Ferdinand and Isabella had broken the power of the grandees but left them their wealth. The lesser nobles were then easily put in their place, for they were unorganized and mostly poor. Often the hidalgo was distinguished from his less gentlemanly neighbour only by the title of "Don" and the immunity from taxation which was the perquisite of his rank.

The towns were a more difficult obstacle in the way of autocracy. Spain had a greater proportion of her 8,000,000 people living in cities than any other section of Europe of equal size, and these municipalities for political purposes embraced a considerable area outside their walls. Their divisions, however, prevented them from wresting power from the monarch. Each of the little kingdoms of Spain, despite the union under Ferdinand and Isabella, was autonomous. They could be played off one against the other. Each regarded its Cortes as an important organ of government, for it levied taxes and told the King what ought to be done. The Cortes was composed of representatives of a few towns with whom nobles and clergy were infrequently joined. The Cortes of Castile, the most important, contained the spokesmen of eighteen cities.

With weak monarchs they had on occasion made themselves supreme. But Charles had learned how to deal with them. His method in Castile, from which he drew most of his revenue, was typical. Bribery, persuasion, threats and commands induced the Cortes to establish the precedent of voting money and thereafter presenting demands. The demands were an amazing compound of wisdom, folly, ignorance and prejudice. The Cortes petitioned for relief from such silly trade restrictions as internal tariffs, but proposed an even sillier substitute, the abolition of export trade. They approved of the law forbidding export of coin and resolved that the use of precious metals for ornaments was a menace to the state. They wanted ecclesiastical lands reduced; they wanted regulations compelling women to dress simply; they wanted to decree men's fashions. They exercised rather more power than

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the contemporary English Parliament, the Estates of France or the Imperial Diet.

Spaniards were proud of their political liberties, but they were prouder of their military and naval prowess. The Spanish infantry, splendidly trained at the end of the previous century by the Italian wars and the "Great Captain," Gonsalvo de Cordoba, had proved its superiority over all other European troops on many battlefields. The Spaniards were the first conquerors of the Swiss pikes and the French cavalry. They were the pride and the despair of their generals, for they mutinied as regularly as they failed to draw their pay, and that was very regularly indeed.

The navy, like all navies of that day, would have been a familiar sight to the Greeks and Romans. Great galleys, manned by foot soldiers and rows of miserable slaves chained to their oars, contended for mastery of the Mediterranean. In the sixteenth century, this was held by the Turk and his allies, the Barbary pirates, with only Venice and Spain to dispute it. Spain had been impelled to naval effort by the pirates, who raided the coast so successfully for plunder and captives that their suppression became the chief aim of the most intelligent Spanish statesmen, who were apt to be a little impatient of enterprises in France, Italy and Germany while their countrymen were being beggared and enslaved by Arabs. The dangerous Atlantic had not yet become a popular battle ground. The sailing craft that plied these waters were primarily traders, although armed with a few cannon.

Other countries were inclined to regard Spain as the bully of Europe. Spaniards were too inclined to adopt a holier-than-thou as well as a mightier-than-thou attitude, their rivals complained. The Spaniard, a man of simple tastes and unostentatious habits, accustomed to sobriety and what in the sixteenth century passed for public order, was shocked by the luxurious display and chaotic lives of Italians, Frenchmen, Flemings and Germans. However, he soon copied them.

In Italy men were still undecided whether France or Spain was

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the lesser evil. They were slowly inclining towards Spain, whose King was also King of Naples and Sicily and had made good his claim to dispose of the Duchy of Milan. Only Venice was strong enough to withstand him, and Venice was a great power, still the first commercial country in the world.

Pope Clement, harassed by the widening split in Germany but much more concerned about the prosperity of his family, the Medici of Florence, had wavered between France and Spain until he had the mortification of seeing the young Duke Hippolito de' Medici deposed in Florence, and Jesus Christ by unanimous vote elected perpetual King of the Florentines.

Beyond the Alps, that pattern of chivalry, Francis, ruled a France wasted by years of war waged to gratify the impossible ambitions of impractical kings. Francis was trying to forget in love affairs, tournaments and plans for renewed conflict the humiliation of his capture by Charles at Pavia. He wanted both to obliterate and revenge the memory of how he had broken his knightly word to win his liberty. He knew and resented bitterly that he had cut a very sorry figure in the world it was his aim to dazzle. During this period of his shame, Francis was on good terms with that other seeker after earthly glory, the jovial, learned and ambitious Henry of England. Young King Harry, whose broad streak of Tudor caution kept him from the extremes of triumph and defeat of which Francis was capable, never risked much, whether allied to France or Spain. His people were quietly getting rich while the world fought. The King's Grace—Charles was the only ruler in Europe with the title of "Majesty," although the others were soon to follow his example—was now in the first stages of his suit for divorce from Queen Catherine, the Emperor's aunt, but he was still that dutiful son of the Church who had won the appellation "Defender of the Faith" for writing tracts against the heretics.

Across the Channel the Emperor's Flemish subjects were busily depriving Venice of her commercial domination. The crowded

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cities of the Low Countries were becoming unbelievably wealthy, were already almost as rich as Spain.

Germany was in a deplorable state. While Charles' brother, Ferdinand, was wondering if he could keep the Turk from overrunning their hereditary Hapsburg lands, which the Emperor had given him to rule, the rest of the Empire was varying its age-old habits of banditry and petty warfare by theological strife on a really big scale. That peculiar phenomenon, the Reformation, was taking place, and the great question of the day was whether souls are saved by faith or works.

The Reformers gave an answer which many believed would open the gates to paradise in this world as well as the next. The many who had suffered from ecclesiastical abuses supposed that the new doctrines would end these abuses. German peasants, the most miserable in Europe, thought they were promised a chance to live decently. German princes saw in the preachings of Luther and his followers a means of reducing their chaotic countries to good order and autocratic government. They seized the opportunity to curb the lawless barons and bring some sort of peace to the land. It helped them that Luther and his disciples were preaching, among less easily understood things, the divine right of kings, a Protestant doctrine which they opposed to the Catholic dogma of the divine right of Popes.

Gradually the conflict spread outside of Germany. In a few years all hope of reuniting Europe in one Church was gone, and both sides were beginning to expound the gospel of force. Catholics stressed the duty of the Church to suppress non-conformity; Protestants laid this duty on the state; both were firm for suppression. Most of the other sources of human discord entered into the controversy. Politics, economic rivalries, personal jealousies, differences of philosophy and worldly ambitions were all included in the disputes which men called religious. The old causes had kept Europe quarrelling for centuries. The addition of pious exaltation, the raising of God's battle cry, the carefully inculcated belief that

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men of another faith were scarcely human, these introduced new refinements of horror and cruelty into the coming wars. Whole peoples, instead of merely princes and their retainers, were now to be involved. In the name of an all-loving God, Europe was devastated by international hatreds, hatreds which moulded the character of millions of men. Among them was Philip of Spain. From the bitter prejudices and blind rages of men obsessed with too rigid a belief in their own infallibility, Truth fled in terror, and throughout the sixteenth century was to be found lurking only in the greatest obscurity.

Philip II of Spain

I

An Heir to Empire

HIS Sacred, Imperial and Catholic Majesty, Charles, fifth of the name, was in exuberantly high spirits, boyishly happy, quite other than the grave, affable young man before whom in deepest respect the world bowed. Actually he laughed unaffectedly while talking with foreign ambassadors. It was an unexpected derogation from the dignity which, he thought, befitted his station, but he had a good excuse. God in His goodness had given the master of the East and the West an heir to his greatness, and the Emperor was profoundly, sincerely, devoutly grateful to Him.

His Sacred Imperial and Catholic Majesty was mercifully spared for a short time the knowledge that on this 27th day of May, 1527, his army in Italy was engaged in the most thorough job of large scale vandalism that Rome, no stranger to this sort of work, had ever experienced. The troops who were sober enough for duty were closely besieging the Castle of Sant' Angelo where God's vicar on earth had taken a precarious refuge, and where the highly imaginative Benvenuto Cellini was performing hypothetical deeds of valour which he never let the world forget.

It was a deplorable affair, but as even bad news often needed a month to travel from Italy to Spain, the Imperial delight was unmarred by political cares as the baby was carried in magnificently solemn procession through the streets of Valladolid to the Church of San Pablo to be baptized in the name of Philip. The proud father, after appropriate devotions, signalized his joy by killing a

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bull in the Spanish fashion, a feat much applauded by the multitude. Attended only by footmen to supply him with fresh lances, he rode into the great public square. The assembled citizenry, safe behind temporary barriers, gave tongue to a deep roar of approval as horse and rider nimbly eluded the bull's wild charges. When at last the Emperor drove his lance home between the shoulders as skillfully as any native grandee, the spectators knew that he who had come among them ten years before as a distrusted Flemish foreigner was now a true Spaniard, one of themselves.

Of the elaborate programme of celebration, the bullfight was one of the few features that actually materialized. Soon the ugly truth about what was happening in Rome trickled into the Court to horrify good Catholics, and Spaniards under the all-seeing eye of the Inquisition were invariably good Catholics. The festivities were cancelled, mourning substituted, prayers said for the speedy deliverance of the Holy Father, who had already surrendered. His Majesty disavowed his army, told the ambassadors how sorry he was, joined in the prayers, did everything that was humanly possible except order his troops to leave Rome and permit Pope Clement VII to rule again over the ruins of the Eternal City. For this His Holiness was obliged to pay in hard cash.

While Clement hastily scraped together the vast sums needed to buy off the Imperial looters, Spanish seers were trying to interpret the inscrutable, divine wisdom which had permitted this signal disaster to herald the birth of a child who seemed destined to inherit the earth. The seers divided into two schools. One held that Prince Philip would grow up to be the bane of Catholicism. The other maintained it was obvious that he was born to be in reality what the King of England had so recently become in name, "Defender of the Faith." Although possessed of more complete information and supposedly wise in the light of past events, seers of later generations attempting to estimate the truth of the prophecies have differed as widely as the prophets.

AN HEIR TO EMPIRE

There was no argument about the temporal phases of the child's future. All agreed that he would be a powerful king. He was a Hapsburg, the descendant of men who had already earned the envious gibe that others might conquer kingdoms but the House of Austria married them. The infant's ancestors had pursued matrimony to such good purpose that he could expect in time to be King of all Spain, the dominant prince in Germany, lord of a good deal of France, ruler of the Netherlands, Flemish and Dutch, master of both Americas and possessor of vast, unknown but fabulously wealthy colonies in Africa and Asia.

His great-grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian, had been known to his disrespectful contemporaries as "the Penniless," but he was a Hapsburg and married well. His bride was Mary of Burgundy, heiress of all that remained to Charles the Bold at the end of his feud with Louis XI. Their only son, Philip, lovingly called "the Handsome," married even better. He took to wife the Princess Juana, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who had joined their kingdoms of Aragon and Castile to form the united Spain which they duly transmitted, the mightiest realm in Europe, to their grandson, Charles.

The heritage, strictly speaking, belonged to his mother, Juana, but for years no one, least of all her family, had paid much attention to her. She had been left a widow when her eldest son, Charles, born in 1500, was six years old. For months she had travelled about the country with the corpse of her beloved Philip, whom she had adored quite as much as he had neglected her, refusing to be parted from the horrible symbol of her unhappy married life. When at last she was prevailed upon to permit the long overdue burial, her reason was not restored. For nearly half a century thereafter she was kept, a dirty, moody, unpleasant old woman, in the lonely Castle of Tordesillas.

She had left Charles to be educated in Flanders under the nominal guardianship of his paternal grandfather, Maximilian, but really under the tutelage of a regency of Flemish nobles. Her other

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children, a son, Ferdinand, and four daughters were brought up in Spain until old King Ferdinand's death in 1516. Charles came immediately to claim his rights, not even bothering to pose as regent for the mad woman at Tordesillas, and when Maximilian died three years later, he purchased the succession to the Imperial crown. Seven German princes had this gift at their disposal. After having taken enormous bribes from both Charles and his rival, the slightly older King Francis of France, they bestowed the prize upon the Hapsburg.

Since then the serious, industrious, able young Emperor had passed from triumph to triumph, mostly by proxy. He was in Germany when his adherents crushed a promising Castilian rising by the battle of Villalar. He was in Spain to hear of the triumph of his arms in Italy and to receive the humiliated Francis, taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. Here too he heard of the election of his old tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, as Pope, the last non-Italian to wear the tiara, and soon thereafter of the old man's death. But he had in person attended the German Imperial Diet at Worms, where he argued in vain to persuade a particularly stubborn Augustinian monk named Martin Luther that the Fathers of the Church would know best in matters of faith.

From time to time the Emperor contemplated matrimony, although there seemed to be no provinces left for a Hapsburg to conquer in the traditional manner, brother Ferdinand having established a claim to Hungary by marrying the King's sister. At one time or another Charles was betrothed to Mary Tudor, a sister of King Henry VIII, husband of Charles' aunt Catherine; to two infant daughters of Francis in succession, the second yet unborn at the time of the engagement; and to another Mary Tudor, aged six, daughter of Henry and Catherine. He jilted these girls one after another and married the Princess Isabella, daughter of his aunt Maria and King Emanuel the Great of Portugal. She brought what at the moment was more desirable than kingdoms, a large cash dowry.

AN HEIR TO EMPIRE

The match was even happier from the domestic point of view than from the financial. Isabella, three years younger than her husband, was pretty, understanding, devout, passably intelligent, "of the sort men say ought to be married," said one of her Spanish admirers. The gossipers appraised her charms highly; they were sufficient to induce Charles to give up his mistresses. Contemporary moralists declared that His Imperial Majesty was as superior to other princes in virtue as he was in valour, for he was faithful to his wife.

The great desire of a Hapsburg is always progeny, a more typical characteristic of the tribe than the underslung jaw, which was of quite recent origin, having come into the family, along with the Netherlands, from the House of Burgundy. Consequently the Emperor's affection was forever won when, fourteen months after the wedding, Isabella bore him the boy, Philip. They were very happy, unworried by the vain prophecies. The Sack of Rome prompted them to no misgivings concerning the child's future orthodoxy. They had taken precautions. The holy Magdalena de la Cruz, a worker of miracles so marvellous that the Pope himself once requested her prayers for his pontificate, had in person blessed Prince Philip's first garments.

II

Hero Worship

PRINCE PHILIP could scarcely be said to have had a home in his childhood. Valladolid was the nearest to a permanent residence that the kings of Spain then boasted, and they were hardly ever there. Each of the Spanish kingdoms insisted on a little personal attention and a sovereign had to be everlastingly on the move. Philip, taken from Castile to Leon to Valencia to Catalonia to Aragon, developed a love of repose which suited his hereditary fondness for domestic pleasures.

The life of a royal nomad was even more burdensome in Spain than it would have been elsewhere. In the past, the kings had been simple gentlemen who kept servants to attend to their personal needs and were accompanied only by such nobles as had business at Court. Since a foreign dynasty had come in, all that was being changed. Along with an undershot jaw, the Hapsburgs had inherited from Burgundy a ponderously elaborate system of etiquette still unique, but soon to be copied in every European palace. Dukes passed the monarch his shirt. A marquis served him with wine, counts considered themselves honoured by permission to hand him meat or help him mount his horse. And all these noblemen needed immense staffs to assist them in these details. Spain grumbled at the expense, and admired the display and magnificence; but there was no denying that it made travelling difficult. The whole Court now moved with the ruler, and Philip, his nurses, governesses and teachers moved along.

His father was not often at the head of the long train of horses,

HERO WORSHIP

mules and clumsy litters. The complicated affairs of Charles' other realms, especially the tangle of early Reformation Germany, required his presence. The Empress Isabella remained behind as his very capable regent. The poor woman, far more often than she desired, was in the saddle pursuing her tireless way over the wretched roads in all kinds of weather and in all the varied climates in which Spain abounds.

Before he could walk, her son had been hailed by the various Cortes as their future King. In another year or so he became a familiar, interesting sight to the citizenry of the largest cities as he rode through their streets in a little cart. The Spaniards quite lost their hearts to the boy, for he presented an attractive picture to the eyes of loyalty. To any eyes, indeed, he was a beautiful child, all pink and white skin, yellow curls and blue eyes — quite cherubic. Beside his pensively pale mother he seemed remarkably lively, but it was his Teutonic fairness of pigmentation that most impressed his future subjects. The older courtiers declared he was the image of his father.

Despite onerous duties of State, the Empress supervised her son's education as closely as if that had been her sole task. After meeting the Cortes, listening to the debates of Councillors of State, granting long audiences, reading a vast correspondence and making the decisions she thought would please her husband (or which had been ordered by him), she found time to see that Philip was properly brought up. Her own outstanding quality was an extreme piety, rare even among Spanish rulers who bore the title of "Catholic Kings." She insisted that the Prince should be taught above all else that the service of God was every man's paramount duty, and if this were true of common men, how much more of a king.

Isabella herself, rather ascetically mystical, instilled into her son a religion that was practical as well as austere. He was to do God's work in the station to which God had been pleased to call him. He learned religious observances as a matter of course, but she stressed

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his duty to see that others practised them too. The mission of temporal authority to enforce spiritual obedience was more a Protestant than a Catholic doctrine, but Isabella did not know this. The boy was an apt pupil at this sort of thing. He had absorbed the idea, even if he did not understand it, by the time he was ready for the more secular educational exercises, reading, writing, languages, a little history, mathematics, fencing and riding; the curriculum of the cultivated youth of the period.

The emphasis on religion was by no means unique, although royalty seldom took to it so whole-heartedly as Philip. The sixteenth century produced thousands like him, save that they were of less exalted rank, by the same system of education. Most of them sought the congenial atmosphere of holy orders and lived obscurely pious lives in the service of God. Men and women of highest rank and broadest culture still took church teachings seriously. Scourging, fasting and other severe forms of penance were not regarded as psychopathic cases of religious mania but the laudable evidences of pure faith, pleasing to the Lord and earning remission of many years of purgatory. The complaint which in less devout generations goes by the name of "housemaid's knee" was familiar to duchesses, who acquired it by kneeling in prayer for hours on end upon the cold stone floors of their chapels. At the Court of the Empress Isabella, these were the people most honoured, and it was their stern beliefs that her son learned.

One other tenet of faith the boy acquired, but this was not the fruit of systematic pedagogy. Prince Philip was as sure as he was of his soul's salvation that his father was the greatest, wisest, bravest, kindest, most entirely admirable man the age could possibly produce. Everyone around him said so, and the Emperor's brief, busy visits to Spain confirmed the son in a hero worship which lasted unimpaired throughout his life. Long after Charles was dead his bastard son, stung by the taunt of illegitimacy flung by Philip's heir, Carlos, retorted: "Anyway, I had a better father than you." Carlos wanted the impertinence punished but Philip

HERO WORSHIP

refused him what he considered simple justice, saying: "But, my son, he spoke the truth."

The Prince regarded the Emperor first of all as the champion of Christendom, the man who was practising *par excellence* the noble principles which Isabella preached. In Germany he carried on a battle against the Lutherans which the Spanish faithful applauded vigorously, although Charles himself, as early as 1530, wrote despondently to his wife that all his labours were in vain. The Lutherans, he complained, were damnably obstinate and would not even consent to live as Catholics until a General Council of the Church could compose religious differences. The Emperor was also annoyed because the electoral princes were making it very expensive to have his brother, Ferdinand, chosen King of the Romans, a title which ensured succession to the Empire. The electors were bribable, and Ferdinand got his title, but the heretics remained firm. Furthermore, the Pope was by no means anxious to convene a Council which might reconcile the Lutherans but might also inquire into papal misdeeds. Even when Clement died and Alexander Farnese succeeded him as Paul III, the Council proved but little nearer.

Farnese was the last of the great Renaissance Popes, a man of powerful brain and personality. He was sixty-seven when he was elected in 1534, and he was steeped in the tradition of fifteenth century Italy, which had justly regarded the rest of Europe as barbarous. But these were not the traditions which would enable him to deal successfully with the Reformation in Germany, or even with a monarch like Charles. Nevertheless, the world hoped much from him. Men had long ago forgotten that he owed his start in life to the fact that his lovely sister had been the mistress of the Borgia Pope Alexander VI. They remembered only that he had been the brilliant schoolfellow of Leo X, that he had served four Popes ably and faithfully in high office, that he was wise and well-intentioned, that he was the Dean of the Sacred College.

However, in true Renaissance fashion he set about providing for

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his family before he considered Church reform. He conferred the Duchy of Parma, part of the Papal States, on his son and succeeded in obtaining for his grandson, Ottavio, the hand of Charles' illegitimate Flemish daughter, Margaret, widow of the murdered Alessandro de' Medici. Although he would not say no, he was coy about the Council. Charles, faced with obstructionist tactics on both fronts, decided he could not let the Reformation drift too far and, single-handed, prepared to fight for the Right. The Protestants yielded sufficiently for the Emperor to undertake a long-cherished dream, a crusade against the Turks in Hungary. He led the army of the Cross in person, while in Spain men told the boy, Philip, that this was the most admirable work a king had ever undertaken. The campaign east of Vienna was bloodless, but it gave Charles a taste for war which was almost ceaselessly gratified during the rest of his life.

His first adventure was on behalf of religion and the Spanish people, another crusade against the Moslem. For years the Barbary pirate, Barbarossa, had been the scourge of Spanish and Italian shipping. He had also led many daringly successful raids upon Christian coasts. He had recently capped his career by seizing Tunis and securing the protection of Solyman the Magnificent of Turkey. He was now a pirate king indeed, and twice as dangerous as before.

Charles led a powerful fleet and army against this formidable foe, drove him from his new conquest and restored the former Moslem ruler as a tributary of Spain, watched over by a strong Spanish garrison in a supposedly impregnable fortress. Philip was eight years old at the time and quite able to appreciate the splendour of the deed. While he was organizing this expedition in Spain, Charles had taken the opportunity of furnishing his son with a household of his own. At the head of it was an extremely cultivated ecclesiastic, Martinez Siliceo, who had only one fault in the Emperor's eyes — he was too lenient with his pupil. Siliceo, who won the boy's lasting respect, may not have been altogether to

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blame for the defects Charles saw in his son's education. Honorato Juan, who came as tutor to the Prince's household, fared no better; and Juan, besides being one of the most famous men of learning of his generation, was a stern disciplinarian with a sound reputation for pedagogy.

The fact was that Philip, seemingly docile and undoubtedly as industrious as his father, was bull-headed. His stubbornness, remarkable in one so young, rendered him quite impervious to all influence when once his childish will was set. The result was that he remained peculiarly ignorant of some things in which every royal child was supposed to be proficient. He never learned well any other language than Spanish, although he could get along in Latin and understand French a bit by the time he came to manhood. He was rather a failure at those knightly exercises which his father loved, although he did learn to ride pretty well. He was no good at all with a sword, jousted indifferently, hunted only for form's sake and never killed a bull in all his life. His elders, trained in the school which had produced King Francis and the Chevalier Bayard, shook their heads over a youth so lacking in manly accomplishments. But these men were already sinking into the background. Their places at the Council, in high offices of State, even in military commands, were being given to a new generation less chivalrous but less bound to form and convention. To these moderns the fact that Philip was a good mathematician, fond of reading and susceptible to beauty, counted for more than the knightly qualities at which they sneered.

More than in the praise of some of his teachers or the prospect of future greatness, Philip was happy in the possession of a friend. At the age of eight he conceived a profound admiration for one of the pages attached to his service, a Portuguese youth of sixteen, Ruy Gomez da Silva. The lad excelled most of his companions in the robust exercises of a gentleman, but he had no greater opinion of such sports than if he had been hopelessly clumsy. Philip displayed the devotion which eight years often holds for

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sixteen. There was a much repeated story at Court that Ruy Gomez, scuffling with another page, had accidentally struck Philip. Technically, this was a capital offence. Although the sentence was hardly likely to be exacted, the Prince was in tears and refused to be comforted until promised a pardon for his friend. From that time they were inseparable. The older boy was genuinely fond of the little Prince who followed him about. He was not, however, unaware of the worldly advantages to be derived from this friendship, and he was not content to be merely a royal favourite catering only to his master's pleasures. He had been badly educated and knew it, but determined to fit himself for power. He joined Philip's studies and applied himself diligently to repairing the faults of his early training. He had the wit, too, not to arouse jealousy, remaining unpretentious — a simple page apparently unswayed by ambition.

The inauguration of Philip's formal studies coincided with the first discussion of a wife for him. A prince, especially a Hapsburg, was never too young to be eligible for matrimony. Just before Charles sailed on his glorious Tunisian expedition, his Ambassador in England wrote that Thomas Cromwell, then supreme in Henry's councils, "began to speak to me about a marriage between the Prince of Spain and this King's illegitimate daughter." The proposed bride was Elizabeth, the two-year-old child of Anne Boleyn. The Ambassador assured his master he had looked so haughtily down his nose that Cromwell hastened to change the subject, admitting the Emperor could hardly consider the match out of respect to his young cousin, the Lady Mary, whose rights had been so pointedly ignored when Elizabeth was proclaimed Princess of Wales. Charles was glad the talk went no further, for Henry's domestic troubles and heretical actions were already sufficiently embarrassing. The Hapsburgs were strong in family loyalty and the old religion. Charles could not altogether ignore the Englishman's treatment of Queen Catherine, and no Catholic could acquit Henry of heinous sin against the sacrament of marriage.

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However, Charles could not afford to quarrel. He needed England's support — or at least neutrality — in that war with France which was often interrupted but never seemed to end.

During one of these interruptions, in 1538, he almost married Philip, now eleven, to the fifteen-year-old Princess Marguerite, Francis' remarkably ugly daughter. The politicians, innumerable examples to the contrary notwithstanding, cherished the notion that royal marriages were a guarantee of peace between the contracting parties. This had been tried with Francis, who had married Charles' elder sister, Eleanor, widow of Emanuel of Portugal, and the peace of Europe had not noticeably improved. So Philip escaped this alliance, although Charles had gone the length of pledging himself to contract no other for the boy during the remaining fourteen years of his minority.

Another proposal of the peacemakers was that Philip should marry the little Princess Jeanne d'Albret of Navarre. This might have been considered a traditional Hapsburg match if the Hapsburgs had not already possessed Navarre. King Ferdinand had acquired it by methods remarkably close to simple theft, and the Albrechts had not ceased to cry for their rights — and get French sympathy. This source of discord might be stopped if Philip married the heiress of Navarre. Such a sacrifice, however, was deemed unnecessary. Possession was all the law that Charles cared to apply to Navarre.

A year later, when the object of all this matrimonial speculation was twelve, his mother died, leaving his education in hands which laid less stress upon piety. Her training had been too thorough for this to make any difference, and her deep, narrow devotion to Catholicism had been transmitted without the slightest diminution to her son.

Philip was far less affected by her death than was his father. Charles was inconsolable and, although not yet forty, became a restless old man frequently tortured by gout, eating and drinking far too much for his health, alternately moodily apathetic and rest-

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lessly energetic. But he remained capable of business, as his enemies found. Philip was more than ever worshipful as he grew old enough to see something of the skill with which the industrious monarch kept the divergent interests of his various realms from pulling his empire to pieces.

The Prince was old enough, too, to know that it was his duty to become a help to his father as soon as possible. There was no one else, for Charles held that only a member of his immediate family could be thoroughly trusted. Not since he reached full maturity had any other person, no matter how able and loyal, received his full confidence. Until Philip grew up, there would be no one to replace the Empress in Spain. His other children, Maria and Juana, were respectively one and eight years younger than their brother. His own brother had his hands full in Austria and Hungary. His favourite sister, the masterful, masculine widowed Queen Mary of Hungary, was indispensable as governor of the Netherlands, which she had ruled since her husband's death in 1526. Isabella had recently left the King of Denmark a widower. Eleanor and Catherine, the youngest, were respectively the reigning queens of France and Portugal. Charles was so hard put to it for trustworthy kinsfolk that when the Duchy of Milan, only Imperial fief remaining in Italy, reverted to the Emperor on the death of the last Sforza, there was no one but Philip upon whom to bestow it. At thirteen, therefore, the boy was duly sworn as ruler of the devastated duchy. Obviously it behooved him to grow up, and as a dutiful son he did so quickly.

Charles was in Spain a little more than usual in these days, and Philip was his constant companion, listening attentively but in silence to all the most secret counsels, treasuring up for future use such of his father's ways and policies as he could grasp. He never understood the Emperor's masterly opportunism, but he copied to the life the great man's gravity, dignity and reserve. He was no longer a lively little boy with a ready laugh. He was almost a young man and was striving to acquire the mannerisms of old age.

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The Prince was a witness to all the preparations for what was to prove his father's first big failure, an expedition to Algiers. The victory at Tunis, despite the hymns of thanksgiving, had not appreciably lessened the number or daring of Mediterranean pirates. Barbarossa himself had simply moved farther west, nearer Spain, and Algiers had become the base for corsair raids.

Charles was determined to put an end to this sort of thing once and for all. Spain was enthusiastically with him, but he started a little late in the season. Those who knew how essential fair weather was to proper handling of the galleys were a little dubious, suggesting delay; but Charles could not wait until next year. Next year he would probably be at war with Francis again. It was now or never for the pirates.

Expert fears were realized. While the land forces manoeuvred before Algiers, confident of their ability to wipe out the nest of buccaneers, an autumn storm drove most of the fleet on shore before the horrified eyes of the soldiers, who saw themselves thus cut off from supplies as well as from naval aid. The Emperor proved his generalship by taking the demoralized troops over difficult country, continually harassed by mounted Arabs, to where the remnant of the storm-tossed galleys waited to transport them back to Spain.

To Prince Philip this disaster was a first lesson in the inscrutability of divine wisdom. He had been taught that God looks after His own, especially when His own are fighting His battles. It was obvious that nothing could have been more pleasing to Him than the destruction of a people who denied Him. Yet He had withheld His aid. Another youth might have been tempted to heretical doubts. Not Philip. He decided that the workings of Providence cannot always be intelligible to our poor, finite minds. It was enough to have served. God twisted the service to His own uses, and it was not for man to question. As the servant of the Almighty, Philip was always truly humble.

As expected, the war with France was promptly renewed, and for a year after the Algerian fiasco, the Emperor had to remain in

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Spain recruiting his forces. He secured the rather worthless alliance of Henry, now excommunicated, and of the Pope, neither of whom did much to prevent Francis from enjoying a very successful campaign. Charles determined to take the field himself in 1543. He was well pleased to be going off to the wars again. He hoped to wipe out by new victories the memory of Algiers.

Before he went he had been sufficiently impressed with his son's progress to conclude that the youth of not quite sixteen was fit to be entrusted with a kingdom. He resolved to leave Prince Philip as Regent of Spain. He resolved also to leave him definitely betrothed, and he hastened to carry both projects into execution.

The Cortes of Castile, meeting at Madrid in February, were brought to swear fealty to Philip, although they had gone through the same ceremony fourteen years before. At the same time the marriage market was busily canvassed. Every court had its candidate and its hopes, for the young Regent was far and away the best catch in Europe.

He would have to marry money, for Algiers had so cramped the Emperor's finances that he could hardly afford an adequate army. Spain was receiving a stream of treasure from Mexico and Peru, the latter interrupted most inopportunately by civil strife among the conquerors, but the people were almost ready to revolt against taxes for foreign wars which would not benefit them. They were even deaf to appeals based on glory and national prejudice, for glory could be obtained in America and they did not particularly hate the French. So Charles turned to Portugal, whose trade with Africa and the East had made her the richest country in Europe. A Portuguese match was always popular in Spain and this one was to be a strictly family affair. The Emperor's sister, Catherine, was married to his first cousin, King John III, and they had a daughter, Maria, just five months younger than Philip. They were willing to give with her the more than royal dowry of 900,000 crowns cash, a sum sufficient in the sixteenth century to finance a right good war.

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The match had been spoken of at intervals for nearly three years, and if Philip had presumed to have a preference it would have been for Maria because she was in the family and almost a Spaniard. Proponents of other marriages became alarmed and were unkind enough to say that the young Princess' rather generous curves were an insuperable obstacle to childbearing. The Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, asked for confirmation, indignantly denied the charge, declaring that more than most she was fitted for the primary duty of queens.

"The Infanta," he added, "is taller than her mother; she is well made, more stout than slim, it is true; but at the Palace where many good-looking ladies may be seen, no one looks better than she. On the other hand, all agree that her condition and temper are angelical, that she is very liberal, gracious and very fond of dress. She dances very well, and as to music she knows more than a band-master. They tell me that she is uncommonly robust and healthy."

The report dispelled all doubts. Apparently the maid had more charms than Charles could have expected with 900,000 crowns, and Philip was pleased too. He himself was fond of dancing and graceful on the floor; it was one of his few frivolous accomplishments. So the Emperor hastened to conclude the deal, and when on the first of May Philip said goodbye to his father at Barcelona, he was Regent of Spain and practically a married man. He was very proud and happy, but already he had learned to conceal elation; such displays of vulgar feeling were for lesser men.

III

Regency

CHARLES never had a viceroy who satisfied him as well as his son. From the first, Philip was exactly the sort of regent the Emperor had always wanted. He obeyed instructions implicitly, reported frequently and at great length, never acted on his own initiative in anything of importance, had no interests of his own to distract him, and could be trusted with any secret.

"I have much reason to be satisfied with your behaviour," Charles informed him, "but I would have you perfect and, to speak frankly, you have some things to mend yet, whatever other persons may tell you."

Consequently, the Emperor, a hardened political veteran of forty-three, gave his son as much of the benefit of his acquired wisdom as is transferable. The minute instructions he drew up for Philip's guidance were models of worldly shrewdness, yet they illustrated only two important principles. The Prince was to use all men without letting any use him. He was never to be in too great a hurry, because hasty decisions are apt to be bad ones. Searching analyses of the men who were to be Philip's councillors betrayed the Emperor's distrust of his fellows and his rooted conviction that the best of human beings were a pretty poor lot.

The two whom he most nearly excepted from this generalization, and upon whom the inexperienced lad was to rely, were Francisco de los Cobos for Spanish problems, and Ferdinand de Toledo, Duke of Alba, for war and foreign affairs.

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Cobos, a stout, good-looking, merry official of middle age, had been Charles' favourite secretary and had been raised to the extremely honourable post of Grand Commander of the Military Order of Santiago in the Kingdom of Leon. The office was as lucrative as it was honourable, for the Order had inherited enormous estates, bequeathed to finance its fight against the infidel, during the centuries of its existence. Cobos, Charles warned the new Regent, was more greedy of wealth than his jovial manners would indicate. He was a clever, resourceful fellow, a tireless worker and an incessant talker. The Emperor explained that he was the sort of servant most useful to an autocrat for the internal affairs of state. He was of obscure origin, raised to riches and power solely by his sovereign's favour, and he knew he could depend only on the King for his position. Philip was told how to play off the ambitions and abilities of men like Cobos against the jealousy and pride of Mendozas, Zuñigas, Toledos and Guzmans. These grandees looked upon the chief offices of state as their prerogative, but Charles recommended that they be used solely in the army, in honourable unimportant court sinecures, and posts abroad, lest they become too powerful at home. They should never, he emphasized, be permitted to add ministerial influence to that which their rank and vast estates already gave them. Their dislike of more humble upstarts might be used to keep the upstarts in their place.

This cautious use of great nobles was the reason why the Duke of Alba was to be consulted for nothing except military and foreign affairs. Although only thirty-three he was, Charles admitted, the most able statesman as well as by far the best general in Spain. Yet because he was a Toledo, richer in family influence than in lands — Alba was one of the poorer duchies — he must never be permitted a share other than ornamental in domestic administration. The Emperor knew there was no more loyal subject in the Hapsburg dominions than Alba, but Philip was to take no chances where the royal authority was concerned.

The Prince was especially warned against being swayed by the

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Duke's remarkable personality, which was of a type his fellow countrymen were more likely than others to revere. The Duke was a great gentleman, a sternly handsome cavalier, gallant, proud even for a Spanish grandee and the strictest disciplinarian in any army. Alba's troops always won and never mutinied, for it was a maxim with him that "the first foes with whom you must contend are your own troops." He was of the sort who impose their will rather than win by persuasion, yet he was no stranger to indirect methods, and his master warned Philip:

"I believe he will not hesitate to endeavour to tempt you even by means of women, and I beg you most especially to avoid this. In foreign affairs and war make use of him and respect him, as he is the best man we now have in the kingdom."

The talented, ambitious nobleman was one of the most romantic figures of his day. Spaniards loved to tell the story of his love-inspired ride from Hungary to Spain and back again during the Turkish war. He had made the round trip, which usually took even the Imperial couriers two months, in seventeen days. His reward for such reckless riding was nothing more than a single day spent in the company of his bride before he was again in the saddle pelting across Europe at a pace no man had ever set before.

The Emperor urged his son to have around him the opposing schools of thought represented by Alba and Cobos. In that way he could hear the merits of both sides of every question, for the two would make it a point never to agree about anything. The delay that might result from much bickering would be compensated by the advantage of having all the facts and arguments. He must be careful to do no more than listen to the debates, however keenly he might feel on the subject-matter, for the success of the system depended upon his never joining either faction.

Charles was almost as anxious to get Philip safely married as he was to have Spain properly ruled. While the Regent was discovering the wearisome truth about Spanish finances, his father was complaining from the north of the stupidity of Roman clerics

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who could not correctly draft the necessary permission for the marriage of first cousins of complicated relationship.

"The dispensation for the marriage of our son with the Infanta of Portugal was defective in many places owing to the names of some of their relatives being misspelled," he wrote his Ambassador at Rome, who was to see that the errors were speedily rectified.

The prospective bridegroom, back in Valladolid after bidding his father farewell, was less concerned with spelling than with the discovery that the Emperor had asked him for the impossible. Charles demanded large sums of money for the wars, and within three months Philip learned that money was hard to get. He wrote long, admirably detailed, not very well expressed letters reporting what the Council of State had to say on the danger of further taxation. By early August he could warn the Emperor, busy with plans for enlisting German princes against France, that the Council did not know where to turn for a ducat.

There was a great deal of other business of a less exacting nature but hardly more pleasing to a serious prince weighted with a sense of responsibility to God and to a father scarcely less revered. All the princes in Christendom were sending messages of congratulation, and all of them had to be answered. Even the Princess Mary of England, whom Charles had jilted so long ago, living in retirement and some danger because of her attachment to her religion, sent her good wishes by the Spanish Ambassador, to whom Philip replied:

"Of the health of the most illustrious princess, our most beloved cousin, we were very glad to hear, and you will give her our commendations in return for hers and say that if there is here in Spain anything that she would be glad to have, we shall be delighted to send it to her."

"The Princess has been glad to hear of the affectionate regard which Your Highness entertains for her," the Ambassador reported in due course. "She has commanded me to return Your Highness' compliments and commendations."

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What with such verbose, rather meaningless correspondence as this, the necessary public appearances, the time wasted in the formalities of court etiquette and the all-important business of State, His Highness had little time for his studies, even the ones he liked, and less time for play. He never shirked a meeting of the Council, no matter how lengthy. He never betrayed weariness as the party of Cobos wrangled with the party of Alba. He never slighted the longest, dullest reports, although perhaps there was not much merit in this for he was no judge of dullness. He was always on his guard lest he seem no more than his years. He was settling into incorrigible habits of painful industry. He listened impassively to all the debates, taking copious notes on all that was said. Then he would dictate, or even write in his own hand, pages upon pages — sometimes twenty or thirty of fine script — to his father. Every point in the discussion, however trivial, was thoroughly elaborated, and if the young man had any opinions of his own in these first few months he kept them to himself. Or perhaps he confided them to Ruy Gomez, who was always at his side. Charles had insisted that the Regent associate only with “elderly men and others of reasonable age, possessed of virtue, wise discourse and good example.” Philip considered that his friend was included in the “others.”

Men were beginning to take the former page seriously. He now served in the dignified office of carver to the Prince and was proving to be something more than his young master's favourite companion. He was, the ministers of State discovered, a most intelligent fellow — discreet, tactful, extremely affable and obliging, keenly interested in government, possessed of the rare knack of cutting through layers of official verbosity to the heart of a political problem. He was, too, the perfect courtier — graceful, polite, handsome, and a master of the athletic accomplishments in which Philip shone so feebly. It was observed that the Prince was inclined to trust da Silva rather more implicitly than any of the great men whose weaknesses had been so skillfully laid bare by the Emperor.

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His assistance and advice were very valuable to the young Prince, for Ruy Gomez had a flair for good form. As a result, Philip was achieving some popularity as an administrator. Spain surpassed the rest of Europe in her impartiality of justice, the policing of the country, the comparatively low rate of crime, and her standard of education. Philip kept this machinery running smoothly, even if he could do nothing to improve it, and after four months of his regency, the Archbishop of Seville, Charles' confessor, wrote to the Emperor:

"The government of these realms proceeds very well; great care is taken in that which concerns the war, finance and justice. And Your Majesty, with your clear understanding, can guess to whom is due credit for most of this in your service."

Soon thereafter, while Charles and Francis fought each other, expensively but ingloriously, to a standstill, Philip prepared to travel. At the end of September he was in Monçon where he received an oath of allegiance, very little money from the Cortes of Aragon, and the news that Magdalena de la Cruz, who had been asked to bless his layette, had in what she thought to be a mortal illness, confessed that all her miracles were faked. She lived to adorn an *Auto de Fé* and Philip was glad to learn that the Inquisition had mildly sentenced her to perpetual reclusion in a convent. Catalonia and Valencia saw him fleetingly, and in November he was the honoured guest of the University of Salamanca, awaiting the arrival of his cousin and bride. The priestly lawyers at Rome had at last got all the names spelled right.

The University felt itself highly honoured. It received as a compliment the news that Philip was to be married at Salamanca as soon as Princess Maria completed the long voyage from Lisbon. Faculty and students agreed that this proved Salamanca's claims to be the premier university of Spain, despite certain pretensions of the wealthier, far newer institution at Alcalá. Rivalry was keen between the Spanish universities—this century saw the establishment of twenty new seats of learning—and the favourite professors were

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great men. They had to be, for they were elected to their chairs, some of which paid huge salaries, and were occupied only after campaigns of extravagant corruption and virulent abuse. Besides satisfying their students by keeping up with the new learning from Italy, they had to steer clear of the Inquisition, not always successfully. Luis de Leon, Spain's most inspired poet and a professor of theology at Salamanca, spent four years in an Inquisition cell before he could prove his innocence and the malice of those who had accused him of heterodoxy.

The students, rich and poor, unruly and studious, formed one of the most riotous and cultivated communities in Spain. There was a great deal of drinking and brawling, but also a great deal of sound scholarship. Sons of the wealthiest nobles and boys from the poorest homes contended for scholastic honours on equal terms, and it was from the humbler students that Philip learned to choose men for preferment in both Church and State in accordance with his father's precepts about exalting the lowly. But he was not worried by these maxims now as he sent the Duke of Alba out to meet Maria and escort her to her lodgings in the Palace.

Such elaborate ceremonies had been arranged for her reception by Court and University that the speeches greatly delayed her progress through the city. She entered the place in good time in the afternoon, riding between Alba and the Archbishop. Addresses of welcome lasted until after dark while the travel-weary retinue tried to look amiable. This ordeal over, they crawled at a snail's pace through the densely packed streets, spanned by triumphal arches and garishly lit by thousands of torches flaming and smoking in long lines while townsfolk and students yelled their enthusiastic greeting. It was one o'clock in the morning before Maria reached her lodgings.

Next day witnessed a more orderly but quite as impressive scene when the young people met, for the first time, at the altar. There, in the presence of a most splendid assemblage of Spanish grandees, statesmen and ecclesiastics, the marriage was solemnized.

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In the next months there was a little more gayety in the Regent's life, although he clung to his duties rather more persistently than his advisers thought good for him. He attended tournaments, bull-fights, and the light graceful jousting with reeds which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors. He organized stately court balls where both the costumes and etiquette were wonderful to behold. The Burgundian idea had taken in the Spanish Court with a vengeance and the grandees vied with each other in silk, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, precious gems and rich trappings. No one paid any attention to the laws against display, and the women were quite as gorgeously apparelled as the men.

When Philip and his Princess stepped out before their ladies and gentlemen to tread a measure, the scene presented every appearance of gayety. The short, slender young Prince in modest ruff, brilliant doublet, gold chain, and tight hose which displayed a shapely leg, obviously enjoyed himself in his own reserved way. His wife, shorter, stouter but remarkably light on her feet, was more vivacious, swathed in long, full, heavy robes of elaborate brocades. The rest of the Court was merry according to an elaborate formula. Every move made in the dance or in conversation was irrevocably dictated by rigid laws of decorum.

Perhaps it was small wonder that Philip turned without regret from these festivities to business. Charles had by now accomplished the task of getting the Germans to support him, for Francis had committed the diplomatic blunder of obtaining the aid of Solymán the Magnificent and Germany, still uneasy at the close proximity of Turkish armies, was enraged at one who brought the dreaded Oriental nearer than he already was. All the Emperor now needed, he wrote, was money from Spain.

"Try to be a good son," he begged, "and get me as much money as I have asked for and more, if possible. My and your fortune is at stake. Help me promptly, for delay would be almost as detrimental as failure. If I should break down now it would be hard in future to remedy our misfortune."

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Philip obliged. He summoned the Cortes of Castile and wrung from them the vote of three years' "extraordinary" supply of more than 1,000,000 ducats. This "extraordinary" vote had become, under Charles, as regular as any other form of taxation, but this time Philip managed to persuade the reluctant representatives of the cities to pay the whole thing in a single year. When he had done this, he wrote the first advice he had dared offer to his father. He felt it his duty to point out that Spain was now utterly impoverished and exhausted by years of war. Naturally he would not presume to dictate or even to make suggestions to the Imperial wisdom. He quite understood that His Imperial Majesty would know best and do the right thing.

"Yet," he added, "we cannot help begging and entreating Your Majesty as earnestly as we possibly can to bear in mind that if peace can be secured, it is far preferable for all purposes."

A few months later, early in 1545, he and all Spaniards were gratified to learn that the Emperor had once more concluded a peace with Francis — his last, for the French gallant died two years later before war could be renewed. The Regent was further delighted to be able to reply to early intimations of peace negotiations with the news that his wife had given the lie to her traducers and was to have a child in the summer. The announcement of her pregnancy and the news of the treaty put the Spanish people in the highest good humour, and Philip was very busy once again answering letters of congratulation.

Spain was a little premature in rejoicing over the prospect of peace. Hard on the heels of the courier with the French treaty came another from Charles, who explained he had made peace with his old rival solely for the sake of having a free hand for war in Germany where, he said, the Lutherans had become impossible. His Sacred, Imperial and Catholic Majesty could not bear German pretensions in either his Imperial or Catholic capacity. Consequently, Philip was to call the Cortes together again, point out the pious purity of the Emperor's motives, and ask for one more contribution.

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The Regent was greatly cast down, and got no comfort from his councillors. They all knew, Philip as well as any, that Spaniards resented Imperial ambitions in Germany and were almost completely indifferent to the religious convictions of that unhappy country. At the best of times, they would have murmured at being taxed for such a war. Now — ! Their rulers did not care to contemplate the prospect. All the revenues were mortgaged to the bankers, chiefly Genoese firms and the German houses of Welser and Fugger. The *alcabala*, a ten per cent sales tax, was farmed for years ahead. The Welsers had accepted the concession of exploiting Venezuela in payment of debts and were working the natives to death with a reckless cruelty which was not surpassed in the worst Spanish colonies, and which was soon to lead Philip to revoke the contract. The Fuggers farmed the royal monopolies and mines in Spain. The royal fifth of all treasure found in America was pledged to bankers for years to come. The Fuggers also had the considerable revenues of the three great Spanish military Orders of Santiago, Alcantara and Calatrava, vested in the Crown since Ferdinand had acquired for the King perpetual Grand Mastership of all three. Taxation of the clergy, authorized by Rome, had been exhausted as had the Cruzada, the privilege of Spanish kings to sell dispensations to ignore fast days. The Cortes grant of the year before had anticipated the “ extraordinary ” revenues until 1548.

Furthermore, people had not stopped asking why war taxes were not spent on exterminating piracy. The Barbary coast was as infested as ever and the curse was beginning to spread to the Atlantic. Philip was receiving reports that French and English corsairs were plundering Spanish ships. Losses became so heavy that the Prince was obliged to order the American treasure to be brought over in one great armada once a year so that it could be adequately protected, and thenceforward the arrival of the plate fleet was one of the most important events in Spain.

Under the circumstances, Philip felt obliged to take issue with his adored father, and the decision was a painful one. His only con-

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solation as he wrote the letter was that Charles would understand that it was prompted by common sense, not lack of religious zeal. Philip quite appreciated that it was a pious work to punish the Germans, but he was not enthusiastic about it. It was useless, he wrote, to summon the Cortes again. Even if they could be persuaded, bought or bullied into voting more supply, which Philip doubted, the country would not be able to pay. To some remarks of the Emperor that Francis had done better with his people, Philip replied that sterile Spain could never yield the sums wrung from fertile France, and besides, the Spaniard was of too staunchly independent a character to submit to exactions which the servile French paid. The Regent then went on to paint a very gloomy picture of conditions among his subjects.

"The common people," he said, "who have to pay the grants are reduced to the lowest depths of calamity, many of them going naked with nothing to cover them, and so universal is the poverty that it not only afflicts Your Majesty's vassals but also and even to a greater extent the vassals of the nobles, for they are utterly unable to pay any rent. The prisons are full and ruin impends over all. Believe me, Your Majesty, if this were not the case, I would not dare to write it."

The case was perhaps a little overstated, thanks to the influence of Cobos and Ruy Gomez, for they were both men of peace. However, conditions were quite bad enough to warrant a little exaggeration. Charles paid no heed. He went right ahead with his plans for he was determined to let no difficulties stand in his way. Due to the slow rate of mail deliveries his decision was held up, and during the interval Philip was absorbed in domestic events.

On July 8, 1545, the long awaited heir was duly born at Valladolid, and the next day Philip wrote in his usual restrained manner to his father, but displayed his own sense of the importance of the occasion by sending Ruy Gomez to carry the letter.

"On the first of this month I wrote to Your Majesty by Captain Solis advising you that all is being done here as you desire. Since

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then there has been no other news more than that the Princess continued her pregnancy safely until yesterday at midnight when it pleased our Lord to deliver her happily of a son, and although she had a painful labour, because it lasted nearly two days, she has remained very well; I pray to Him that she will continue as I desire. And so that Your Majesty can better understand all that has passed and will receive the pleasure and contentment which naturally you will take in this birth, I have wished to send it by Ruy Gomez da Silva, my carver, who will inform you fully of everything."

The Princess remained well only a short time. Within three days of the birth of her son, she quite unexpectedly developed a high fever, suffered convulsions and died within twenty-four hours, regaining consciousness only long enough to accept the last rites of the Church and bid farewell to her husband. The scene was described to the Emperor at some length by Cobos, who concluded his report:

"The Prince was so extremely grieved as to prove that he loved her, although judging by outward demonstration some people thought differently. He at once decided to go the same night to the monastery of Abrojo where was a fairly good lodging for him in the house they have repaired. He is so sad that he will allow no one to visit or see him. The Grand Commander of Castile, Don Antonio de Rojas, and Don Alvaro de Cordoba are with him. The Prince being in this trouble has written to Your Majesty very briefly, but sent for me and directed me verbally to send Your Majesty all the details."

The retirement to a house of religion in period of great grief was a custom of the pious Spanish monarchs and one which eminently suited Philip's temperament. He found the quiet, severe monastic life with its temporary freedom from worldly cares, the soothing elaborate ceremonies and the ample leisure for meditation assuaged the pangs of sorrow. Alone with God's servants and a few familiar attendants, he could recapture his faith that God always worked for the best and man should not bemoan his fate. For three weeks he

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remained at Abrojo, while in Valladolid the puny infant who had caused his mother's death was baptized, without any rejoicings or needless ceremonies, in the name of Carlos, after his grandfather.

Three weeks were all the disconsolate young husband of eighteen could be permitted to spend in strict mourning and the consolation of religion. Even before the end of that time, his gentlemen were reminding him that business of state awaited him. It was a call to duty and early in August, 1545, he returned to the Palace at Valladolid to resume the burden of squeezing out of an exhausted people the money that Charles never ceased to demand.

IV

Philip and his Father

WHILE Europe wondered who would be the widower's next wife, that young man returned to his problems of State and an affair of the heart which had caused no little interest at Court even before his wife's death.

When Cobos wrote that the Prince's love for Maria had been doubted by many who judged solely by appearances, he referred to gossip which connected the names of the Regent and Doña Ana de Osorio, the fair daughter of an old Castilian family. The young love was conducted with considerable publicity, not of their seeking but inevitable in the case of a Burgundian prince. Philip could go nowhere without attendant guards and gentlemen of his household. He might have scoffed at this convention by slipping away quietly, as many another royal sufferer from burdensome etiquette learned to do, but Philip's was a law-abiding nature. He yielded real deference to anything that was of the established order, so the whole of Valladolid knew the nature of his relationship with Doña Ana. Yet they were both discreet. Philip did not attempt to force his mistress upon Court society, as was the custom in other countries, nor did he bestow riches and power upon her. After his return from Abrojo he lived quietly with her; so quietly, so tranquilly that the gossips whispered he must actually have married her.

Another class of gossips, those who specialized in international affairs, talked out loud about the royal maidens eligible for his hand. Margaret of France was again put forward. Jeanne d'Albret was mentioned, but the favourite in any betting there may have been

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was another Princess of Portugal, also named Maria and also Philip's first cousin. She was the daughter of Charles' sister, Eleanor, and Emanuel the Great. This young woman boasted far fewer attractions than Philip's first bride and she was nine years his senior.

Ambassadors and ministers of state spent a great deal of time discussing the merits of these aspirants to share Philip's throne, but Charles was in no hurry. He was, however, growing alarmed at the reports that reached him of Philip's liaison with Doña Ana. The Emperor was himself finding distraction from the cares of business and increasing ill health, caused by overeating, in the charms of a full bodied, sweet voiced, handsome young singer named Barbara Blomberg who had conceived a child by the Emperor. He was afraid there was an important difference between his affair and Philip's. He was worried by the rumours, which of course reached him in due time, that the Prince had really married one who was merely noble. He demanded of Cobos the facts and then had to wait longer than was good for his patience, because the clever politician was too ill to write. When he was able to take up a pen he assured His Majesty that there was no cause for paternal anguish. Philip was not married; further details would be sent in a more secret despatch. Meanwhile:

"I can say here only that I trust in God that all will go well, and that nothing bad has taken place really. It was all simply boyishness, as I have written Your Majesty."

As a matter of fact, both Emperor and Prince were far more occupied with preparations for the struggle against German Protestants than with their mistresses. Their best ally during the crucial moments of 1546 was, strangely enough, Martin Luther. The great Reformer was living quietly in Wittenberg, grown fat and bibulous and incorrectly reminiscent, given to bawdy stories and vain prophecies of the end of the world. Since he had made the unfortunate mistake of assuring Landgrave Philip of Hesse that he might commit bigamy without offending God, he had lost

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much of his political influence. He was quite retired, surrounded by a band of disciples who were keeping his spiritual authority alive.

Such temporal weight as he had, he threw unexpectedly to Charles. Zwingli, the radical reformer, and this same Landgrave Philip of Hesse were trying to unite all Protestants in a league which might stand a chance against the Emperor. Luther when roused, could display some of the fire of his prime and such a league was against all his teachings. He was still the Luther who had preached implicit obedience to the Scriptural injunction about giving Cæsar his due; the Luther who had cried out: "The princes of the world are gods; the common herd, Satan"; the Luther who had held: "We are living in such extraordinary times that a prince can win heaven by spilling blood more easily than others by praying." Luther, now in his last few months of life, could not remain silent while otherwise orthodox Lutherans impiously rebelled against their sovereign. To his influence as much as to Charles' diplomacy was due the fact that the Protestant league was not all-inclusive.

While the Germans were choosing sides, the long awaited Council of the Church had met, sparsely attended, at Trent. This was a compromise between Pope Paul's preference for an Italian town and the Emperor's insistence on a German city. Trent was nominally German but not sufficiently so that the Protestants would consent to attend the Council, especially as they denied Paul's right to summon such a body. As the rival rulers in Germany prepared for battle, the Council was engaged in an equally bitter fight over the reforms which were needed in the Church. The Papal party was resolved to keep them to a minimum; French and Spanish ecclesiastics were anxious to go further.

The Emperor knew the heretics must be beaten before they would accept the rulings of the Council. He informed his son that in spite of all obstacles money would have to be forthcoming. He was acting, he said as he had said often before, "so as not to leave you less than I inherited." Philip was far from enthusiastic. He

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thought his father was too engrossed in holy work to appreciate material difficulties, but he wrote dutifully:

"Since Your Majesty signifies your determination to carry through the enterprise this year with such resources as you may have, there is no more to be said on that head. Your Majesty has been moved to this by saintly zeal, and I can only hope in God that the result may correspond with the object, which is so purely in His service. I pray that He may grant Your Majesty the forces necessary for so great and difficult an enterprise."

After nearly three years of the Regency, Philip was no longer shy of offering his advice. Indeed, Charles asked for it; he wanted to see what talent for government the lad was developing. The Prince urged his father to be sure before hostilities began, that he had definite security for the material and moral aid which the Pope had promised. The young man also wrote that the Emperor ought to consider carefully the chances that France and England might stab him in the back while he was engaged with Germany.

In his own work Philip was deprived of the services of Alba, for Charles needed the Duke's military genius and gift for controlling Spanish soldiery. Cobos and Ruy Gomez were the Regent's chief reliance, and they racked their brains for financial expedients. Philip was depressed and gloomy. No amount of toil on his part seemed to provide money. The longer he sat over his reports and the longer he listened to the debates of councillors, the more he feared he was letting his father down.

"I am extremely anxious at the impossibility of supplying Your Majesty with all that you require from here," he wrote.

Charles replied by suggesting a series of forced loans from merchants and grandees. He also marked his satisfaction with his son's services by conferring a new grant to the Duchy of Milan. Philip was extremely grateful, and delighted to be able to add to his letter of thanks some good news of his own. The resourceful Cobos had hit upon a device which he and Philip thought better than forced loans, for there would be no repayment. They proposed to seize

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all the money that could be found in Spain and appropriate it to royal use.

They proposed, too, to increase the sale of licenses to ride mules. To encourage Spanish horse breeding, it had long been forbidden to ride the more sure-footed animals which were infinitely preferable on the wretched mountain roads. The law, in practical abeyance for years, had been revived after the Algiers disaster. So many horses had been lost on this expedition that Charles applied the letter of the law until his necessities led him to sell permission to violate it. Philip proposed to sell 1,000 more licenses.

The Emperor approved both measures, and they were put into effect at once. The licenses were easily sold, but naturally provided only a small fraction of the money urgently needed. The confiscation of coin, from which such big things had been hoped, proved scarcely more lucrative. So poor was Spain, and so well hidden was all gold and silver after hints of the plan leaked out, that the royal officers could find no more than 200,000 crowns in the entire country. By January, 1547, things had come to such a pass that Philip could not raise money to pay the dress bills for his two sisters. Their wardrobes were estimated to cost only 2,000 ducats a year, for garments were built to last in the sixteenth century, but the Infantas had come out of mourning the year before and had to have complete new outfits. These cost 24,000 ducats, and in the treasury of the greatest nation in Europe there was not that much money.

Philip, really in despair, learned from the events of the next few months a lesson which he never forgot. He was made to realize that his infallible father had been right again; that God can and will make good all mortal deficiencies when He wishes to use man's poor resources. The Prince ever afterwards knew that all he had to do was his best, and the rest could be left to the Almighty.

The first good omen was the death of Henry VIII in January. He left the advisers of his infant son far too busy with their own problems to interfere on the Continent. Then Francis died in March, putting to rest immediate fears of French aggression. And

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in April Charles watched the Duke of Alba unleash his invincible Spanish infantry at Mühlberg upon an army of disheartened Germans commanded by the able, extremely corpulent Elector John Frederick of Saxony. The Protestant force was dispersed, the Elector captured, and Charles, rendered irritable by gout, weariness, anxiety and the decay of his once athletic constitution, gloated most ungenerously over his prisoner:

"I have been hunting all day long and have caught the pig, and very fat he is."

The Emperor's more considered words the next day were the ones which reached Spain. Then, rested and in more amiable mood, he paraphrased Cæsar with a pious humility which greatly edified Christendom:

"I came, I saw, God conquered," he murmured reverently.

It did seem that Catholicism, if not God, had won a decisive victory. In Spain they were sure heresy had been as completely destroyed as the Elector's army. It was hard to believe in those benighted days when the wars of religion were young, that faith would not yield to force. Charles himself was certain he had made an opportunity for the Church fathers to give spiritual law to all Christendom as was the custom of the world before Luther appeared.

While the Te Deums of thanksgiving were still being sung at Valladolid, the Emperor was learning that the obstinate Germans did not consider Alba's charge at Mühlberg had been a sufficient refutation of their Spiritual interpretations. Furthermore, the Church fathers were no longer at Trent to dictate the terms of religious unity. Their conduct had not made it at all apparent that they were capable of the task. The Spanish bishops won great reputations for learning, and fought hard for reform and discipline. Fathers Laynez and Salmeron established the fame of their infant order, the Society of Jesus, founded by Loyola in 1540 and pledged to the Pope's service. On the Pope's side there were only these two of outstanding ability at theological controversy against a dozen

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equally able Spaniards. But the Jesuits had the Italian prelates behind them when it came to voting, and the Italians outnumbered all others. A month before the battle of Mühlberg the majority succeeded in adjourning the Council, as the Pope desired, to Bologna where Papal influence could be more strongly exerted. Charles was furious and forbade the Spanish representatives to move.

The Council speedily languished into impotence, and Charles decided to take its duties on himself. He presented the Germans with a system of dogma, largely Catholic but making concessions to Protestant formulae, which they were to accept pending the enactment of more binding doctrine by another Council. He enforced this upon the Imperial Diet at Augsburg, but by this time he was feeling old and discouraged.

The savour of his victory had departed quickly, as quickly as the savour of his food. Years of gluttony had destroyed his sense of taste, and dishes more highly seasoned than any other man could eat were insipid to Charles. Tasteless as all cooking was to him, he still ate in quantities which caused his steward to suppose that kings "think they do not have stomachs like other men." Furthermore, because he had lost most of his teeth, he washed his food down unchewed with enormous drafts of beer and wine. The natural result, in addition to indigestion and gout, was a great depression. In January, 1548, the Emperor was sure he was going to die. Feeling very sorry for himself, he indited for his son's benefit some 10,000 words of manuscript, a good sized booklet containing last words of advice. Disregarding the gastronomic nature of his ailments, he began:

"My son: As the hardships I have endured have bred in me certain infirmities, and I have recently been in danger of death, I feel uncertain what fate may befall me by God's will, and wish to give you the present advice in case that event were to occur."

His sense of approaching death and his genuine piety combined to lead him to speak first of religion.

"The firm, principal foundation of your good government," he declared, "should always be to incline your heart to God's infinite

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mercy, and submit your desires and actions to His will. If you thus fear to offend Him, you will obtain His help and succour and will have the most essential element of your success in government. That He may enlighten and favour you, you must always give the greatest care to the observance, maintenance and defence of our holy faith in general, and particular in all the kingdoms, states and lordships which you are to inherit from us. Favour divine justice and command that it take its course scrupulously and without respect of persons against all guilty and suspicious individuals, and have the greatest solicitude to avoid by all means in your power compatible with justice and reason heresies and sects which are contrary to our ancient faith and religion."

The Emperor wished Philip to see that the Council for healing the schism met and did its work of reforming abuses in Church administration. The Prince was to appoint good, worthy and learned men to Church offices in Spain and then see that they did their duty. He was to be obedient to the Holy Apostolic See "always," but if he did have to oppose Rome, he was to do so with all respect and not let any scandal attach to his disobedience.

"You already know how the present Pope, Paul III, has always behaved towards me, and above all how scurvily he observed our agreement touching the last war, backing out and leaving me alone in it. But in spite of all that has happened, I beg you to be more mindful of the Pope's position and dignity than of his deeds."

There followed long directions as to which Italian princes might be trusted and which could not, the sum of these pages being that they all needed watching. France was not to be trusted because the new King, Henry II, seemed no better than his father, Francis, who always broke his word and only kept peace while recruiting his strength "or waiting to catch me napping." The Prince should, therefore, keep Spanish troops in Italy in case France looked for trouble, and he was always to keep galleys at sea to oppose Turks and Moors. The Emperor, knowing better than his recent bellicose behaviour would indicate, added:

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"You must always try to avoid war as much as possible, and never enter into it without God seeing and knowing that you could not do otherwise. You ought to be all the more anxious to keep the peace because the states you will inherit from me are very weary and worn with the past wars that I have been obliged to wage in their defence."

It was true, he went on, that God had helped him defend and even add to his dominions, but peace depended upon one's neighbours. These should be dealt with by putting his chief trust in Ferdinand and his sons and working with them in foreign affairs. Although many advisers would tell him not to worry about what happened outside his own territory, he would do well to keep on good terms with German princes. But he was to pay them only for aid actually given; not for promises. The same applied to the Swiss. He must always watch France and be friendly with Portugal because of the Indies trade. He was to be a good cousin to the Duke of Savoy who had lost his state fighting France for Charles, but not go to war for Savoy unless the Empire joined him or France was embroiled with England. He was to be particularly careful to be on good terms with England as this was essential to all his dominions, but he should be neutral in any Franco-English war. As for Scotland, a trade agreement was the most he could expect.

In his own realms, he was to see that each had a good viceroy or governor who should be kept from exceeding his authority. He was always to be approachable to those with complaints against his highest officers, but he was not to be too ready to credit such complaints. The Emperor had always found Flanders "as loyal as one could wish, particularly the nobility." But he had had trouble with his servants in America. Their greed and ignorance had combined to oppress the natives and Charles was receiving loud protests from such men as Las Casas, the monk who took the Indians under his special protection.

"The tyranny of the conquerors and other persons in authority must be put down, together with the evil for which they have

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made the same authority a blind. The Indians must be succoured and encouraged," wrote the Emperor who sincerely desired the conversion of these queer subjects of his.

"The surest means of keeping the vassals and subjects of any nation in fidelity to their lord," he went on, "are to present them with children who shall be, as it were, guarantees for the stability and durable nature of each of the states belonging to the prince, and thus supply them with hope of having lords who shall govern them well; and this is particularly true in the case in Flanders. Therefore, it seems to me not only advisable but necessary that you should marry again, choosing a match such as the public welfare demands and a person who, with God's help, may give you children; and my paternal love for you and affection for the said states compels me to advise and pray you to do so."

The fond father disclaimed any "wish to influence you in your choice," but he did think that despite the difference in age, not to mention the girl's lack of charm, Margaret of France would be the best match, especially if the marriage settlement included the restoration of Savoy to its rightful duke. Jeanne d'Albret might be suitable too. If neither of these seemed desirable to Philip, there was nothing left save one of Ferdinand's daughters or Eleanor's child, although as these strengthened no ties of friendship another marriage would be more desirable.

While the Emperor was speaking of marriages, he disposed of his other two children also. The elder sister, Maria, was already betrothed to Ferdinand's eldest son, the Archduke Maximilian, and Philip was to see that they were married. The Emperor had thought of giving them the states of Flanders, but "I have come to the conclusion that you had better keep them yourself." Nevertheless, Maximilian and Maria might be made governors of the Low Countries, "for experience has shown that the Flemish will not stand being ruled by foreigners and that among themselves is no one out of reach of their envy and hatred." That was why Charles had always given them a governor of his own blood, first

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his aunt and then his sister. However, Philip should decide whether or not to trust Maximilian after seeing him, for no doubt the governorship would be a temptation to seek more. As for the younger sister, Juana, it would be well to carry out Charles' promise to marry her to her cousin, Juan, the eleven-year-old Prince of Portugal, brother of Philip's first wife. All the Emperor's sisters were worthy of implicit confidence, and Philip was enjoined to carry out all the provisions of his parents' wills.

"I pray God," Charles concluded at long last, "to protect you and guide your wishes in His service that you may reign and govern as a good king should and finally earn Heaven with my blessing."

V

Bidding for a Crown

THE Emperor was not yet so far gone as in his gloomier moments he believed. He lived to go on fighting and to make one more tremendous effort "so as not to leave you less than I inherited." This was nothing less than to regain for Philip the lands and prospects which had been alienated to Ferdinand. Even before the King of the Romans attained that title, he had been promised the reversion of the Imperial crown and the Hapsburg dominions in Germany. As he had managed also to have himself elected King of both Hungary and Bohemia, he could count on leaving an ample patrimony to his thirteen children.

Now Charles proposed to upset all his brother's plans. He did not see why he could not dictate to Germany in the matter of the succession as well as in matters of religion. Then his son should be Emperor, and the younger branch of the family content to serve as regents for the elder.

He ordered Philip to come to Germany. Aside from Imperial ambitions, it would be well for the young man to make the acquaintance of some of his future subjects other than Spaniards. The Prince was told to take the route through Italy, across the Alps to Germany, and later he could make a tour of the Netherlands. Before he left he was to witness the marriage of Maria and Maximilian, and leave the young couple to rule Spain in his absence.

Philip was far less elated than his father by the hope of succeeding to what might well be the hegemony of the world. The Prince

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was not personally ambitious. He had acquired, even at this early age, a love of quiet. He enjoyed his work so long as it was an uninterrupted routine, but a peaceful reign would be impossible for such a monarch as Charles wished him to be. Trouble and excitement of one sort or another would be forever intruding on the calm business of reading reports, hearing arguments, maturely weighing decisions. A lesser but more immediate objection was the travelling Charles suggested. Travel was a labour which Philip found one of the most undesirable of royal duties. He had good reason. Few, even of those most seriously afflicted with wanderlust, travelled for fun. By land any route was a painfully slow horse or muleback ride, the monotony of which was broken only by the dangers of the road, broken bridges, swollen streams. Royalty would get the best lodgings anywhere, but the Court knew it would have anything but comfortable accommodation. By sea the wanderer might go more swiftly but even more uncertainly. The caprice of the winds might hold him in port for weeks, and then wreck him as soon as he got outside. A Prince of Spain travelled with a convoy strong enough to eliminate that other peril of the deep, piracy. His quarters would be magnificent, but if he were at sea many days he would be reduced to very rough fare.

Philip responded only from sense of duty to the Emperor's call. He met Maximilian, a year his senior, and his equal in experience for Ferdinand had needed a son's help almost as much as Charles, with something like regret. He was fond of his cousin—he was always fond of cousins for he had more than his share of Hapsburg clannishness—but he could not welcome sincerely one whose arrival meant his own departure from Spain. With a heavy heart he played his role in the splendid wedding ceremonies and then, on October 1, 1548, he said goodbye to Doña Ana and rode ruefully out of Valladolid for the long, disagreeable journey to Barcelona which was yet, because still in Spain, the least objectionable stage of the whole voyage.

While Philip, alternately storm-tossed and rain-drenched, made

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his slow way along the coast to Genoa, discovering the torments of seasickness, Europe was eagerly discussing the probable objects of this tour. Already the discerning had made for themselves the undying political maxim that the great never move save on a mission of deepest significance. So the world knew that this very extreme movement portended something big. The cleverer diplomats guessed at Charles' aim, but the details were not accurately foretold. For some time it was widely believed the King of the Romans would resign in Philip's favour, enter the Church and be elected Pope—the aged Paul could not live much longer. Then indeed, the Hapsburgs would rule the world.

No one except Charles and Philip had the least desire to see this part of the programme realized. Even Spain, where the Prince was much liked, did not care to have her future ruler made so powerful. Spaniards had had quite enough of being ruled by an Emperor who used them unsparingly in quarrels which did not concern them. Ferdinand and Maximilian were naturally resentful, although they did not think it becoming to say so, especially so soon after Charles had bestowed his daughter on his nephew. The Germans were more hostile than all these others. They did not propose to suffer another Emperor who could command the resources with which to enforce his will upon them.

Philip added the last difficulty of all. He was making himself exceedingly unpopular wherever he went. The more Germans and Flemings saw of him, the less they liked him. The qualities of which Spaniards had approved irritated the northern nobles with whom he came in contact. His own people admired his gravity; his pride in his rank; his temperate, severe mode of life. But these new acquaintances were hard-living, boisterous men who expected a prince to be a good fellow. They were sufficiently arrogant themselves that any affectation of superiority, even from an Emperor's son, was resented as an insult. In Germany and the states of Flanders, Philip managed to insult everyone he met. As candidate for the Empire he thought it was his duty, as it was his inclination,

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to stand on his dignity. And, as is natural in a youth of twenty-one, he rather overdid the dignity.

When the nobles were presented to their future master, he received them with a cold hauteur which aroused their anger. He was never seen to smile; he never addressed anyone, save perhaps one of his Spanish gentlemen, familiarly. Indeed, he could not address the northerners at all in their own tongue. He spoke to them in stilted Latin and unbent only to the point of permitting them to reply in French.

Nor did he attempt to disguise his scorn of northern amusements and his contempt for northern ways of life. For example, there was beer. Philip did not like beer, but both Germans and Flemings were inclined to judge a man by the amount of that beverage he could consume. When Philip had to take it, he made a wry face. The nobles were accustomed to enjoy themselves by eating enormous meals, getting exceedingly drunk and roaring songs far into the night. Philip, an abstemious young person, cast gloom over every banquet given in his honour because he was so obviously gloomy himself. His hosts contrasted him most unfavourably with his father who could talk to them, joke with them, out-eat and out-drink most of them, and was one of them by birth and early training.

Philip, of course, was not at all happy. He spent months seeing people who disgusted him, eating and drinking food which did not agree with him, and wishing he was back in Spain. He tried to console himself by having Titian come to him. The Prince was fond of painting and enjoyed discussions dear to the artist's heart. Besides, Titian was his favourite artist. The great Venetian did not think he would like Germany either, and made excuses.

Feeling more and more friendless, save for his Spanish household, Philip completed a long tour of the Netherlands. He received oaths of allegiance from the various states of those countries and was entertained with distasteful magnificence and outward forms of the deepest respect. Then he went back to Germany for the real

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attempt to secure his Imperial succession. Fears of Hapsburg designs on the Papacy had been set at rest late in 1549 when Paul died. After a protracted conclave in which the English exile, Cardinal Pole, came within four votes of election, Cardinal del Monte emerged as Pope Julius III. In the following year at Augsburg, Philip tried hard to win popularity. He even entered tournaments and tried to drink beer. It was all in vain. Ferdinand soon saw that he would not have to oppose his brother. The electors and other German princes would take care of his rights for him. So in March, 1551, when Charles and Philip had exercised their blandishments to the limit of their ability, the King of the Romans entered cheerfully into a treaty with his nephew.

By the terms of this document, Ferdinand was to succeed Charles but was to use all his influence to have Philip elected King of the Romans in his place. Philip, in turn, pledged himself to perform the same office for Maximilian, who would thus have had to outlive Philip to enjoy any benefits. As a matter of fact, he died more than twenty years earlier. However, Ferdinand knew the Germans would never permit execution of the treaty. The failure to secure Philip all his father's crowns somewhat estranged the two branches of the House of Hapsburg. From that time on, their interests diverged and were often opposed. Furthermore, Philip never approved the leanings towards religious tolerance displayed by both Ferdinand and Maximilian. They remained on terms of family friendship, but never helped each other in their troubles.

Philip's happiest moment in Germany was the leaving of it shortly after signing the treaty with his uncle. It had been two and a half years since he left his own country and he hurried back so rapidly, despite the summer heat of 1551 and the roughness of the sea between Genoa and Barcelona, that he refused to waste time in ceremonious politeness on the way. For the first time in his life he was rude to bishops, cutting them short when their lengthy discourses threatened to delay him. It was necessary, he said, for him to hurry so that he could relieve Maximilian of the regency and

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permit that young man to take his family, which already numbered two children, back to Germany.

The Prince returned to the old, old problems. No one had done anything to improve the financial situation; no one could suggest anything to do. And the war, of course, broke out again. The Emperor's Protestant German allies, led by the crafty Maurice of Saxony, ablest of Protestant rulers, deserted him. Henry of France, true son of Francis, promptly opened hostilities while Charles was entangled in Germany.

Spain was quite unable to help. Philip was obliged to ask for German troops to defend Spain at a time when Charles did not have enough soldiers to defend himself, and his sister, Mary, was crying for aid in the Netherlands. She wanted money and a man's support, preferably Philip's. Charles replied that money was out of the question but he would think about sending Philip.

A few weeks later the Holy Roman Emperor was flying for his life through the mountain passes around Innsbruck while Saxon Maurice with an overwhelming army, swept Germany. Charles could not even put up a fight to save the authority which, so short a time before, had seemed all-powerful in the land. As he made his way, a dispirited fugitive, towards Flanders, his sense of defeat was accentuated by news that the Council of Trent, reassembled by Julius the year before, had broken up in a hurry as Maurice approached. It was no wonder that the Emperor's biographers have put into his mouth the despairing cry:

"Fortune is a strumpet who reserves her favours for the young."

At fifty-two Charles was indeed an old man, alternately driven by feverish fits of energy and sunk in long spells of apathy. Often he was in too great pain to move or too moody to be approached on the most important business. He spent hours sitting quite still, thinking of the day when he would be able to turn over all his troubles to Philip and retire from the world. He longed to relinquish the burden of power, but when he spoke about it no one thought he was serious. Monarchs do not, voluntarily, quit their

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thrones. In the intervals between dreams the Emperor could still lead his armies, as he did disastrously in an unsuccessful siege of Metz, and hold his shaken realms together.

Things looked very bad, but in the midst of his greatest humiliation he found time to urge upon his son the advisability of marrying. Maria of Portugal was his choice, for a Portuguese dowry was once more essential. The prospect of obtaining it helped raise his spirits when he was back again in his native country and saw he might still cope with his enemies. Charles thought he would return to Germany to win by diplomacy at a Diet what he could not hold by force. Then he would proceed to Spain while Philip, he wrote in April 1553, should come to the Low Countries by September. He could bring Maria, too, and marry her in Brussels; that and the birth of a son would please the Flemings as much as the material aid.

"As we have often said to you before, you stand in need of gaining credit and increased devotion from these states," the Emperor explained.

Philip, dutiful as ever, agreed and sent Ruy Gomez off to Lisbon to negotiate the marriage. The only hitch was King John's reluctance to give the same dowry with his half-sister that he had with his daughter.

While John bargained shrewdly with Ruy Gomez, the chance of a match more in accordance with traditional Hapsburg policy offered itself. Young Edward of England died and, after a few days of heartbreaking uncertainty which were the brief, unhappy reign of Lady Jane, the crown passed almost as by a miracle, so easily was the change effected, to Catholic Mary the lady to whom Philip had once offered "anything that she would be glad to have." What had been politeness to a persecuted, quite unimportant princess was sincerely meant now that she was a Queen.

She was devoted to her cousin, the Emperor, whom she had been taught to regard as her future husband, then as her benefactor, and finally as the protector of her religion. Charles was quick

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to see the opportunity for restoring his power and prestige in Europe by enlisting England as a partner in his enterprises. He knew Mary would do all he asked of her and on July 30, ten days after his Ambassador had assured the English Privy Council that His Imperial Majesty only "wished to encourage the Council and Parliament to deliberate as to which Englishman would be best fitted" for King Consort, Charles wrote to his son:

"Although I believe the English will do all in their power to prevent our cousin from wedding a foreigner, her discretion and tact may render it possible, directly or indirectly, to propose once more a match which was talked of many years ago (with Charles himself) and which several considerations might recommend to her as a wise choice. I am sure that if the English made up their minds to accept a foreigner, they would more readily support me than any other, for they have always shown a liking for me. But I assure you that the hope of winning many other and more important states would not avail to move me from my intentions, which are in the opposite direction. The advantages of this course are so obvious that it is unnecessary to go into them, and we need only consider that negotiations have already been opened with the Infanta Doña Maria. You write to me that more delays are to be looked for, but as I do not know what reply Ruy Gomez will have brought or how far the negotiations have gone, I am only mentioning the above possibility to you in order that you may consider it and let me know your opinion, according to which the course of action that most recommends itself to you may be followed. And you will keep the matter a close secret."

Philip knew very little of the new Queen of England save that she was eleven years older than himself, reputed to be very plain and remarkably pious, had suffered much for her faith and had been protected in that faith by his father. He placed himself in Charles' hands unreservedly, as always.

"I very well see the advantage that might accrue from the successful conclusion of this affair," he replied. "Your letter arrived

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at just the right moment, for I had decided to break off the Portuguese business in view of the reply brought back by Ruy Gomez to the effect that the King could not possibly give his sister more than 400,000 ducats for her dowry. When I read Your Majesty's letter I thought I had better keep the negotiations alive by answering that as the King could do no more for his sister, and as Your Majesty had been led by what the King had said to the Most Christian Queen [Eleanor] to believe that he would be more liberal, I thought I had better inform you.

"All I have left to say about the English affair is that I am rejoiced to hear that my aunt has come to the throne in that kingdom, as well out of natural feeling as because of the advantages mentioned by Your Majesty where France and the Low Countries are concerned. It is certain that if she suggested a match between herself and Your Majesty, and Your Majesty were disposed, it would be the very best thing possible. But as Your Majesty feels as you say about the question, and if you wish to arrange the match for me, you know that I am so obedient a son that I have no will other than yours, especially in a matter of such high import. Therefore, I think best to leave it all to Your Majesty to dispose as shall seem most fitting."

VI

Courting

FROM the moment he made his profession of obedience, Philip's only part in the negotiations by which Charles hoped to compensate him for the loss of the Empire and to make France a second-rate power was to send a message of congratulation to his cousin on her accession. Even for this he awaited his father's instructions. Charles thought the winning of England in the good old Hapsburg way was too important and delicate a matter to be entrusted to the chief beneficiary. Philip was, of course, fully informed, but the information was always three or four weeks in reaching him and events moved so rapidly that it was out of date when he got it.

He had been doing a little matchmaking on his own account in Spain. While Ruy Gomez was off trying to induce King John to be liberal, Philip had been securing for his friend the hand of the greatest heiress in Spain, Ana de Mendoza, daughter of the Count of Melito. The girl, just thirteen "and well favoured though she is small built," had lost an eye while fencing but her dowry of 100,000 ducats more than atoned for the patch she was obliged to wear. Indeed, she grew up to be one of the acknowledged beauties of Spain. Her wealth and the fact that Philip made a special trip to Alcalá to be present at her betrothal, were enough to arouse a great deal of jealousy. The exchange of vows took place on Ruy Gomez's return from Portugal, and the Prince's wedding gift was the promise of an annuity of 6,000 ducats as soon as he had the money.

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"The bounty which His Highness has rendered me in marrying me was very great indeed, and even more than I have said," the grateful favourite wrote to his friend, Francisco de Eraso, the Emperor's secretary. "For two years, at the end of which time the marriage will be consummated, I have no right to ask him for anything."

While Philip was engaged in this pleasing office of friendship, Queen Mary was finding her progress to the throne of England less difficult than Charles believed possible. He had urged his cousin to be cautious, but Mary was a Tudor and no fool. She realized the advantage of boldness when she was in the right. Against the Emperor's advice, she promptly had herself proclaimed Queen in Norfolk and marched on London. Protestant opposition melted away before her, and she was acclaimed with rejoicings by a people still much more than half Catholic, despite the zealous proselytism of her brother's brief reign. Now, in the summer of 1553, she prepared to lead her country back to the Church and secure the Catholic succession. For the second part of this programme she did not want an English husband, and the supply of foreign princes of her own age was sadly deficient. She soon learned she would have to marry a younger man. That being so, Philip's chances were good, for she was devoted to the Emperor. She had been brought up to admire him, and she thought she owed him even more than she did for past favours and protection.

Charles was fortunate in having as his Ambassador in London Simon Renard, one of the cleverest of his Flemish servants. To this skilled diplomat the negotiations were entrusted, after he had been fully instructed by his master. Until Philip's consent arrived, he was not to mention the Prince as a marital possibility unless some other match seemed imminent. Renard was optimistic.

"I am in hopes," he wrote, even before Philip had received his father's first letter on the subject, "that if His Majesty were inclined to propose our Prince, it would be the most welcome news that could be given her."

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Mary was his best and, at this time, almost his sole ally, for Englishmen were opposed to the idea of a foreign king. She placed herself almost as unreservedly in the Emperor's hands as did Philip, recognizing that all his advice about marrying at home had been "to serve the exigencies of the moment and did not represent Your Majesty's real view." She had a long private talk with Renard, after which the Ambassador was able to report:

"She was determined to follow your advice and choose whomsoever you might recommend. She felt confident you would remember that she was thirty-seven years of age, and would not urge her to come to a decision before having seen the person and heard him speak, for as she was marrying against her private inclination, she trusted Your Majesty would give her a suitable match."

"No prince of equal rank to hers," Charles replied, "would undertake the adventure of going to England with the possibility of being refused. This is the reason why not only princes but noblemen and private gentlemen, too, marry without the contracting parties seeing one another."

As yet Mary had not been informed as to the identity of the Emperor's choice and she was growing rather anxious. She was quite well aware of her own plainness and the often unsociable nature of royal marriages. She craved affection, something she had not known since her mother died sixteen years before. She was both horrified and fascinated by the prospect of marriage. Naturally, she kept asking what had been done in the way of finding her a husband. In the weeks of waiting for the Prince's consent, Renard amused her by mentioning candidates obviously unsuitable. When he had exhausted these, he explained that "if she considered twenty-seven or twenty-eight too young, I knew of no one middle aged enough, for of the older princes there was not one who was not either too old or too unwell." He carefully refrained from mentioning Philip; but Mary did, saying that she understood he was already married to Maria of Portugal. Renard replied that he did not think so and took the opportunity to speak of "the great sense,

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judgment, experience and moderation that shone forth in him." He also pointed out that Philip "was already an old married man with a son."

"She then, without waiting for the rest of my remarks," the Ambassador wrote, "declared that she had never felt that which was called love nor harboured thoughts of voluptuousness and had never considered marriage until God had been pleased to raise her to the throne, wherefore her own marriage would be against her inclinations."

On September 11, Philip's letter of dutiful obedience arrived. It found the Emperor so weak, his secretary wrote Philip, "that the doctors opine that His Majesty can live but a very short time longer because of the variety of illnesses that travail and afflict him." Charles could not sleep and for some days had been inaccessible, indulging in his favourite pastime of taking clocks apart and putting them together again. He refused to pay any attention to reports of a growing spirit of revolt among his Flemish subjects, and his alarmed advisers could think of nothing better than to warn Philip, far away in Spain, of intrigue among some nobles to call in Maximilian as their ruler when Charles was gone.

The Emperor was not even taking much interest in the war with France, but his son's letter roused him. He came out into the world again and sent immediately to Renard to make the definite offer of Philip's hand. He prepared a long list of instructions and advice which the Ambassador was to present to Mary, ending gallantly:

"We ourself, who esteem her virtue and goodness even more now than ever before, were we of suitable age and disposition and could it redound to the advantage of her affairs, would prefer no other alliance in the world to hers, as you may assure her, nor could any other give us so much satisfaction. But our health and age are such that we should consider ourselves to be doing but little for her in offering her our person; nor do we see that we could in any way further her interests; you know our determination, formed long

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ago, to remain in our present state; and even had we formed no such resolve, our indisposition would compel us to form it now. But we could not propose to her anyone more dear to us than our own son, the Prince, whose alliance would be much better suited to her, both because she could hope more surely to have children and for other reasons. We desire that the proposal may be made to her, if she thinks it can be accomplished, and we wish to hear from her first in confidence whether such is her opinion."

Renard was to tempt her with the dream of recovering the old English domains in France, perhaps Scotland too; and he was to spare no expense in bribing the Queen's advisers. Renard, who found her not much surprised when he proposed his Prince, used the bribes but he was shrewd enough to let Mary argue herself into accepting Philip. This she did, slowly but satisfactorily, while Renard merely repeated what a fine fellow the Prince was; and Philip waited and wondered.

Her first comment was that the English might object. With the vigour of language to be expected of a Tudor, she stigmatized her people so forcibly that the Ambassador did not like to repeat her words. He merely said that, in her opinion, Englishmen were "of such and such a character." Mary was also Tudor enough not to let her people dictate to her. Nevertheless, she was beset with worries. More than her marriage, she wanted to see England back in the Church. She was eager to settle the vexed question of what to do with the property so impiously stolen in the last two reigns. She was anxious to have the advice of her very distant kinsman, Cardinal Pole, appointed by Pope Julius to receive England's submission. As for Philip, she thought twenty-six very young.

"If he were disposed to be amorous," Renard reported her as saying, "such was not her desire for she was of the age Your Majesty knew and had never harboured thoughts of love."

The Ambassador replied that Philip would not be overly importunate, and was very wise and much older than his years. The Queen thought this over for a few days, considering deeply, for

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she was really afflicted with the weight of her responsibility. It was hard to decide what was right, and her wretched youth had not inspired her to place much faith in the words of diplomats, or anybody else. Once again she saw Renard, "took me by the hand and adjured me to tell her whether all I had said about His Highness were true." Again he told her what she really wanted to know.

"That is well," Mary replied.

She then proposed that the Prince should come to England on his way to Flanders so that she might see him for herself. Charles would by no means consent to this lowering of his son's dignity. He sent, instead, Titian's portrait of the young man, and Mary was assured by all that it was a splendid likeness. She was much taken with the picture. It portrayed a rather handsome head, fair hair brushed back from a serene, well-proportioned brow, heavy-lidded blue eyes which lent a distrustful expression to the face, a straight nose, a smallish mouth whose extreme thickness of lip was accentuated by a shadow of moustache, and a projecting jaw exaggerated by a tuft of curly yellow beard. After contemplating this portrait, Mary admitted to Renard on October 28, that she believed she would have the original. The next day she was even more definite, and the Ambassador wrote in triumph to the Prince:

"She has given me her binding word and promise to marry Your Highness."

By the time Philip received the news, Renard and the English ministers were deep in the complicated negotiations of a marriage contract. This, too, the Prince entrusted to his father's hands, his dutiful letter of gratitude and submission concluding:

"It is clear that you are conducting the matter with great love and care. I lay great value on the Queen's professions of good will. If the Queen wishes me to go soon, I will start without loss of time."

Charles had already advised him, although the contract was still in course of formation, to get ships and a retinue ready to start at a moment's notice. It was to be a very splendid retinue indeed,

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for Philip would sail to greater honours even than the throne of England. He was also to be invested with all the titles that would otherwise come to him on the Emperor's death, for Charles, ill and unhappy, wanted to witness only this one last triumph of the English match before he stepped from under the burden of great affairs. He had been a mighty prince ever since he could remember, and as his health decayed he had come to yearn for repose. He had also become more pious and averse to society. He had warned his son that, as soon as might be, he would shift the load of royalty to the younger man. Until he could do so, the Emperor was displaying his own capacity for detail and command. He instructed Philip to make sure that the grandees who accompanied him behaved themselves. They were to live in England in a style they could afford, not as they usually did abroad — squander all their money in one impressive splurge and then have to go home. The bridegroom should bring 1,000,000 ducats, coin not bullion, and he might take it from merchants and passengers on the coming Indies plate fleet, "giving them the best terms possible."

"I will ask you to be especially careful to demonstrate much love and joy to the Queen," the paternal autocrat went on — so seriously did Charles take his cousin's disclaimers of any amorous sentiments. "You will converse and be friendly with the English, behaving in a cordial manner."

The Emperor also gave advice to Philip's proxies, Flemish lords appointed by himself. He wrote out a number of letters to Englishmen of influence, promising offices and rewards for their support. Renard was to give these missives where he thought they would do the most good, so they were addressed only to "Dear and well beloved," or "My Cousin," or "Reverend Father in God, dear and well beloved." Such epistles were needed. France, alarmed by the prospect of the marriage, had in Noailles an ambassador almost as clever as Renard. He spent nearly as much money, too, and succeeded in stimulating the normal English dislike of foreigners to such an extent that when the most splendid of Flemish nobles,

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Count Egmont, came over in January with Philip's formal proposal of marriage — written by Charles — the boys in the streets pelted him with snowballs and insults as he rode at the head of a gayly clad, jewel-bedecked cavalcade of his countrymen through the streets of London. Egmont did not mind. He was confident that Philip's presence and gold would remove all hostility. His experience of the English upper classes led him to write Philip:

"More can be done here with money than anywhere else in the world."

He was deceived by appearances. The men who drafted the marriage contract for Mary only accepted money, they were not bought. Persistently they beat the Imperial negotiators down from all their hopes and the final document pointedly and carefully excluded Philip from any share in the government of England. He was not permitted to take the Queen or any children he might have by her, out of the country. He was not to engage England in any of his wars. He was to give the Netherlands to his child by Mary, and he was to renounce any pretensions to be called King of England after her death.

The contract found Philip at Aranjuez, a pleasant royal country seat not far from Valladolid. He immediately came back to the city and ordered festivities. Everybody but the Prince enjoyed immensely the jousting, the cane tourneys and the splendid display of fireworks in the public square. Philip, sitting high above the people against a background of tapestries which completely covered the house walls on that side of the Plaza, was not in a rejoicing mood. He always approached responsibility solemnly, and between this marriage and his father's retirement, he faced vast responsibility indeed. Furthermore, he was worried for fear the contract would lose him all the advantages he had hoped to derive from this sacrifice. He was very little comforted to hear that these hard conditions were but a sop to English sensibilities. Philip, the Emperor wrote, need only win his wife's affection and confidence. Through her he could rule England as he pleased.

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In the weeks that followed the Prince was much too occupied to brood over the future. There was his retinue to be selected, the plate fleet to be looted for the amazingly extravagant luxury with which he hoped to dazzle English eyes, copious instructions on the government of Spain to be left, and his home with Doña Ana de Osorio to be broken up. This last was the greatest wrench of all. Philip was domestically minded and loved his home even more than his dignity. He was also a creature of habit, and he had lived with Doña Ana for nearly ten years. He would never see her again because she was going into a convent, and the record of her doing so is the last appearance of her name in the Court gossip.

Charles had directed that his youngest child should assume the regency. Juana's husband had died in January, three weeks before she bore his son, and the widow was sent for to come from Portugal. Philip spent the happiest of his last hours in Spain putting his papers in order for her.

Although he was sad, the gentlemen of his household and the dozens of other nobles selected to accompany him were in a state of delightful anticipation. To them a marriage contract was merely an affair of low lawyer fellows. They knew only that their own Prince, so notoriously more generous than his father, was going to be King of England. Naturally, they would be his main props in ruling the country which they supposed to be fabulously rich because it was far away. Gaily the courtiers sold all they possessed in Spain and invested heavily in new clothing, handsome jewels, expensive servants. They paid little attention to advice on moderation, although Philip told one who asked what he should do:

"I do not order you either to sell or not to sell your property, for know that I am going not to a marriage feast but to a crusade."

While the plate fleet was ransacked for treasure to enable Philip to make a proper show in England, Spanish industry received a temporary boom. Nearly all the cloth workers in the country were hard at it preparing lavish costumes. Shipwrights were putting the

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last touches to the fleet, an impressive armada which was to carry an army for Flanders as well as the Prince's attendants.

On May 14 more than a thousand horsemen rode behind Prince Philip out of Valladolid towards the coast. Nearly half of them wore the red and yellow livery of Aragon, and the rest were almost as gaudily attired in the colours of their House or their fancy. They moved slowly, for Philip was in no hurry to quit Spain. He paused to turn over the government to his pale, black-swathed, melancholy sister. He turned aside to pay a visit to his grandmother, the mad Juana, at Tordesillas. The poor woman, who would have been quite forgotten if her name had not appeared with that of her son on official publications, was hardly an object of veneration, and Philip did not stay long. He rode on to Benavente where he was met by a younger, scarcely more pleasant specimen, his own son Carlos who, at eight years old, looked sometimes like an unhealthy baby and sometimes like a decrepit old man. His head, with its pale, plain features which were somehow startlingly like Philip's, was too big for a puny body. One leg was shorter than the other, his back bore a hump, and he suffered from epilepsy, frequent fevers and a weak stomach. He was very gorgeously dressed on this early June day when he sat beside his father on a flower-decked balcony to watch the bullfight. Every town through which Philip passed did its best to belie the story of Spanish poverty, and gave him a worthy farewell. At Benavente, for example, there was hunting, jousting, public feasting, one of the elaborate sacred plays of the period and a splendid procession of most ingenious inventions — more than life-size elephants, almost life-size castles, ships and palaces, all made of cardboard, propelled by men and horses concealed within — moving through a sea of torches under a brilliant display of fireworks.

Philip enjoyed these diversions for three days. Then he said goodbye to Carlos, leaving him as a farewell gift his own old preceptor, Honorato Juan, and a Latin master. Two weeks brought the traveller to Santiago de Compostela where he paused to pray

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for the aid of Spain's patron, Saint James. The Earl of Bedford and Viscount Fitzwalter, come from England to greet their future King on his bride's behalf, watched from a window with cloaks drawn up around their faces, for they were not officially present, as Philip passed to the shrine through streets hung with silks, satins and brocades. Next morning the English lords were received formally, obtained the Prince's signature to the marriage contract, and were greatly impressed with the way in which Philip obeyed his father's orders. The grave young man who had seriously offended Germans and Flemings by his aloofness a few years before was smiling and almost cordial. He did it so well that the Englishmen thought he meant it.

A few more days of pageantry and the impressive procession of Prince, grandees, gentlemen and guards, deafened by cannon volleys, trotted through triumphal arches in Corunna to the waiting fleet. One hundred ships were in the harbour to carry the soldiers and convoy the Prince, not to mention the English vessels that had brought Bedford and Fitzwalter. The Spanish ships were gleaming with brass and fresh paint; the very sailors were brave in red silk caps with yellow plumes. Once again Philip's affability charmed the Englishmen. He apologetically declined their request that he travel in an English ship, but he permitted them to select whichever Spanish craft for him they thought safest. They did not pick the one with the specially prepared cabin of rare woods, beautiful tapestries and appropriate paintings, but Philip abided by their choice.

The royal standard, a crimson banner thirty yards long embroidered with yellow flames and the Imperial arms, was transferred to his new ship, and it streamed majestically out in the breeze as he stood on the deck to watch Spain disappear. He was off at last on his crusade to make England Catholic — and Imperial. It was Friday, the thirteenth of July.

VII

A Matrimonial Crusade

PHILIP did not remain long on deck. It was a lovely afternoon; a fresh breeze sent the heavy, clumsy ships lumbering up towards England rather more swiftly than such craft usually travelled, but the Prince did not appreciate the seascapes. He was, as the English envoys had warned their government, "wont to be very sick at sea," and even this fair weather was welcome to him only because it got him to Southampton in the remarkably short time of six days.

A nice, steady English drizzle was falling when Philip went ashore at the unattractive little town to win a kingdom by kindness. His followers received their first shock of disappointment at this moment. Not a soldier was permitted to go ashore lest he make the Spanish name unpopular by getting into brawls with the local citizenry. For several days the troops remained in their crowded quarters until they were taken over to join the Emperor's army near Namur. Furthermore, the Prince took almost literally his father's advice to send all the married women in his train to Flanders.

"They will," Charles wrote, "be more difficult to govern and keep friends with the English women than even soldiers would be."

Dozens of those who had left Spain with new clothes and high hopes of queening it in England were parted from their husbands and sent to the Netherlands where no one wanted Spaniards. Only in the case of Ruy Gomez's bride, the Duchess of Alba and a few wives of grandees was exception made to the rule. Lesser men who

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landed behind their Prince found a still more bitter disappointment awaiting them, and the lamentations grew louder as they saw Philip almost pointedly ignore his own servants in order to court English good will. He leaned on the English, he permitted them to hold his stirrup, he accepted their services at table and in the bedchamber.

Nowhere, except perhaps when dealing with his own people, did he forget his manners. While he rested from his voyage, and while Mary set out for Winchester where they were to meet, he sent gallant messages and gifts which the Queen reciprocated eagerly. The muddy roads were filled with couriers and great gentlemen galloping past each other through the persistent rain with loving words and tokens. Egmont, despatched to kiss Mary's hand on Philip's behalf, met Bishop Gardiner, the chief English minister, coming with a ring for Philip. Next day Ruy Gomez, pelting through the downpour to carry a jewel to Mary, saw a dozen horses being ridden into Southampton for Philip. Lesser folk hurried, cursing, through the wet with lesser messages—inquiries about health, advice for the journey and thanks for same, details of the schedule for the wedding.

After three days of this sort of thing came word that Mary was ready to receive her betrothed at Winchester. Accompanied by about three hundred men, mostly dispirited Spaniards, he set out soon after it was light. The rain was coming down harder than ever, and the Prince was hardly dressed for the English climate. He wore a diamond-embroidered black velvet surcoat over white trunks and doublet for which his red felt cloak was not sufficient protection. By the time he was nearing Winchester in the late afternoon, he was drenched to the skin and stopped to change his clothes. The new suit, of black and white velvet adorned with gold bugles, was ruined in the remaining mile of that wet ride which ended at the Cathedral where his Spanish entourage was surprised to find mass "as solemnly sung as at Toledo." Philip, going from his devotions to the Dean's house which had been prepared for his lodgings,

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again insulted all his countrymen by accepting with a smile and a word of thanks, the cloak an Englishman offered him.

He was very tired, but he was not to rest just yet. Mary was at the Bishop's palace and nervously anxious to set eyes upon her husband. The poor woman was filled with most unroyal hopes and fears. Although the wedding was to take place day after tomorrow, she thought that was far too long to wait for a glimpse of the bridegroom. She wanted some slight touch of romance too, so she asked Philip to come to see her quite privately through the garden and up the backstairs. He should bring not more than a dozen of his household with him.

For the third time that day Philip arrayed himself in his finery, now all in white and gold, and went off to the rendezvous. Mary was waiting for him, pacing up and down a long stone gallery, and for a moment they stood and stared at each other. She was far more pleased than he with what she saw, for she was very plain, but even his valet thought he looked "very gallant tonight." She was short, thin and awkward. She had the remains of a fine complexion; thin, sandy, reddish hair; no eyebrows; almost colourless eyes; a wide, flattish nose and a big mouth. Her many accomplishments, her learning, her literary taste, her skill with lute or spinet were not apparent at this first interview. She impressed one of the Spaniards as "not at all handsome, a perfect saint, but dresses badly." She was wearing a high-neck black velvet gown with a wimple of black and gold, and collar and girdle of gems. Although her taste was not good, she was very fond of dress; especially when heavily embroidered and adorned with gems. The much travelled, courtly Venetian Ambassador was greatly impressed by the information that she changed her clothes every day.

The pause during which she and Philip observed each other under the watchful eyes of their attendants was brief. Almost at once the Prince walked towards her, kissing his hand ceremoniously before he clasped hers. She imitated his formality. Then Philip, in accordance with what he learned was an old English

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custom, kissed her upon the mouth. Together they walked to where two chairs had been placed under a canopy and, sitting side by side, they exchanged with difficulty their first few words. Philip paid her stately, formal compliments in Spanish which she spoke badly but could understand. She blushed and replied in French which he understood but could not speak. Lord Admiral Howard contributed some bawdy remarks in English about young married couples. One by one, Philip called up his gentlemen to bow over the hand of their future mistress. He suggested that in return he meet her ladies, and Mary led him into the next room where they were waiting. There were fifty of them, few any better looking than their Queen, the Spaniards remarked ruefully. Philip, hat in hand by the door, saluted each upon the lips after the English fashion.

This exercise over, he proposed bidding Mary adieu, but she insisted upon leading him back to the seats beneath the canopy. There she tried to teach him to say "good night" in her own tongue. The Prince was a slow learner, and the standing courtiers noticed that both teacher and pupil laughed a good deal. At last Philip thought he had grasped the lesson and leaped up to air it to the ladies in the next room. By the time he reached the door he had forgotten the words and had to be taught again. There was more laughing. It was very pretty.

After little more conversation, Philip was permitted to return to the Deanery and the repose he had so well earned. In the morning he was received publicly by the Queen, and accepted from her the white suit in which the following day he was married. It was the day of St. James, a cheering omen, but the bridegroom had to wait at the Cathedral door. After half an hour Mary arrived, very gorgeous in her wedding gown, and Gardiner married them after listening to the reading of a document by which the Emperor Charles resigned to his son the Kingdom of Naples so that Philip might have equal rank with his wife.

The wedding ceremonies were very splendid — Mary's plain ladies were so gorgeously clad that spectators vowed they looked

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like angels — and the banquet that followed was more splendid still. Bride and bridegroom glittered with gems. The great hall of the episcopal palace was hung with the finest tapestries in England, and at one end the principals sat enthroned above the assembly. Each dish was saluted with a flourish of trumpets. The proudest nobles, prouder of nothing more than of their lineage and court offices, carved, poured and handed up the plates, for the manners of Burgundy had spread. Mary was pledged in a great bumper of wine with an even greater shout, and a herald proclaimed Philip King of England, France, Naples and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Count of Flanders.

The Spaniards looked glum. They were horrified to see that in every bit of ceremony the Queen took precedence over the King, a monstrous perversion of the laws of God and man which they found in this instance most repulsive. Philip was placed on Mary's left. His seat was high, but hers was a little higher. He ate from silver, but her plate was of gold. And the only Spaniard who had any official position at the feast was the cup-bearer, Don Íñigo de Mendoza, heir of Spain's first grandee, the Duke of Infantado. It was also discouraging that barriers of language and custom stood between the Spaniards and flirtation — some good-looking English girls had made their appearance. None of the visitors knew English; none of the girls knew Spanish, and such talking as was done had to be in Latin. They could not even dance together, so different were Spanish and English steps, although royalty solved this problem. Philip and Mary set their subjects a good example by tripping a heavy German measure they both knew.

"The Queen is a very good thing," Ruy Gomez wrote Eraso the day after the wedding, "although older than they told us, but His Highness has so much tact and gives so many gifts that I hold it for certain they will be greatly content with each other and our Lord will provide, for He has hitherto done so in all that concerns this business."

A day or two later the favourite reported that the newly married



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couple were well pleased with each other and Philip "neglects nothing that he ought to do." All men, indeed, were amazed at the fervour of royal affections, although the fervour was all on Mary's side. The Court marvelled to see her caress her husband in public and use unqueenly endearments. He responded as well as he could in the most gentlemanly manner.

"He entertains the Queen excellently," Ruy Gomez declared, "and understands very well how to pass over that in her which is not pleasing to the sensibility of the flesh. He keeps her so content that, truly, when they were alone together the other day she nearly made love to him and he responded in kind."

When, two days after the marriage, they rode up to London, his gallantry and her loving appreciation were the surprise of all observers. He lifted her on and off her horse, never left her side, and yielded first place to her with charming deference. It was also astonishing how rapidly she relearned the Spanish she had forgotten since her mother died.

In the assiduous courting of his wife, which amply made up to her any lack of romance before her marriage, he did not forget her people. As they rode through the cheering crowds of London — Philip admiring the prospect from the river and deploring the unsightliness of the ruined monasteries that disfigured the city — part of the highly praised procession was the shining treasure taken from the Indies fleet. Londoners opened their eyes in astonishment at the sight of millions in minted gold spread out on two carts. Indeed, so did the Spaniards. The money found its way into English pockets in the form of pensions and presents for influential men, donations to the Church and to the poor, largesse for the crowd and contributions to the national treasury.

"The kindness and gifts they have received and are receiving every day from the King would soften the very stones," Secretary Gonzalo Perez wrote.

Perez thought that these attentions had made the English "so civil you would hardly believe it," but his experience was un-

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usual. Nearly all the Spaniards in Philip's train complained bitterly and ceaselessly of the island's boorishness. They were not getting rich; they were not getting powerful. They were not, they wailed, getting common politeness. They were hustled in the streets, robbed in the shops, insulted at Court, and punished by the King if they tried to teach an Englishman his place. Philip had given strict orders to resent nothing, and so well did he have his followers in hand that these representatives of the touchiest people in the world bore it all meekly if not in silence.

While they complained of the cost of living, the rudeness of the people and the prevalence of crime — men from well-policed Spain were always startled by the amount of robbery and murder in less fortunate lands — Philip with his now adoring bride was enjoying the gardens of Hampton Court and the complexities of English politics. He was fond of horticulture — it was the sort of peaceful occupation that suited his temperament — and he loved business. For several weeks he remained in this loveliest of royal palaces, admiring its beauties and reading papers especially translated into Spanish for his benefit.

The result of his studies was not altogether encouraging. He found that Parliament was as little, perhaps less, to be feared than his familiar Cortes. But the English nobles who "advised" the Queen were far more powerful than any Spanish grandees had been since before the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Indeed, if the Council were united on any point it could carry its measure against the Queen herself, and Philip soon found that gladly as councillors would accept his favours, they were little inclined to play his game. There was only this much hope: Mary's authority, supreme in a divided Council, was his to command. Charles had been quite right; her husband could rule her by love.

The big problem of the day was England's return to Catholicism. Until that was accomplished nothing else mattered, and Philip urged a speedy settlement. Piety and the hope that when it was done he could get the country to help his father, moved him

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to unaccustomed haste. It was a delicate situation to handle. The enormous confiscated wealth of the Church was in the hands of the most influential men in the kingdom. They would not give it up without a fight, and an England busy with a civil war was no use to Philip. Mary and her most trusted advisers were less pacifically inclined. They were fanatically eager to restore ecclesiastical splendour and make the unrepentant suffer. Furthermore, Cardinal Pole was on his way to accept England's submission on behalf of Rome, and Philip knew the sort of man he was.

His Eminence was notoriously inspired by a most inopportune zeal for the faith to which persecution and exile had only rendered him the more attached. To the influence which his royal blood and princely rank in the Church gave him, he added that which is the reward of an austere pure and kindly life. He was a famous scholar, an extremely able churchman, an eloquent preacher and a determined character; just, generous but uncompromising. All his qualities were directed to a single aim, the preservation of the prestige and authority of the Catholic religion. It was no secret that he was opposed to any bargain with men who had impiously possessed themselves of Church property.

Philip lost no time in allying himself with the moderate councillors who wished to disturb existing land titles as little as possible. The King enlisted the aid of his father who had advised him to this course, and Charles politely detained the Cardinal in Flanders until Pope Julius was cajoled into instructing him to accept Philip's advice in matters of property. Mary was easily won over so that when Pole was permitted to continue his journey in November, the government was able to announce that the only Church lands to be restored would be those remaining in the possession of the Crown, and this by free will of Her Majesty.

The Cardinal legate arrived to find the people in high good humour. What they regarded as Philip's chief mission in life was said to have been accomplished. The English Ambassador at Brussels had already told His Eminence: "I understand to my

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great joy and content that the Queen's garments wax very strait." The rejoicings over the arrival of the Papal legate were mingled with celebrations of an official announcement that Mary was pregnant.

Obedient to his orders, Pole accepted with less fuss than had been expected Philip's decision that the Church would have to be poorer than in the old days. The Cardinal recognized and respected Their Majesties' deep, sincere piety, realized that they were as zealous as he for the Right, and wrote approvingly to Julius that the young husband treated Mary with the respectful devotion of a son. They, for their part, were instantly attracted to the great gentleman and good Christian with the immense brown beard and wasted face which bore such a mournful, kindly reflection of his sufferings that Michelangelo had used him as a model for the Saviour.

On a bright cold November day Philip and Mary, in the presence of the Lords and Commons assembled at Whitehall, prayed His Eminence to receive their repentant people back into the true communion. The Cardinal achieved his happiest moment and a life's ambition as he pronounced absolution for his no longer erring nation and listened to the great spontaneous roar of "Amen" which greeted his peroration. The echoes of that shout had hardly died away before couriers were galloping towards the coast to spread the news over Europe. Every Catholic community on the Continent sent up prayers of thanksgiving, and loyal Spain proudly gave her own well beloved Prince all the credit for saving two million souls for God.

The religious problem was not yet so wholly settled that England could, if she would, help the Emperor against France. Foiled in their designs on the former abbey lands, the bigots with Bishops Gardiner and Bonner at their head, set out to extirpate heresy in the only way they knew — killing the heretics. The crisp winter days that followed the reconciliation with the Holy See were luridly brightened by the spectacle of Protestants proving the

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quality of their faith in the flames at Smithfield. Philip's heart was with the persecutors for he knew that such blazing sacrifices were pleasing to God. They were not pleasing to the Emperor. Mindful of Charles' injunctions not to let religious strife upset political plans, the King interposed firmly to stop the burnings. The bishops reluctantly obeyed his order, and Philip's own confessor preached a militantly tolerant sermon in which he challenged the English episcopate to find in the word of God any authority to burn a man on grounds of conscience. A greater Spanish ecclesiastic, Bartolomé de Carranza, a learned Dominican who had made an international reputation at the Council of Trent and the University of Valladolid, spoke out for moderation. Philip aimed at popularity by interceding for the pardon of many offenders, and among those whose life he saved was the Lady Elizabeth, of whom the Queen was both jealous and suspicious. Yet so illogical were the people that the blame for persecution was placed upon the Spaniards whose position became more uncomfortable than ever.

The cry for blood was so strong that in order to thwart it, Philip was obliged to deny himself concrete evidence that his tactful policy had won the confidence of Englishmen who mattered. Parliament had to be dissolved before it grew too fierce, and also before it had time to pass a bill, approved by nearly all, that would make Philip regent of England for his child in case of the Queen's death.

At about this time Philip was torn between duty to his father and duty to his wife. By every post Charles was urging him to hasten to Flanders. The Emperor, gloomier and in more pain than ever, was in a great hurry to pass his troubles on to his son. Mary would not hear of his leaving her. She was proud but terrified at the prospect of childbirth and Philip, the only being she loved in the world, must remain to comfort her through her ordeal. He yielded to her entreaties and informed Charles he would have to wait until the baby was born.

The interval was enlivened by much festivity in which Philip took little part for he was always with Mary and "well deserving

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the tenderness of his wife," wrote the Venetian Ambassador, a political opponent, "for he was the most loving and best of husbands." He did take part in one tournament, sharing the honours of the fray with Ruy Gomez, while Mary watched with mingled pride and apprehension. Worry at last overcame pride and she "could not conceal her fear and disquietude about the King, sending to pray him (having done his duty and run many courses, as in truth he did) not to encounter further risk, which request he gratified."

The Catholic succession was to be made safe in April, and early in the month an immense household moved up the Thames to Hampton Court. Ladies of quality from all over England had been drawn to Court to witness the happy event for which they now waited in great anxiety. Mary was encouraged by her religious devotions, the prayers of the faithful in all the churches and the sight of triplets newly born to a woman her own age and size. Everyone was so sure she was near her time that it was reported towards the end of the month that the Lady Elizabeth, living quietly at Hatfield, would be brought to Court so that Philip would have his hand on her in case Mary died. It was supposed he would in that event marry the younger, handsomer woman "who might incline that way." Nothing was neglected and, on April 30, 1555, London awoke to the announcement that the Queen had given birth to a son shortly after midnight. The bells of the city rang madly; the shops were shut; joyous processions went singing and laughing through the streets; tables laden with food and drink were set out for the refreshment of all comers; bonfires were lit; prayers of thanksgiving offered; the birth of an heir was celebrated in the good old English way; the infant was loyally described as the best looking, strongest baby ever seen on earth.

Before night fell, enthusiasm was damped by news that the announcement had been premature. For another month the prayers for Mary's speedy and safe delivery were continued. Again she was so certain that her pregnancy was near its end, that letters were

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written to all the courts of Europe announcing the birth of a son. Only the date was left to be filled in, and passports were made out for the messengers.

"Here," the Venetian Ambassador reported, "they attend to nothing but constant prayers and public processions for the Serene Queen's auspicious delivery, as most earnestly desired by everybody, most principally by the King who awaits but this result in order to cross the Channel instantly for from what I hear, one single hour's delay in this delivery seems to him a thousand years."

At this rate the unfortunate fellow had many millenniums to wait. He had been in strict seclusion for a few days awaiting the preparation of mourning garments; his grandmother had at last died in her madness and squalor, receiving only, at this late date, the honours and respect due the Queen of Spain. This interruption was purely formal, but Philip was really sad. He had reached the conclusion that Mary's pregnancy was a delusion. She still clung to it, however, declaring at intervals that she felt the pangs of approaching labour. Actually, she was suffering a less transient ailment. The diagnosticians of later centuries have supposed she suffered from dropsy or an ovarian tumour, but she continued to hope for an heir long after healthier people were snickering lewdly to each other. Scoffing became so general that two gentlemen were sent to the Tower "for having spoken of this delivery lasciviously in a tone unbecoming their grade."

Philip's position was painful. He was convinced that Mary was not pregnant but he could not tell her so, and he had promised to wait. At the same time Charles was growing impatient, and disquieting news arrived from Rome. Pope Julius had died, to be succeeded by a good Imperialist, Marcello Cervino, who lived only three weeks, and the next conclave was disastrous. It elected Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, an aged, learned Neapolitan who had done as much as any man to remedy the Church corruption at which Protestants sneered. On religious grounds he was an admirable choice, but Charles had instructed his friends in the Sacred College

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to elect any other Cardinal than Caraffa, since the old man was an inveterate enemy of Spain and the House of Hapsburg. Many members of his family had been exiled from Naples for intriguing against the government, and they were a vindictive tribe. No wonder Philip "did not evince much pleasure" on hearing Caraffa was Pope Paul IV.

For two months more the King lingered on in England. In July he was obliged to listen to a long Latin oration from a special envoy of Poland sent on receipt of the first false report, to congratulate him on the birth of a son. The open amusement of many other listeners to the man's set speech made the ordeal no easier. In August he persuaded Mary to leave Hampton Court and dismiss the crowd of women. Prayers and processions were quietly suspended. The Queen ceased to speak of her confinement, and Philip felt free to answer his father's call. He found it as difficult to reconcile Mary to his departure as it had been to convince her that she was not with child. She was inconsolable; even his gentlemanly lie that it was only for a month or two did not cheer her. Nor did the good advice he gave her on government, nor his order to have all important state papers sent to him, nor his kindness in lending her Carranza as her spiritual adviser, nor his gesture of leaving some of his household to wait his return.

If Mary grieved, Philip's friends who were going with him rejoiced. They were as glad to leave as they had been to come. None of them had received a penny from the English treasury — Philip had drawn on Spain for his own living expenses — and the Spaniards were by now so poor and despised that even the Venetian envoy, although he did not like them, pitied them and reflected that they had probably been sent to England to do penance for their sins.

On August 29 all was ready. Philip had managed to conceal his impatience from Mary to the very end and had borne without complaint, her tears and lamentations. Now he stood at the water gate in Greenwich kissing his wife's ladies goodbye one by one.

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She had been jealous of such little attentions before; today she paid no heed. She was weeping, and so were some of the ladies, as she flung her arms around his neck. When she released him after a long embrace, it was to run upstairs to a window overlooking the Thames. Here she stood and watched through her tears as the royal barge floated downstream. Erect in the stern was the trim figure of her lord, and she saw his hat waving to her in farewell until a bend in the river hid him from sight.

VIII

Farewell Performance

ONCE around that bend, Philip looked back no more. He was as eager to quit England as any Spaniard of them all, and he moved rapidly. He waited five idle days in Dover for a wind that would blow him over to Calais but once on the Continent, he outstripped most of his household and all of his luggage to come trotting into Brussels on September 8.

Charles, looking twenty years more than his age, feeble, white-haired and nearly toothless, was waiting for him at the foot of the Palace stairs. Men who had been struck by the deference King Philip paid his wife were wonderfully edified by his humility before his father. The young King fell on his knees to kiss the Emperor's swollen, gouty hand and resisted almost forcibly when Charles tried to raise him before he had completed the mark of homage. In the polite struggle, the salute fell somewhere on the Emperor's left arm. The old man wept as he now embraced his son more familiarly — he cried very easily in these days — and they entered the Palace together. Here Philip did not want to sit down in his father's presence, but the Emperor insisted. Throughout this public interview, with the Spaniards approving and the Flemings critical, the King was almost abject in respectful gestures, "doffing his bonnet at well nigh every word."

After these ceremonious greetings, father and son settled down to business. For days they were closeted together with enormous piles of state papers. They emerged only for such necessary public appearances as Philip's reception of foreign ambassadors and the

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two days of elaborate mourning ceremonies for poor mad Queen Juana. Then they plunged again into their papers.

Charles was extremely anxious to be rid of his burdens. He was leaving his affairs in a most deplorable condition, he knew, but he trusted Philip to set everything right again. There was little fear of Italy; Philip had sent Alba there to rule in his name, and the spirit of the people had been crushed by two generations of foreign misgovernment. They had learned that any change of masters was usually for the worse. Spain, while loyal, was exhausted. The revenues were anticipated for five years; industry and trade were stagnating under the system of haphazard restrictions and taxation that amounted almost to confiscation; Princess Juana was begging for Philip to come home. The Netherlands, while not so poor, were in a more dangerous mood. It had been said almost openly that if Philip were not on hand when Charles died or abdicated, he would never be allowed to enter these states. They, too, had become thoroughly sick of war, and the interruption of commerce roused the powerful cities, then the wealthiest in Europe. The nobles were alarmed at the prospect of being replaced in office by Spaniards, and among the common people was a growing spirit of Protestantism which Charles had not improved by severe edicts and occasional enforcement. Worst of all were the ever-present money troubles. Charles owed more than 20,000,000 ducats at an average interest of ten per cent, the interest being almost twice the normal revenues of Spain at the time of his accession. The war with France dragged listlessly on; the chief sufferers were the miserable inhabitants of the districts in which the unpaid, disorderly armies manoeuvred and made up by pillage what they lacked in pay. Commissioners had for several months been negotiating for peace with very little success.

Although he worked with his father many hours a day, Philip did not neglect his kingdom by marriage. All the important documents concerning English affairs came to him and were sent back with marginal advice and comment. As soon as he left, the bigots

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under Gardiner and Bonner got the upper hand, and were burning heretics right merrily. Since he could no longer interfere personally, Philip was glad to hear of the good work.

"I have always been in favour of the punishment of the heretics which is now being carried out so smoothly in England," he wrote to his sister Juana.

Queen Mary, too, approved of the holy zeal of her ministers. She was, she wrote her husband, finding what poor consolation was possible for his absence by increased attention to affairs of state. There was sufficient time left over so that every day she could write with her own hand to Philip, assuring him of her undying love, asking anxiously after his health, and sending over little tokens of affection such as rings and pasties of venison. All these letters arrived by express courier, a rapid form of mail delivery usually associated with such grave matters as declarations of peace and war. The Flemings were at first somewhat disturbed by the daily arrival of these messengers, but they soon grew accustomed to the sight of men madly galloping over the land to bring Mary's love to Philip.

In return for this display of affection, the King gradually broke the news that his absence was to be prolonged. First he ordered some of his household to join him. Then his stable was sent for. Then he explained that the business of taking over the Low Countries was slower than he expected. Mary wept, but said she would try to be brave.

The arrangements for the transfer were more speedily completed than Philip indicated. As a preliminary, Charles conferred upon his son the Grand Mastership of the Golden Fleece, membership in which was the acme of knightly glory. The date for the abdication proper was fixed for October 14, but had to be postponed until the twenty-fifth on account of rain. On that day Charles signed a renunciation in Philip's favour of his possessions in Flanders and then went in procession to the great hall of his palace where deputies of all the provinces were waiting to hear his farewell.

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He entered their presence, the tottering witness of his plea that he was too weak to govern the land. A stout stick was not enough to hold him upright. He had to be supported on the other side by a sturdy youngster of eighteen to whom he had taken a fancy — William, Prince of Orange. The Emperor was dressed in simple black, the only plainly clad person in the hall. Behind him came Philip, the Regent Mary, Eleanor of France and the chief Spanish and Flemish nobles.

The retiring ruler of half the world managed to make his last appearance dramatic enough to suit even the theatrical Flemings. He had decorated the place with unusual magnificence, but he had the art to make his own entrance unostentatious and unaffected against the gorgeous background. In itself his act of renunciation was unique — monarchs do not resign their thrones merely because health and ability are failing them. Everyone knew posterity would remember this moment.

When the Emperor began to speak, he succeeded in convincing every Fleming present that this was a personal tragedy as well as a great event in history. He reminded the audience — and the indistinctness with which his words wheezed through his toothless jaw only made them the more pathetic — that he had been born one of them. Weak as he was, worn out as he had become in their service, painful as it all might be, he could not depart from among his own people without telling them how much he loved them. He recapitulated for them the evidences of that affection. His forty expeditions in war and peace, his twelve long sea voyages, his arduous campaigns, his unremitting toil in camp and cabinet had been, he assured them, entirely in their interests. Nothing save the welfare of his native land and the defence of Christianity had ever swayed him.

The facile tears were running down into his shaggy beard. The voice was more indistinct than ever. Answering sobs came from all over that impressionable audience as the mighty Emperor went on to say that if he had ever in his life done wrong to any man

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it was through ignorance, and he begged forgiveness even as he forgave those who had erred against him. If he had been a kind father to them, as he had always tried to be, they had been good and loving children to him. He hated to leave them, and they must believe that only his continued devotion to them prompted him thus to tear at his own heartstrings. He was, in truth, not able to work for them any more; he must surrender the privilege to his son.

Turning to that son, he exhorted him to his duty. Gratitude for the gift of so much pomp and power, the generous father did not ask. No, he would be amply repaid if Philip behaved as a loving ruler to these deserving subjects, if he acted so that in future no man would ever blame Charles for this present step.

"Go on as you have begun," the Emperor exclaimed earnestly, gazing into Philip's eyes. "Fear God, live justly, respect the laws, above all else cherish the interests of religion, and may the Almighty bless you with a son to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdoms with the same good will with which I now resign mine to you."

He ceased speaking, gazed through his own tears upon the frankly weeping assemblage and conferred upon them the final benediction of a brokenly murmured "God bless you!"

He tottered back a step and left the centre of the stage to Philip. It was a most difficult walk-on for any actor. To all intents and purposes the drama was over, but the curtain would not come down. The young man had to recite a piece his subjects did not want to hear and would not understand if they did, for he and they did not speak the same language. At best, Philip was an indifferent performer in such circumstances. On this occasion he was not even permitted the only appropriate gesture he could call to mind. He wanted to throw himself at his father's feet — that would look well — but Charles would not let him. Perforce the new lord of Flanders turned to the audience, whose eyes were rapidly drying, and addressed them awkwardly in halting French. He managed



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to say that they were only less dear to him than was his beloved parent whom they had just heard, but he could not make that lie sound convincing. With more sincerity, he regretted his inability to speak to them in their own language.

The rest of the proceedings trailed off into verbose monotony. The eloquent Anthony Perrenot, Bishop of Arras, spoke well on his new master's behalf, translating Philip's assurance that he would be a kind and constitutional ruler. Mary of Hungary renounced the regency and thanked all present for their aid. Long-winded orators replied to royalty on behalf of the people.

The anti-climax was even duller, although Philip enjoyed it more, when in the presence only of such Spanish nobles as were in Brussels, Charles signed over Spain and her colonies to his son. Along with this deed went several other documents, last advice on a few points of administration in various realms, the Emperor's will and a sort of codicil in which Charles informed the King that he had living a bastard half-brother eight years old, ignorant of his parentage, who was to be taken under Philip's personal protection. The boy was the son of Barbara Blomberg, the Ratisbon singer, and was now in the care of Luis Quixada, Charles' steward. His father thought holy orders would be best for the lad.

"But if it cannot be arranged," he added, "and if he prefers a secular life, it is my pleasure and command he should receive in the ordinary manner each year from twenty to thirty thousand ducats from the Kingdom of Naples. I charge the Prince, my son, to do him honour and cause him to be honoured and shown fitting respect."

Another paper was the last of a long series of lessons in the art of ruling which, since Philip was a lad, Charles had been in the habit of preparing for him.

"Love God above all else," the pious old veteran wrote, "and serve Him devotedly; make justice equal for all.

"Take care that the Inquisition should be well maintained and that, under pretext of its activities, no one be oppressed.

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"Preserve peace with France as well as you can, but never lose the friendship of England.

"Attain to such order in your household and exchequer that every year you may have some surplus for any necessity that may arise.

"You will take care that your soldiers are always in good order; paying them well and not suffering disorder among them.

"You will not give office nor benefits nor patronage nor favours to those that ask for them unless you, yourself, are sure that they are deserving.

"And to do this it will be necessary to have a register in which is written the names of your good servants and retainers in your realms, ecclesiastics as well as seculars, principally of those who can best serve you, offering them occasion to prove themselves in your absence, allotting to one a benefice, to another an office or government or commission, a gift or pension or something else; each according to his quality and merits.

"And you will place in your councils the wisest and most energetic men of good conscience that you can find, neither partisans nor servants nor any who depend upon the grantees.

"Likewise, you will not give any office or government, or grant a petition to any grandee or his servants or vassals, but give them to people you have raised and exalted who depend solely on you.

"Observe the customs of your realms.

"Reward your good servants and punish the bad ones, and you will be well served."

These words, like all that came from his father, Philip cherished always. He was a grateful son. He was also a dutiful husband. The day he became King of Spain he wrote to Mary in England that she was now Queen of all his domains, as much mistress of them as she was of her own. And for the first time he signed himself after the proud fashion of the Spanish monarchs, not with his name but simply with three short words in his execrable scrawl, "I, the King."

IX

Wild Oats

SUDDENLY released from marital and filial duties, King Philip proceeded to astonish the world that knew him by behaving like any other young man on a throne. He acted as if he thought kings had no other duties than to enjoy themselves and provide spectacles for their people. The nobles of Brussels, whose chief occupation was amusement, had no complaint to make of Philip on grounds of austerity this winter. The serious, preternaturally solemn son of the Emperor was leading a faster life than the Emperor had ever done.

After all, the King was twenty-eight and had many arrears of pleasure to make up. For more than two years he had been playing a most distasteful part in England, being kind to people he did not like and returning the demonstrative affection of a pitiable but somewhat repulsive old woman. He plunged gladly into all the gayety the wealthiest cities in Europe could offer, and the festivities in honour of his accession were in the best, lavish Low Country tradition. Indeed, Antwerp prepared such a stupendous fireworks display that a dozen men were killed in the explosions which greeted the new Duke of Burgundy.

Philip visited the finest of his possessions, and if he was not as boisterous as the native gentry, he was sufficiently merry to cause old diplomats to shake their heads sadly. These elderly gentlemen had always been loud in their praise of the Prince's attention to business and aversion to frivolity. Now they deplored the King's recklessly gay mode of life and supposed that his sudden

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elevation to the greatest power in the world had turned his head. They were inclined to suspect that Charles would regret his abdication in favor of this giddy youth. They wondered if Philip knew that half the world looked to him for law and leadership.

His Majesty gave and attended elaborate parties at which wine — never beer — flowed freely. He took part in tournaments. His name was linked with several of the handsomest women in Flanders, whom he visited so privately that messengers bound for England were warned to say nothing of these affairs to the jealous Queen, who was again writing her daily letters by express courier. Her husband had even adopted the royal practice, at least as old as Haroun-al-Rashid, of sallying forth, masked and unostentatiously clad, to search in the streets for such pleasant adventures as might be going. From at least one of these excursions he returned so exhilarated that, although it was nearly dawn, he insisted on rousing his cousin, Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, to tell him all about it.

The Spaniards hardly recognized their grave young master in this sower of wild oats. In December, however, he paid for his fun with a slight illness which kept him off the streets for a few nights, and threw Mary into a panic of anxiety allayed only by her husband's renewed assurance that he would soon return to England. Instead of doing so, he sent for all of his servants who still remained there.

Strangely enough, Philip as a debauchee was no more popular than Philip as a gravely proper young man of affairs. A distant manner was natural to him, save in the intimate companionship of people he knew and liked, and they were nearly always Spaniards. More than ever his Flemish subjects resented his aloofness. He was cold even to Englishmen, having given up hope of obtaining much from these people.

He was not really neglecting affairs as much as those who saw him only at his pleasures believed. He was still writing marginal notes on English state papers. He was doing the same for reports

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from Spain, the Netherlands, Italy and America. He was urging on peace negotiations. He recognized clearly his heavy responsibilities as titular King of England, France and Jerusalem, actual King of Aragon, Castile, Sicily, Naples and of the Indies, East and West, Dominator of Asia and America, Duke of Milan and Burgundy, and lord of a hundred seignories besides. He was not, certainly, quite as rich as this sounded, but the mines of Peru and Mexico poured treasure enough into Spain to maintain the illusion.

Most of his decisions in State matters were reached with the aid of the two chief companions of his pleasures, Savoy and Ruy Gomez, both of whom looked pale and overworked after their days of toil and nights of dissipation with their master. Emanuel Philibert had been made governor of the Netherlands, some compensation for the loss of his domains. He was a year younger than Philip, but had already earned reputation and money in the war. He obtained his riches by buying prisoners of rank from common soldiers and ransoming them at a profit. He spent the profits most extravagantly but he was a shrewd, exceedingly industrious young man and Philip was very fond of him.

A professional soldier who might win back his own duchy by a highly successful war, he was rather belligerent, the advocate of a "strong" policy towards France. However, he could not compare in influence with Ruy Gomez, now Count of Melito in his wife's right, and the sort of pacifist who always asks disconcerting questions about just what a battle can gain. The answers were usually unsatisfactory, but Philip hardly needed such a demonstration. He had had enough trouble financing his father's later campaigns. He did not propose going through it again on his own account. He wanted a definite peace, and so instructed the commissioners who had long been dickering with the French. The best he could get was a truce for five years but he was well enough content, for five years was longer than any peace usually lasted, no matter how definite.

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Announcement of the cessation of hostilities gave Philip his first, and last, moment of popularity in Flanders. A commercial people, they were delighted that they could now attend to business, trade where they would, and pay fewer taxes. The drinking and eating and pageantry in honour of the truce were prodigious, and Philip conferred upon Ruy Gomez the town of Eboli in Italy as reward for his services in obtaining what all hoped would be peace.

He did not know that while some of King Henry's emissaries were signing the truce, others were negotiating with the Pope a secret treaty to break it. Paul was an ardent reformer of Church discipline, and on this point he and Philip might have worked together in the most friendly way. But His Holiness was above all else a Caraffa, and determined to drive the oppressors of his family out of Italy. Throughout most of his eighty years he had seen the interests of his native land flouted by an alien dynasty, and he was vindictive. He was quite willing to give Milan, Naples and Sicily to Henry's younger sons if only he could get rid of the Spaniards, to whom he was accustomed to refer as "the spawn of Jews and Moors, the dregs of the world."

The temptation of Italy was not one which a King of the House of Valois could resist. A Charles, a Louis and a Francis had broken their hearts to take the peninsula away from Spain, and this seemed an ideal moment for Henry to succeed where his ancestors had failed. Within a month of the signing of the truce, Philip was warned that Henry did not mean to keep it. He could not believe it. His father had told him not to trust Henry, but this treachery had come so soon! He put the horrid prospect from him and indulged in one more splurge of carnival gayety before his Easter devotions.

While the King retired to a monastery for Passion Week to pray and wash the feet of paupers as a sign of humility before the Lord, the Pope was engaged in more secular affairs. Secure in the promise of French support, he sent commissioners to Naples to

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demand the surrender of that kingdom to the Holy See of which it was a fief.

When this news came to Flanders, it actually prodded the Emperor out of his retirement. Such presumption, he cried, was not to be tolerated, and he raged almost as violently as the Holy Father himself. He was all for ordering Alba to clap the Papal envoys into prison if they dared carry out their orders. Philip, far calmer than his father, thought it would be enough if the commissioners were simply turned back at the frontier without being permitted to deliver their message. Gradually Charles moderated sufficiently to see the wisdom of restraint.

The summer wore on to the accompaniment of invective, martial talk and public feasting. The feasting was interrupted for a few weeks by a scare of plague. Charles accompanied Philip into the country where they could be safe and where no one was permitted to come near them without a special pass. They improved their leisure by concerting plans for meeting any trouble Paul might start. Then they rode together to Louvain to meet Maximilian and Maria, in whose honour Philip intensified the normal gayeties. Charles' sisters, too, joined the party, and banquets, tournaments, plays and musical entertainments succeeded each other with hardly any intermission. Everyone was extremely merry when not complaining of the high prices, for the businessmen of Louvain were taking cruel advantage of the thousands who crowded to the city to see six crowned heads, all members of one family, disporting themselves.

The elaborate entertainments lasted well into August when the family group finally dispersed. Maximilian took his wife back to Germany, where he was badly needed to help Ferdinand rule the Empire Charles had given him. The Emperor, accompanied by his sisters, was going to Spain where all three hoped to live out their days in cloistered peace. Charles had fixed on the Jeronymite monastery at Yuste, a picturesque, lonely, inaccessible spot in the hills of Estremadura. Philip did not like to see him go. He con-

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fided to Ruy Gomez that he thought only his father's strong hand could keep the Flemings in order. He was too well brought up to argue, and he rode dutifully beside the old man's litter as it was carried down to Zeeland where the ships were waiting. Two weeks later the ships were still there, for the wind was unfavourable, and Philip rode down again from Brussels to kiss his father's hand once more, receive the paternal blessings for the last time, and watch the sails vanish towards the south bearing away the man whom he regarded as infallible.

X

“Fighting for Conciliation”

PHILIP was truly on his own now, and gaiety ceased at his Court. He became much more like the Regent men remembered and praised — studious, attentive, severe, industrious, genial only in the strictest privacy. Among the ambassadors and others who came to him on business, he attained a reputation for profound wisdom. It was not very well founded, but it served. Philip would sit, gazing at the floor, while men exhausted their eloquence in vain attacks upon his imperturbability. Usually he vouchsafed no other reply than that he would consider what had been said. When he did speak at more length, it was neither very well nor to the point. He had no gift for words and try as he might, his meaning was usually obscured by vague, complicated phrases. Because his thoughts were cloudily expressed in extremely involved language, even the shrewdest men were quite sure his mind must be as deep as it was tortuous.

In this early fall of 1556 he was particularly incomprehensible, for he was greatly troubled. Reports from Rome described His Holiness as being seen of all men shaking his gnarled old fist and crying out in his strong old voice that he had heard enough of peace; now let him hear of war. He was commonly referring to Philip as “a putrid member” and “that little beast,” and the only ray of light which Spanish sympathizers could see was that the fierce octogenarian would probably die of rage. Yet even in a day when emotions were thought to be fatal, this was recognized as a forlorn hope. The Holy Father was so healthy!

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These reports were most disturbing to their recipient. The King was no stranger to the prophecies that had appeared shortly after his birth. He knew some men had said that a Prince born during the Sack of Rome would live to be a scourge of the Church. He suspected that the story would be revived if the first event of his independent rule was to be a war with the Pope. He knew, of course, that he was no enemy of his faith, but there was no dodging the fact that it was a bad example for His Catholic Majesty to fight His Holiness. How people, especially Protestants, would talk! The subjugation of heretics would not be made easier.

He tried his best to avoid hostilities, desirous, even if the Pope was not, of upholding the good name of Catholicism. He ordered Alba to return a soft answer to the Papal wrath, a piece of moderation which went sore against the haughty grandee's grain. Even when Paul imprisoned the Spanish Ambassador in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, Philip refused to retaliate.

This temporizing could not continue. Paul took it as a sign of weakness. The King must either yield ignominiously or fight. He took counsel with the best theologians he had about him, Flemish as well as Spanish, and found they were quite devoid of his scruples. There was, they explained, a neat distinction, if not a difference, between the Holy Father and the ruler of the Papal States. The latter, even the Most Catholic King might oppose with a clear conscience. If necessary, the men of learning said, they could draw up a very convincing argument to prove to the world that Paul was not behaving as a good Pontiff should and therefore, even his spiritual decrees should be considered void. Philip, not much relieved in his soul by this casuistry, instructed Alba that he might take up the Papal challenge but was to make his conquests, if any, in the name of the Sacred College. Publicly the King declared: "That in this war with the Pope he had only two objects in view: the one to secure the kingdom of Naples; the other to be considered by His Holiness as the most obedient son of the See Apostolic, and to be treated by him as such."

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In private, while Alba was proving his master's claim to obedience by capturing city after city in the Papal States, Philip worried. News of the Duke's successes depressed him almost as much as if they had been defeats. He experienced an emotion far removed from triumph when he heard that Spanish skirmishers had penetrated to the very walls of Rome. Here Alba stopped, for he was cautious and thought his army too small to attempt such an important work as the storming of the Eternal City. Yet the only defence Paul could devise was to rally the citizenry, hire a body of German Lutheran mercenaries, declare with many curses that he would never deal with such a heretic as the King of Spain, and solemnly excommunicate “that son of iniquity, Philip of Austria, offspring of the so-called Emperor Charles, who passes himself off as King of Spain, following in the footsteps of his father, rivalling and even endeavouring to surpass him in infamy.”

This was a hard blow to a pious son of the Church, and to add to Philip's worries was the knowledge that the Pope was not alone in this war. That the ally was Henry, he knew long before the French Ambassador told him the King of France was sending troops to the aid of the Holy Father, and that this must not be construed as a breach of the truce. Nothing was said about the un-Christian zeal of the allies in summoning to their aid the Sultan Solyman.

Troubled in his soul, oppressed by the weight of more business than he had yet known, anxious lest the war in Italy should spread, harassed by the unaccustomed, wet, northern climate, Philip was not at all well that winter. The physicians recommended hunting as an antidote to too many hours of sedentary employment, but when the King obeyed he caught a cold which kept him in his room for weeks. Chills and fever interrupted his labours, and by the time his Christmas prayers had been said, the Franco-Flemish frontier was being enlivened by ugly incidents which would have to be followed by war as soon as fighting weather arrived. It was a visitation from God for the sins of the people, no doubt, and

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Philip accepted the inevitable stoically. He could not, however, stifle all regret as he put out of his mind plans that had been forming there for making his government solvent. He made even greater sacrifices to duty. He deprived himself of the company of his most trusted friend, and he went again to England.

The task of financing another war on top of Charles' debts was more than Philip could manage. Therefore, he sent Ruy Gomez to Spain to ask the Emperor for advice on ways and means, and to persuade the old man to carry out his own suggestions since the crisis needed his strong, experienced hand. For his part, Philip undertook the job of inducing his wife's ministers to support him in the coming fray.

Leaving the Netherlands to the capable management of Emanuel Philibert, who was delighted at the early renewal of a war in which he need concern himself only with the actual fighting, the King travelled across the Channel on a stormy March day. He was in such a hurry that, pausing to pray at Canterbury, he neglected to remove his spurs. The penalty was a money forfeit to any who cared to claim it, and just as the King was mounting, a student was bold enough to do so. The attendants would have made short work of the fellow but Philip, although suffering from a toothache, had recovered all the easy affability which he reserved for the English when he wanted something from them. He found a smile and a purse of gold for the presumptuous youth and galloped on towards Greenwich.

Mary greeted him with tears and embraces, most affecting to her subjects and embarrassing to her lord, who became again the loving husband. Despite his anxiety to get to business, he spent two days quite alone with his wife, and before long the Queen was confidently asserting that this time she was sure she would have a child; a confidence no one, Philip least of all, shared. For the rest, his mission was successful. Henry had been imprudent enough to support English Protestant exiles who had attempted rebellion. Philip bribed and persuaded the Council to agree with him and the

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Queen that this should be avenged. War was declared, the fleet made ready to command the North Sea and armed contingents promised for land operations.

Philip was less successful in another particular. It was obvious that Mary would die childless and soon, to be succeeded by Elizabeth if their father's will was honoured. The King proposed, therefore, to marry his young sister-in-law to Emanuel Philibert. It would be a kindness to his friend and insure his own influence in England. But Elizabeth was coy. Failing perhaps in respect for maidenly modesty, Philip offered to carry her to Flanders with him and there adopt such measures as might be necessary. To his surprise, Mary would not force her sister to marry anyone, and the Princess was left in peace at Hatfield.

Ten weeks after his arrival, Philip was on his way back to the Netherlands, where his army was ready to take the field. His progress to Dover was slow, for Mary insisted on accompanying him, and she was too ill to sit a horse. The cavalcade could travel no faster than her litter, beside which Philip rode most kindly, concealing his impatience. He left the Queen in tears and her people so far reconciled to him that English dandies, who had long aped Italian styles, were now dressing in the Spanish fashion.

He reached Brussels to find that Savoy had recruited a splendid army. The best German mercenaries composed most of his cavalry and the invincible Spanish infantry predominated among the more numerous branch of the service. Funds for this display of power had been partly wrung from the reluctant Flemish burghers and partly remitted from Spain. Ruy Gomez had done nobly there. He had seen Charles, comfortably settled in Yuste with his garden and his birds and his music and paintings and shooting, but the Emperor refused to have anything to do with government. For money to fight the Pope, he suggested, apply to the Church. Spain had plenty of rich ecclesiastics; make them lend the Crown some of their wealth. All of them owed their places to royal nomination and most of them were loyal. At the same time Charles

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made suggestions about keeping Germany out of the fracas and put his veto on Philip's proposal to have young Carlos brought to Flanders to receive the homage of the states as their future lord. Charles had met his namesake and had not been at all pleased. The twelve-year-old boy had been rude to his grandfather, was ignorant, given to gusts of temper, and very sickly. He was by no means fit to be shown to the Flemings, Charles declared.

Ruy Gomez hurried from Yuste to Valladolid to help Juana put her father's plans into execution. The results were beautiful. Sili-ceo, Philip's old tutor, now Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the richest see in the world, offered 400,000 ducats. Other prelates, with a little urging, contributed sums ranging up to 200,000 ducats. Lesser clergy paid to have their children legitimized. Lay offices and titles were sold.

The only recalcitrant in the kingdom was the Inquisitor General, Fernando Valdés, Archbishop of Seville. A greedy, fierce, unpopular but clever old man, he flatly refused to lend a maravedi. He said he was too poor. The Emperor wrote him; the Regent wrote him; Philip ordered him to pay or retire to Seville and stay there. The Inquisitor General defied them all. Juana called him a niggard to his face and told him she knew he had saved at least 30,000 ducats a year for eleven years, "which you cannot possibly have spent for you never have anyone to dine in your house, and you do not accumulate silver plate like other gentlemen." With very bad grace, Valdés disgorged 50,000 ducats, about one-fourth of the sum expected of him.

Philip was much annoyed with the selfish old man, and had an early opportunity of showing it. Greeted on his return to Flanders with the news that his old tutor had died soon after his display of generosity and that Valdés dared aspire to the vacant see in spite of his recent flouting of royal desires, Philip ignored the Inquisitor General's pretensions. He offered the archbishopric to the learned Carranza, whom he had brought back from England. The Valladolid professor, who had refused riches before, begged

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to be excused and offered to name three men better qualified for what, next to the Papacy, was regarded as the first office in the Church. His Majesty was stubborn, and the modest Dominican yielded.

The King had lost some time persuading him. As soon as that was done, he retired for a few days of religious exercises to a monastery where he would transact no other business than the clearing of his conscience and appeals for God's blessing on his army. After mass, confession and communion, he emerged, quite certain that he had received divine approval of his cause; and firm in that faith, King Philip, lover of peace and quiet, marched off to war.

XI

The Peak of Power

AS a matter of form, His Majesty was said to be commanding his own army. It was a form to which very little attention was paid at the opening of the campaign. After he had reviewed his troops, he left them to his cousin and waited at Cambrai while Emanuel Philibert made swift feints here and there before directing his real thrust at the wealthy, important city of Saint Quentin, the only fortified place between him and Paris.

Philip was not sufficiently versed in military affairs to applaud discerningly the masterly tactics with which the campaign was conducted on both fronts. He knew that Alba, with a vastly inferior force, was holding the Duke of Guise in play in Italy while Savoy was opposed by King Henry's favourite, the Constable Montmorency, with an unusually well trained army. Guise was supposed to be conquering Naples, but Alba forced him to fritter away his time until a decisive battle could be fought in the north. Here the nominal commander was attending assiduously to civil affairs while Emanuel Philibert blockaded Saint Quentin and Montmorency tried to relieve the place.

Before long, the French general committed a tactical error. He tried to put reinforcements into the besieged city and in doing so, permitted his whole army to be trapped where it had to fight at a disadvantage. A dashing cavalry charge, led by Count Egmont, decided the business in a few minutes. It was a more overwhelming victory than any Charles had ever won, even more conclusive than Pavia. Half the French troops were slaughtered in the field and

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most of the rest captured. The prisoners included Montmorency and a select assortment of the most influential dukes and princes of France.

Philip, hearing the good news, rode over from Cambrai the day after the battle to receive the congratulations of the generals who had done the work, and offer up thanks to God.

"As I did not happen to be there, which I regret more than Your Majesty can think, I can only tell you what I have heard," he wrote to his father, who was more sincerely sorry than his son that Philip had had no share in the glory.

There seemed to be nothing now to block a triumphant march on Paris. Indeed, the Emperor's first query on hearing of the victory was to ask what road Philip had taken towards the French capital. However, even in triumph Philip was cautious. He admitted that he was not much of a soldier, but he could remember the disaster which had overtaken more than one of his father's armies that cut loose from their bases to invade a seemingly defenceless France. While Savoy, Egmont and the rest spoke only of the glory of a swift, invincible advance, the King was asking soberly practical questions. He wanted to know how the generals proposed to feed the army, which was too large to live on the country. He wanted to know if it would be quite safe to leave Saint Quentin, unreduced, behind them to cut off communications. He wanted to know what would happen if the French people rushed to arms, as indeed they were doing, to save Paris.

The generals had no satisfactory answers. The best they could say was that it seemed to them worth taking the chance. Philip was no gambler. He was never one to hazard a sure gain for the hope of greater things if he won, and the possibility of complete ruin if he lost. He ordered the siege carried on, and left the military historians to argue hotly but indecisively about the wisdom of his course.

Every day he rode over to lend the dignity of his presence to his operations. He rather fancied himself in armour, the richly

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inlaid armour at which the Milanese excelled, and he often had his portrait painted in military array. But this was the first and the last time he saw any action. He ventured into the trenches occasionally, even within range of shots from the walls, and watched the cannon pounding away at the defences of the city. These operations seemed a pleasant enough sport. If war had been no more than a siege, he might have developed as great a fondness for it as had his father. But the end of the game was a very different matter. Philip missed the actual storming of Saint Quentin, which took place early one August morning two weeks after the battle, but what he saw in the afternoon almost turned him sick.

He was not used to the military custom of turning victorious soldiers loose to do as they pleased in a city taken by assault. It was a recognized means of paying troops, and they went about collecting their booty with a ferocious efficiency which nearly destroyed Saint Quentin in the few hours between its capture and the King's arrival. As a matter of course, the victors were killing every man they met. Some of the more viciously sportive were clumsily mutilating the women. A good many were roaring drunk and had fired the city in a hundred places. Most were purposefully bent on loot. With practised skill they were carting off all movables, torturing the citizens to reveal concealed treasure, tearing down houses to discover secret hiding places.

Old warriors were astonished at the concern His Majesty displayed. He was not supposed to be particularly soft-hearted or squeamish, and this was a typical war picture, no more horrible than half a hundred such scenes that they remembered. They could not understand why it should distress him so. Yet Philip was thoroughly upset. It was one thing to work these things out on paper, to decree the death of thousands, to order cities levelled, to write notes to the effect that his enemies deserved severe punishment. It was quite another to see the results, and Philip's preference for paper was confirmed by the horrors of action.

He exerted himself to put an end to the pillage, and was morti-

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fied to discover that there are limits to royal authority. He was able by personal interference to save a few hundred men and all the surviving women, whom he ordered shut up in the Cathedral until they could be deported into France. He was also able to save the body of Saint Quentin and other holy relics, which he counted of far greater value than human lives. He set a few loyal fellows to fighting the flames. But where he was not in person, his orders were ignored. Religious houses, he was scandalized to see, had not been spared by his Catholic troops. Even the church dedicated to Saint Lawrence, on whose day the French army had been routed and who had no doubt contributed to the victory, was looted and destroyed. Philip there and then solemnly promised the martyr a building vastly superior to the one he had lost.

Abandoning vain efforts to drag the soldiers from their prey, Philip withdrew towards dusk from the smouldering city. In the camp, the body of Saint Quentin and the other rescued relics had been appropriately housed in the royal tent. An altar was improvised and while the troops were yelling and plundering in the town, their King was hearing mass.

He had cause to be thankful. If Egmont's cavalry charge had not opened the way to Paris, it had delivered Rome into Philip's hands. By the time Saint Quentin fell, Guise was on his way back from Italy to defend his country and Alba was asking what terms he should dictate to the Pope. The answer astounded a world accustomed to hear the winners of battles make the most extravagant demands. The treaty which the King of Spain ordered his disgusted viceroy to conclude gave him actually no more than he said he had been fighting for—the name of the Holy See's most obedient son. All conquests were restored to the Papacy; the French were permitted to march home unhindered; Alba, fuming at the part he had to play, knelt to kiss the pontifical toe and humbly beg pardon in his master's name for presuming to defend himself from the Pope. Catholics were extravagant in their praise of such Christian conduct; Protestants sneered at the display of

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narrow superstition; the Emperor took to his bed, muttering incoherent oaths against the policy which neglected a fair opportunity of putting the Pope in his place.

Philip was pleased with the year's work. He had eased his conscience and won a splendid victory. After taking a couple of unimportant towns, he was content to disband his army in October and return in triumph to Brussels, where he was disappointed to hear the rejoicings for victory drowned in a cry for peace and lower taxes. Egmont, the cavalry hero, was cheered wherever he went, but in Philip's presence Flemings and Spaniards were quarrelling about who ought to pay for the war. Each nation felt that the other was shirking, and the King was inclined to side with his Spaniards. After all, he said, the war was being fought to protect the Netherlands, and the Netherlands ought to pay. The Netherlands were more businesslike and objected, saying the war was in the interest of the King of Spain. As a matter of fact, the King was no less anxious for peace than the most pacific burgher of them all, but Henry, although he was as poor as his rival, had the old knightly notions of war. He would run one more course no matter what it cost his people.

"Mankind is wont to be ruled by reason, but not the King of France," Philip exclaimed, and settled down to the task of financing some sort of an army for next year.

In this he now had once more the welcome aid of Ruy Gomez, who had returned from Spain bearing sad tales of the country's inability to support more exactions. His gloomy report was followed by worse news. The Duke of Guise, disregarding the military tradition against fighting in the winter, suddenly attacked and captured Calais. The English were wild with fury. Calais was all that was left them on the Continent to remind them of the days when their King's title to France was more than an empty boast. The people were proud of it and the politicians treasured it as a threat to France. Philip was angry too. He had passed through the town the year before and warned the government that it was in-

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adequately defended. The government had pleaded poverty, but would not trust His Majesty when he offered to garrison it for them. Now it was lost, and the war was going to be increasingly unpopular in England.

A few days later Alba arrived from Italy to lend a hand at the council board and in the field. He was greeted with great respect by everyone save Ruy Gomez, who remained in bed in order to avoid the necessity of bowing to the Duke. These two hated each other cordially. The grandee looked upon the Portuguese as a mere servant, good enough to hold his master's shirt, but an intruder in man's work. Ruy Gomez regarded Alba as a violent soldier who thought nothing but force mattered, a dangerous man. The Duke's pride, overbearing manners and cutting speech were hardly calculated to give his rival a higher opinion of his talents.

From the day of his arrival, the Royal Council was the scene of angry debates. Every courtier had to choose a side; neutrality offended both, and adversaries wrangled furiously over the meanest trifles. Philip liked it; it was the manner of government which Charles had recommended. The only calm man in the room, the King would sit silently taking notes and looking no one in the face. He made his decisions in private, but usually Ruy Gomez, who slept in his antechamber, was the last to have his ear.

Of course business proceeded slowly, and there was a great deal of it needing immediate attention. Philip ignored his poor health in order to get through with it, but he would not hurry the Council debates that delayed decision on urgent problems. Spanish reports told of murmurings against taxation. There were no more offices to sell and the money he demanded must be borrowed, although the bankers exacted fourteen per cent. Italy was more than usually bothersome, for a hundred princes and towns were appealing to Philip to settle questions that had arisen in the war. England had to be bullied and cajoled into making another effort if she expected to recover Calais. For this purpose he despatched to London one of his most intimate advisers, the Count de Feria, who did not

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know how much his hectoring tone and scornful manner had made him disliked among the people there. Spaniards supposed that Feria understood the English rather better than most, for he had jilted a great heiress, his own niece, after the Papal dispensation had been obtained, to contract a love match with the lovely but penniless English girl, Jane Dormer, whom he had met at Mary's Court. The Count was a shrewd judge of the men with whom he dealt and an able diplomat. Nevertheless, his reports were not encouraging.

The Flemings were inclined to be stubborn about war and taxes. Appeals and threats and promises hardly sufficed to extract from them money enough for a scratch defensive army, the core of which was the Spanish infantry whose bad manners and violent habits had made them hated far more than the French. It was obviously impossible to raise such a host as had won Saint Quentin. Savoy would have his work cut out to protect the Low Countries from the enterprising Guise.

This year Philip did not think of going to war in person. He was much too busy, for heresy was spreading, and this troubled the King more than any political difficulty. His most anxious hours were spent trying to devise means to stamp out heterodoxy. The Netherlands had been badly infected from Germany, and Philip revived in vain his father's old edicts to prevent defections from the faith. The magistrates refused to burn their fellow countrymen by the thousands, and the King was in no condition to coerce them effectively while the war lasted. Temporarily he confined himself to more peaceful measures.

The Church organization, he had found, was very loose and inefficient. The dioceses were too large; there were only four to serve a population almost half as large as Spain's, and these came under the nominal control of the foreign archbishoprics of Cologne and Rheims. Philip proposed to have the Pope create three Flemish archbishoprics and fifteen new bishoprics so that the flock could be more carefully tended. Paul, who had relinquished war to de-

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vote his remarkable energy to improving clerical discipline and morals, approved this obviously sound reform. But to the King's surprise — and that of far wiser observers than he — the people objected. They did not like Philip and did not trust him. The nobles and wealthy abbots, who had riches and influence to lose by the change, found popular support by raising the cry that the new prelates would be used to bring in the Spanish Inquisition, quite ignoring the fact that in Spain the Inquisition had found its only determined foes in the episcopacy, whose functions it had usurped. Philip, who was sure the whole opposition was animated by heretical aims, became alarmed for the orthodoxy of his provinces.

Even this was not the worst. While he wrestled with problems of the Flemish Church, he learned that in Spain, too, the horrid doctrines were making head. The first reports of the danger to this most Catholic country reached him in the spring of 1558, and his agitation was so extreme that he actually showed it. That his own people could be so criminal was for him a personal hurt, painful to his feelings, whereas the heresy of other nations only troubled his soul.

He never learned that the scare was vastly exaggerated. There were a few Protestants in Spain, and the Inquisition managed to make the menace assume prodigious proportions. The zeal of the Holy Office was always adequate to such cases, but this time its well-oiled machinery was driven with even more crushing force than usual. Inquisitor General Valdés had his own place to save, and a cry of heresy was just what he needed. Ever since the affair of the loan, he had been out of favour. His outcry at being deprived of Toledo made his position worse. And now he had definitely refused an order to accompany the body of old Queen Juana to Granada for burial and then proceed to Seville to attend to his duties there. He knew the Regent had complained of him to Philip; he knew Spain was one country where bishops had to devote some time to their dioceses; but he wanted to stay in the capital and get rich.

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At this moment, the Inquisition laid hands upon a few clerics and several persons of quality in Valladolid who had been secretly worshipping according to Lutheran rites. Spaniards, many of whom could remember the purification of their country from the dangerous Jewish and Moorish infidels, were convinced that an even more terrible enemy was upon them. They were tremendously excited and looked to the Inquisition as the only bulwark that could save Spain and the faith.

Valdés worked on the feelings of the nation skillfully and just in time to save himself. His lurid report of the extent of this virulent heresy crossed a letter to Philip telling sister Juana that if Valdés would not go to Seville she should exclude him from the Council of State, of which he was a member, and he, Philip, would deal with him later. The King now countermanded the order and urged the Inquisitor General to devote himself to exterminating Protestants. Other reports had confirmed Valdés' alarmist lines. Juana, even more devout than her brother, and always a pessimist, said conditions were frightful. Charles in his retreat at Yuste was equally moved. He dictated a long letter to his daughter urging her to crush the evil quickly and forever. He dictated an even longer epistle to Philip and, although he could scarcely hold a pen in his swollen fingers, added painfully in his own hand:

"Son: this black business which has arisen scandalizes me as much as you can think and suppose. You will see what I write about that to your sister. It is essential that you should write and do what you can to cut at the root with much rigour and severity. And because you have more zeal and will assist with more fervour than I know or can say and wish, I will not enlarge more on this. From your good father, Charles."

The Emperor was not mistaken in his son. Philip repeated his orders to Valdés, and in the margin of his father's letter he scrawled this memorandum for his secretary:

"Kiss his hands for what he orders in this and ask him to take it

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on, which will be done similarly here, and advise him what has been done up to now."

Charles, of course, refused to venture forth on such a crusade, but Valdés was quite competent to conduct it on the usual Inquisitorial lines. His officials were arresting men and women by the hundred; he obtained Papal permission to extend his jurisdiction during the crisis to bishops, the only persons hitherto out of the Inquisition's reach; no one was safe. The Archbishop even gratified his spite by ordering a careful scrutiny of a huge work on the Catechism which Carranza of Toledo had published in Spanish instead of the Latin that became a Churchman.

Philip further strengthened the Inquisitor's hand by having Juana issue a decree which put a permanent blight on Spanish literature. He ordered every bookseller's stock and every library, private or public, to be inspected for the heretical volumes which were said to be smuggled into Spain. The Inquisition's index of prohibited books was to be on display in every shop. New works were to be submitted in manuscript to the Royal Council and every page signed by the secretary who issued a license for it. Death was the penalty for the violation of the law, and although this punishment was never inflicted, it was a bold man indeed who would dare write along other than most rigidly orthodox lines on any of the many branches of thought which touched, according to the Inquisition, upon religion.

Despite these stern measures, Philip worried so much about Spain that he hardly had time to be concerned when Guise took Thionville, sacked Dunkirk and ravaged the country, nor to rejoice when Egmont won another great victory at Gravelines. He longed to go home and attend to the good work of heresy hunting in person, but he was told that if he left Flanders at war, the provinces would rise in revolt behind him. However, Henry was ready to talk of peace, for he felt he had satisfied the demands of honour, and he was almost as eager to turn his attention to his own heretics. So, while the armies faced each other, doing little more

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than bankrupt their masters and waste the countryside, negotiations began.

Greatly relieved, Philip sent Archbishop Carranza to Spain with messages for Juana, a plea for Mary of Hungary to return to the governorship of the Netherlands and a commission to consult Charles on the problems of the day. As soon as he landed, Carranza managed to increase Valdés' resentment by saying it was a scandal that the Inquisitor General paid so little attention to his duties in Seville. He was successful in inducing Mary to emerge from retirement, although she started for Flanders only to meet death on the way, and he reached Yuste to find the Emperor also dying. The Archbishop was only in time to minister the last sacraments to the old man who had eaten and drunk himself to death.

Philip was as edified as he was grieved by the report of his father's last moments. With tears in his eyes he read how humbly the former master of Europe had accepted the inevitable, how piously he had confessed, how devoutly he had died with his lips pressed to a plain wooden crucifix which had belonged to his wife. With a respect amounting to veneration, he perused the last words which the only man he looked upon as a hero had written for him:

"Take care that heretics are repressed and chastised with all publicity and rigour as their faults deserve, without respect of persons and without regard to any plea in their favour."

In the midst of this sorrow Philip, with a stolidity which surprised no one, received word that his wife was dying. This reached him only a few days after the more afflicting news, and he wrote her an appropriate letter of farewell before he retired for a space to nurse his grief in a monastery. Here he proposed to spend some weeks praying God to make him worthy of his father and to grant that father his soul's salvation.

However, he could not in the present delicate state of all his affairs, indulge his private emotions in the solitude he loved. In the intervals of prayer, he forced himself to read the reports of his peace commissioners and write instructions for the treaty which

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was to make up for all that the later defeats of Charles' reign had lost. Philip was still in the monastery, thus engaged, when he learned of Mary's death.

"She had been unconscious most of the time since I arrived," Feria wrote, "but always in the fear of God and love of Christianity; indeed the nation soon sees what a good Christian she was, for since it was known that she was dying they have begun to treat the images and religious persons disrespectfully." Feria would not, of course, suspect that perhaps the persecutions which were to confer on the poor dead woman the title of "Bloody Mary" might have something to do with the sacrilege. "They say that it is through Your Majesty that the country is in such want, and that Calais was lost, and also that through your not coming to see the Queen, our lady, she died of sorrow."

The Count was too practical a politician to waste time in considering such recriminations. Even before the Queen died, he was busy arguing with the Privy Council in Philip's name that Elizabeth, suspect though she was in religion, should be the next sovereign, because failing her the legitimate heir was young Mary of Scotland, half French by birth, all French by education and married to the Dauphin of France, quite the last person Philip wished to see on the English throne. His task was made easier by the death of Pole, which occurred only a few hours after that of Mary, for Pole was the only Englishman who might have been able to prevent the accession of a Queen of doubtful orthodoxy. Feria also had a pleasant little supper with the Princess at Hatfield, assured her of Philip's friendship and hinted at matrimony. She protested her gratitude for past favours, was cool to the hints, and told him plainly that for the future she would owe her crown only to her people, a phrase at which Feria found it difficult not to sneer openly but which went down remarkably well with the said people.

Elizabeth was also gracious enough to write a long Latin letter of condolence — she was proud of her Latin — to Philip, who asked the bearer to assure her that Mary "had been such a virtuous

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princess and so loving and well-affectioned" that he could do nothing but bear his loss as patiently as possible and conform his will to the will of God. To Feria he wrote somewhat peevishly that the English ought to stop blaming him for Calais. He had warned them, and was even willing to go on fighting to recover the place if they would bear half the cost, an offer he was safe in making as he knew the state of the English treasury as well as he knew his own.

After nearly six weeks in the monastery, Philip returned to Brussels just before Christmas to celebrate funeral ceremonies for his wife. These were little more than a rehearsal of the far grander obsequies which were held in honour of Charles a week later. The most skilled organizers of pageantry in the city — and Brussels excelled the world at this sort of thing — had been busy for over a month in order that the King might fittingly express his filial devotion.

Through streets draped in black, between lines of burgesses dressed in mourning and holding lighted torches, passed a procession of three thousand monks and priests, nobles and bishops. There were standards and banners and most ingenious floats representing the Emperor's glorious achievements. There were twenty-four riderless horses bearing the arms of a kingdom or duchy over which the dead man had reigned. There were the Knights of the Golden Fleece in full regalia. There were officers of state bearing symbols of the Emperor's greatness — the sword, the crown, the sceptre, the orb, the collar. There were reigning dukes and princes with bowed heads and gorgeous robes. And there was King Philip in the plain black frock and cowl of an humble friar.

Next day — it was December 30, 1558 — the same procession wound its way to the Cathedral where before the altar stood a coffin decorated with the dead man's arms. Splendidly apparelled ladies and gentlemen thronged the huge building to hear William of Orange, who carried the Imperial sword, cry loudly as he struck the coffin with that weapon:

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"He is dead."

There was a great hush in the crowded nave as he paused, struck again and intoned:

"He shall remain dead."

A third time the sword rapped hollowly upon the empty coffin, and a third time the voice rang out:

"He is dead and there is another risen up in his place greater than he was."

With his free hand, William flung back the hood from the face of a sombre, shrouded figure beside him and revealed King Philip.

XII

The Reluctant Suitor

PROBLEMS of peace, marriage, money and heresy competed for Philip's attention. All of them seemed well enough in hand after the first Protestant alarm, and he was devoting a little time to more agreeable occupations. In the intervals of deciding grave matters with his statesmen and bishops, the King of Spain was writing home what trees were to be planted at Aranjuez, giving orders for the education of his young half-brother entrusted to his care, having his portrait painted, collecting Flemish tapestries for his Spanish palaces, amassing books for his library.

He was out of doors at the hunt and tournament less than ever, but his health was marred by only two or three slight indispositions this winter. His spirits were more sanguine. For one thing, as soon as peace was declared he could go home. He had never been very happy outside of Spain, and now he was really needed there. The prospect was worth all the exercise and medicine in the world. Philip liked to be needed. It justified his existence and the great sacrifices he could demand from others; it made his burden of work and responsibility a pleasure; it gratified his vanity; it confirmed his belief that he had a mission to rule wide dominions.

The peace which would free him was within sight, and the terms were a tremendous triumph for his diplomacy. Or at any rate for the diplomacy of Ruy Gomez, Alba, Orange and the Bishop of Arras, the last named being worth all the rest in the opinion of the Venetian Ambassador. The Bishop stood second only to Ruy

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Gomez in the royal confidence. The King recognized in him a kindred spirit — Philip flattered himself that he was the Bishop's equal in ability and intelligence. For this conceit, he had the excuse of superficial likeness. King and minister were equally industrious, equally fond of writing and reading, equally eager for details, equally convinced that a strong monarchy was the best possible form of government. The churchman had some other characteristics which his master lacked — a colossal greed, excellent judgment and eloquence in half a dozen languages. Whenever the affairs of Flanders were under discussion, his mellow voice spoke wise words on the side of absolutism.

Among the peace commissioners he held the lowest rank, but he exercised the most influence in arguing the French into accepting at Château Cambresis a treaty which would have brought a glow of pride to another monarch than Philip.

In the first place, everything that France and Spain had taken from each other since 1551, when Charles' defeats commenced, was to be restored. This meant that Henry handed over nearly four hundred cities and towns, half of them fortified, while Philip surrendered Saint Quentin, Ham and Catelet, the conquests of '57. Savoy was restored to its Duke, who was also to receive the hand of Henry's sister, that ugly Margaret who had been promised to Philip years ago. As a further guarantee of peace, Henry's pretty little daughter, Elizabeth, was to marry Philip's son, Don Carlos. The religious preoccupations of both Kings were evidenced in a clause by which they pledged themselves to uphold the Catholic faith and secure the convocation of a Council to put an end to heresy.

These terms, which the French Marshal Monluc denounced as the greatest disgrace that had ever befallen a French King, were easily arranged. The hitch that protracted proceedings was Calais. This was one town France would not surrender. It was the one place England insisted ought to be restored to its former owner. Philip's ambassadors supported their English colleagues for months,

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but the Frenchmen knew they would win in the end. They did not think much of Elizabeth's power; she was by no means secure on her throne; the Dauphin and Mary Stuart had already quartered the arms of England with those of France and Scotland in tacit denial of Elizabeth's legitimacy. The French knew, too, that Philip was not so foolish as to fight for Calais if he himself had all he wanted, so they stood firm and waited for Elizabeth to see reason.

The new Queen was not impressing foreign observers with her reasonableness, for they could neither know nor comprehend all her shifts to remain at the head of domestic affairs. They saw she had been protesting that Spain ought not to make peace without her, and at the same time she was secretly proposing to France that if she got Calais back she would leave Spain in the lurch. Of course, the secret came out. Nor was she more logical in her religious observances. No one could tell for certain whether she was Catholic or Protestant, but Catholics were suspicious and Protestants hopeful.

In spite of all this, Philip was coming to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry her. "Never lose the friendship of England," his father had said, and no one doubted that a royal marriage was a guarantee of friendship. He had first thought that his former plan to give her to Savoy was still the best. But Emanuel Philibert paid the penalty of his military genius, for the English thought him too likely to involve them in war. Feria in London thereupon hinted delicately that Philip himself might marry her. She seemed to be afflicted with maidenly modesty, but the Ambassador thought she might be receptive in the end. So, less than two months after Mary's death, Philip wrote to him:

"As regards myself, if they [the English] should broach the subject to you, you should treat it in such a way as neither to accept nor reject the business altogether. . . . It is difficult for me to reconcile my conscience to it."

He explained it would be impossible for him to be much in England and attend to duty there. The marriage would look like a perpetual threat to France, just when he wanted to negotiate a

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lasting peace. And in the present state of his finances, he could not go on bribing English ministers as heavily as they expected. As he wrote he was arguing with himself, and by the time he got to the end of the letter he had reconciled his conscience after all.

"I nevertheless," he concluded, "cannot lose sight of the enormous importance of such a match to Christianity and the preservation of religion which has been restored in England by the grace of God. Seeing also the importance that the country should not fall back into its former errors, which would cause serious danger and difficulties to our own neighbouring dominions, I have decided to place on one side all other considerations which might be urged against it and am resolved to render this service to God and offer to marry the Queen of England, and will use every possible effort to carry this through if it can be done on the conditions that will be explained to you."

The conditions were vastly different from those on which he had first gone to England, and hardly likely to appeal to a young woman who expected quite as much deference as her sister Mary had received. First of all, Philip insisted that Elizabeth should declare and behave herself as a good Catholic. She was also to procure from the Pope the necessary dispensation for their marriage, "for in this way it will be evident and manifest that I am serving the Lord in marrying her and that she has been converted by my act." Furthermore, Philip would not this time bestow upon his children by Elizabeth any of the estates that were the heritage of Carlos.

The piously business-like tone of Feria's negotiations was highly distasteful to Elizabeth. She was romantically minded and wanted to be wooed, Queen though she was, in the ardent manner of the chivalrous tales which Cervantes was to laugh out of existence but which were still immensely popular all over Europe. The new Queen talked so much about love and her heart that even Feria, hero of one of the most celebrated romances of the century, was slightly scornful. However, if a few soft words would induce

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the young woman to accept Philip's conditions, Feria was not the man to leave them unspoken. He assured Elizabeth that his master was passionately devoted to her, and she seemed pleased to hear it.

Philip was not at all pleased. He highly disapproved of this method of courting, and he had encountered too much conjugal ardour from Mary to want the experience repeated with another Englishwoman, even though this one was much better looking. A match between the King of Spain and the Queen of England was serious business; he resented the frivolous, sentimental talk. It was true that several years ago when Philip had been kind to Elizabeth, Mary had betrayed jealousy, but she was easily jealous. Now Feria proposed to offer the incident as proof that Philip's heart had always inclined towards the younger sister. His Majesty peremptorily refused. Passing over the trivial fact that it was not true, he informed the Ambassador that it was not a proper argument. His own idea of what was fitting was to offer brotherly warnings against any change in religion, for after three months on the throne Elizabeth was beginning to justify Protestant hopes.

"It behooves us," the King wrote Feria, "to use all speed to obviate the evil which threatens unless God should ordain otherwise. You had better consider whether it will not be well to press the Queen by saying that if the change is not made all idea of my marriage with her must be broken off, and if she have any thoughts of the marriage this may be efficacious."

The reply was at once a discouragement and a relief. Elizabeth, like Philip, had the trick of concealing her meaning in strange combinations of words, although unlike him she could throw off vagueness when she wished. At present she did not wish. Feria understood her to say in one conversation that she did not want to marry at all, that her people did not want her to marry a foreigner, that Philip would have to leave her too much alone, that she was his deceased wife's sister and could not recognize the Pope's authority to dispense with God's law which proclaimed such a union to be incestuous.

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"She said after a time," Feria interpreted a somewhat later effusion, "that she could not marry Your Majesty as she was a heretic."

"I am greatly sorry, but I am content that it should be so," Philip replied in a letter especially written to be shown to the Queen.

He could not have been very sincere in his regret. When he wrote that line he had already found a wife elsewhere. He had decided that the Englishwoman was impossible, and he had heard now of her efforts to recover Calais by treachery to him. Consequently, he had fewer compunctions about threatening to sign a separate treaty if she would not accept her loss, and into that treaty he inserted his own name instead of Carlos' as the husband of the Princess Elizabeth of France, whose charming portrait thenceforth hung upon his bedroom wall. True, the girl was only fourteen and he was nearly thirty-two, but if he married her it would be an even more sincere gesture of friendship than if he had given her his son.

The peace was signed early in April, 1559, England receiving the promise of an eventual money payment in return for Calais. The rejoicings when the news was announced were tremendous, especially in Flanders where the happy burghers saw themselves and their beloved commerce freed from the drain of war. Spain and France were equally happy although too poor to celebrate as lavishly as the Flemings. But Elizabeth chose to believe that Philip had jilted her.

"She had heard Your Majesty was married, smiling, saying your name was a fortunate one, and now and then giving little sighs which bordered upon laughter," Feria reported. "She went on to say that Your Majesty could not have been so much in love with her as I had said, as you had not had patience to wait four months for her, and many things of the same sort as if she was not at all pleased."

Philip was really sorry to hear this. He did not in the least want

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to marry the Englishwoman, but neither did he want to offend her. It would never do to lose the friendship of England because of the pique of a woman who babbled foolishly of love. He instructed Feria to assure the Queen that he was not angry because she had rejected him, to stress the last phrase and to propose one of Ferdinand's sons, a favour he had promised the new Emperor.

Feria, if given his way, would not have been so tender of Elizabeth's feelings. If Philip could not get England by marriage, he should take it by force, the Ambassador thought. Being on the ground, Feria saw that this woman was going to lead her people back to her old heresy, and he knew his master would never get on for long with a Protestant. He sensed, too, the unrest in England and thought a strong, sudden movement backed by a substantial army would be successful in the interests of someone with pretensions to the crown, Lady Catherine Grey for choice. He urged this repeatedly and eloquently, but Philip had not ended one war only to engage in another. He wanted to get back to Spain and deal with heresy in his own lands before he tackled it abroad. He told Feria to prevent civil war at all costs, because a civil war in England would not put Lady Catherine on the throne but merely clear the field for Mary Stuart. Philip would rather see England Protestant than French, he admitted, and any disturbance would only give Henry an excuse to interfere on his daughter-in-law's behalf. After all, in the eyes of most Catholics, Elizabeth was illegitimate and Mary the rightful heir. Consequently the Count was to use all influence, as much money as he needed and such promises as seemed advisable to keep Elizabeth on her throne. He was to pacify Catholics and Protestants alike, and if civil war did break out he should side unostentatiously with the stronger while preserving enough influence with the weaker to keep it from calling in France. Feria grumbled but obeyed.

It was another glorious gamble that Philip declined. Indeed, he had little to venture at such play. It had been so long since the royal treasury had seen any cash that "ready money" was a term

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applied to assignments on the first fruit of various mortgaged revenues. With these the King was very generous to his Spanish nobles, but no Fleming got a single grant or pension or reward, at which neglect they complained furiously.

Philip ignored their outcry. Tact seldom distinguished him, and he did not see why he should make expensive presents to men he did not like and who, he had been told, would have kept him from his throne if they could. Besides, he was still too greatly exercised about heresy to listen to private wrongs. The very number of men and women crowding the Inquisition prisons seemed to him an indication of the extent to which Protestantism had spread, rather than of the Inquisition's ruthlessness. On top of this came the alarming news that even Carranza, primate of Spain, was infected with dangerous opinions. The examination of his book ended in condemnation, and although he offered to make any changes, while Philip had ordered that no proceedings be taken against him, he was indicted "for having preached, written and dogmatized many errors of Luther." Before Philip had learned of the indictment he had written to the Archbishop from Brussels, the day peace was declared, that he need fear nothing. The King said he "had already done something of what is proper in this business," and would do more. Carranza was asked to put all his faith in the royal protection, "and to have recourse to no one but to me." The King did not want any dispute that might weaken the Holy Office in this crisis.

When he did hear of the indictment, he was as careful of the Inquisition's reputation as of Carranza's person. He granted the Inquisition permission to proceed as it thought best so long as it left the Archbishop in freedom. Valdés acted promptly. Some of Carranza's old colleagues at the University of Valladolid had dared question the Inquisition's verdict on the book. Valdés wrote that it had come to his attention that these learned professors presumed to read books and give opinions without consulting the Inquisition first. This was to stop at once on pain of fine and imprisonment. At

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the same time he wrote the King that Carranza was appealing to Rome, a procedure which he feared would threaten the Inquisition's authority. It was a lie, but it justified Valdés in ordering his rival to come to Valladolid for interrogation.

In Flanders, too, the heretics were making a great to-do about the new bishoprics and the anti-heresy edicts that Philip proposed, now peace was declared, to enforce with the severity his father had intended. He was not going to superintend this work himself; he would not be there. In August, he said, he would leave for Spain, and no plea that much remained to be done in Flanders could move him.

His preparations for departure were interrupted by the news that Henry of France, celebrating his daughter's marriage by proxy to Philip, had been killed in a tournament. Philip was not really grieved. He had no reason to like the bellicose monarch, and he expected to find the new king, who was a sickly lad, easy to deal with. No one yet knew how completely all her children were dominated by Henry's hitherto neglected wife, Catherine de' Medici.

Philip, despatching formal condolences, did not permit his equally formal mourning to delay him long. He appointed as governor of the Netherlands his half-sister, Margaret, Duchess of Parma, five years older than himself and popular in the Low Countries where she had been born, the daughter of a Flemish noblewoman. She had grown up a strong, manly looking person with a passion for hunting, a little moustache, a tendency to gout, and the greatest indifference to her young husband. She was to be entirely guided, Philip told her, by the Bishop of Arras, whose talents and loyalty had greatly impressed him during and since the peace conference. He rewarded her by taking her son, Prince Alexander Farnese, to Spain to be educated with Carlos.

Then he summoned the Estates of Flanders to do something about his debts. At this meeting the smoothness of the farewell was ruffled. In his speech, made through the eloquent Arras, he

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reminded them that he loved them dearly, promised to come back soon or send his son, and exhorted them to enforce Charles' wise edicts against heresy. The deputies promptly voted their thanks in the substantial form of the grant of money he had asked, but they went on to protest against the edicts and the continued, unconstitutional presence in the country of the misbehaving Spanish soldiers. Foreigners, they reminded the King, were not permitted to hold office here. Philip was furious and for once showed it. He saw these remarks as inspired partly by the spirit of heresy, partly by the spirit of rebellion. "I, too, am a foreigner. Will they refuse to obey me as their sovereign?" he demanded.

However, his advisers had little difficulty arguing him into moderation of speech. He promised to withdraw the troops as soon as he could send the money for their back pay from Spain. He was gently firm in the matter of the edicts, for they were in the service of God. Then he dismissed the Estates and rejoiced that his work in this disagreeable climate among these unpleasant people was done. Hereafter he would govern the Netherlands from Spain. He snatched a few moments to write FERIA once more that he would not stop off and depose Elizabeth. Then, accompanied by most of the rank and splendour of Flanders, who had at last been rewarded with presents which the Venetian envoy thought were too small to hold their loyalty, he rode with his tapestries and paintings and books to the fleet at Flushing. He was happy. He was going home.

XIII

Soldier of God

PHILIP was not destined to get his treasures safely ashore. Within sight of Laredo, nine days of fine weather ended in a storm which drove most of the fleet out to sea again while those on board the flagship took to the small boats. After a very nasty few minutes among the waves, the King landed, shaken and wet. Behind him the great ship with his tapestries and paintings foundered and disappeared.

Pausing only long enough to give proper thanks to God for his escape, he started on what proved a triumphal procession to Valladolid. His people were almost as glad to see him as he was to be among them. They were quite confident that he would put all their troubles right, restore prosperity, lower taxes, silence the villains who questioned the dogma of Holy Mother Church, protect the coasts from the raids of Barbary pirates. Like any other people in any other age, they expected their ruler to work miracles. In the midst of the most intense heat the oldest inhabitant could remember, they thronged the roads to watch him pass, according him a simpler but heartier welcome than the elaborate pageantry of Flanders.

As he rode along, Philip was much relieved to see that his people had not been as badly corrupted by Lutheranism as he had been led to believe. He was delighted with the Inquisition's success in rooting out the dread heresy. Valdés had proved himself as zealous and competent as he was vindictive and mean. He had waited until his spies obtained quite complete information before he fell upon

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the suspects with all the force of the most efficiently run organization the world knew. The faith was safe, for Protestants were not merely persecuted; they were exterminated.

This public service performed, Valdés returned with renewed energy to the prosecution of his private vendetta. Carranza, relying entirely upon Philip's promised protection, was moving by the slowest possible stages in answer to the Inquisition's summons. He was sure that if he could delay until Philip's arrival, he was safe. Valdés thought so too, and decided to disregard the King's orders. He knew Philip rather better than Carranza did. He knew that this Most Catholic King would rather sacrifice any man alive — and his royal word too — than risk compromising the authority of the Holy Office, the pious work of his ancestors.

While Philip was still at sea, the Inquisitor General sent his men to bring in the Archbishop of Toledo. It was done in characteristic fashion. The officers took no chances on a rescue. All the inhabitants of the town in which the Archbishop lodged were ordered to remain indoors and on no account look out of the windows from nine in the evening until daylight. The Holy Office's reputation for omniscience and omnipotence ensured obedience. At midnight Carranza was dragged from his bed, carried through the silent, deserted streets and hustled off to Valladolid. As Philip rode up to the capital, he was met by a courier who informed him that Pope Paul IV was dead. The man also carried a letter from Valdés announcing that Carranza had been put under restraint because of his intrigues with Rome and his evident intention of trying to escape, but was being treated with the consideration that befitted his rank. The restraint consisted of giving the Archbishop a prison of two rooms, the windows of which were shuttered and locked, keeping in a most noisome stench, since the apartment was furnished with no sanitary conveniences whatever.

As Valdés had expected, Philip acquiesced in the betrayal of his royal word. This was no time, he thought, to cast any discredit upon the Inquisition; it was doing necessary work and its hands must be

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upheld at all costs. Others than the King were not so complaisant. The Archbishop was immensely popular; he had the gift of attracting devoted friends, some of them very highly placed at Court. They could not move Philip. The very chapter of Toledo, usually its bishop's severest critic, rushed to his defence and never let a month pass without petitioning King and Pope for justice. The Dominican Order exerted its vast influence in vain. And Bishop Quadra, as staunch a believer as the episcopate could boast, wrote bitterly:

"The heretics are fighting so much among themselves that they have no time to scoff at the way we Catholics are persecuting one another."

Such remarks were uttered in privacy and with extreme caution. The Inquisition was not to be criticized lightly or with impunity. The Spaniard had a good deal of freedom of speech for that age, but not about religion. Men spoke and wrote of the King and royal authority as they pleased. Diatribes against the monarchy, which would have cost an Englishman or a Frenchman his life or his right hand, passed unpunished — unheeded too — in Spain. The only action taken by the government was to protect the critic. For example, when a merchant, angered by judicial delay in deciding a claim against the state, was arrested for cursing all the Kings named Philip who were or ever had been, this particular Philip wrote to the magistrate:

"This bold man has attacked all the Philips, dead or alive, but the dead neither hear him nor know of him, and there is no reason why I should take upon myself the case for all of them, and besides they would certainly pardon him if they did hear him. So I pardon him too, and do you do likewise and set him free. Also, find out what business he has pending in the courts and settle it, for I can assure you that his lack of patience is due to lack of money."

His Majesty spoke from the heart there. He knew, none better, how poverty can try the patience. Though he was rather dull, slow and none too clear a logician, he displayed a certain amount of in-

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sight on the rare occasions when he did not think religion was involved. He could even order the release of an over-taxed citizen who had tried to raise a riot by abusing the King. He explained to a surprised magistrate that if he permitted his subjects to complain freely, they would complain less.

In religious matters, especially if not complicated by a political aim which he thought would strengthen the Faith in the end, he was neither shrewd nor lenient. "Philip, by the grace of God, King" was a phrase he interpreted literally and he never shirked his debt of gratitude to the Lord, whose Church he supported with a bigoted zeal unsurpassed in his generation.

Of all religious institutions, the Inquisition was of necessity the most cherished. It was the chief bulwark of the faith, and already understood this new King so well that it was withholding most of the royal share of confiscations, something it would never have dared try with Charles or even the pious Isabella. In the three generations of its existence, it had made itself an independent power in the land. Confiscation made it rich; a rigid, pitiless administration of what it considered justice made it both feared and respected; the favour shown by previous rulers and continued by Philip set it above external interference. Its own efficiency, attained by the rare combination of intelligence and bigotry, permitted it to hold every gain, and popular approval of its aims, if not of its methods, disarmed any effective opposition.

It numbered its officials by the thousands, all working under the direction of an Inquisitor General and the Suprema, a sort of governing board. It laid hands upon a man, and he disappeared completely; there was no communication with a prisoner in its cells. At the Inquisition's pleasure he reappeared, either in freedom or in the procession of an *Auto de Fé*. In either case he never said a word about what happened to him; to do so was certain death.

The Inquisition used torture less frequently and more mildly than the secular courts of the day in any country. It had found that the terrors of secrecy, mystery and solemn formalities calculated to

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impress the prisoner with the hopelessness of his position were more effective, but of course the rack was a useful auxiliary. The faintest suspicion or the most maliciously false denunciation was sufficient to subject a Spaniard to these processes.

When he was put on his defence, the victim was told neither the charge against him nor the witness who supported it. His conscience was supposed to enlighten him. Any attempt at justification was dangerous. If it failed, the display of impudence was an aggravation of the crime against God. Yet confession was nearly as risky, especially if the culprit were innocent, for he would not know of what sins he was accused and could hardly guess at them. The inquisitors, unlike their fellows in other courts, would not urge a prisoner to perjury for the sake of a confession. In spite of the machinery, acquittal was possible. If the accused could guess the names of his accusers and prove they had reason to dislike him, their testimony was thrown out, an example of fair play which did not distinguish other tribunals. In one small town the local pest, denounced by half a hundred exasperated acquaintances, named practically every one of his fellow townsmen as an enemy, and proved it. The fifty were among them, and he returned home in triumph.

For the convicted holder of unauthorized opinions, there was neither mercy nor sympathy, unless he was so trivial an offender as to be let off with mere penance. Priests guilty of soliciting in the confessional, exposed fakers of miracles, and monks who had forgotten their vows often escaped serious punishment lest the religion they had disgraced be blamed for their sins. The blasphemer, the sceptic, and the heretic, however, were handled with a severity which crushed the spirit of inquiry out of the Spanish people. The criminal who appeared in an *Auto de Fé* was forever an outcast, and the infamy descended to his children. Men crowded, as to the bullfight, to see him in his San Benito — a yellow robe painted with flames and devils — and tall, conical cap. The garment of his disgrace, plainly and prominently inscribed with the circumstances of his crime, was hung in his parish church and renewed as often as

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it aged into illegibility. His children were debarred from office in State or Church, and the social stigma was very real. All through Philip's reign, and long afterwards, laws against those descended from the Inquisition's victims were being strengthened. The first of these statutes, originally designed to exclude Jews, was enacted in 1546. It and all future legislation of this kind went by the name of "laws of cleanness."

Death was a penalty to which the Holy Office seldom resorted. The stern fanatics who guarded the faith, were chary of condemning a soul that might yet be saved, and they got more profit from a live man than from a dead one. The culprit was usually fined as heavily as his estate afforded and became a useful hand at the oar of a royal galley. Only the most impenitent heretics, those who refused to recant their errors, were sent to the stake. In the early days there had been thousands of these, Jews and Moors, but now the stream ran thin. Four months during the height of the Protestant scare in Valladolid, the centre of Spanish Lutheranism, netted only thirteen for the fire.

These had been carefully preserved to grace the rejoicings over Philip's return. An *Auto de Fé* was a better spectacle than a bull-fight or tournament, for it gratified the century-old Spanish tradition of unreflecting piety and the love of a spectacle in which someone was hurt.

A few weeks after his return, therefore, Philip sat upon a platform overlooking the square, where thirty-two years before the young Emperor Charles had killed a bull in honour of his first-born. Today that first-born watched the procession of prisoners, inquisitors, magistrates and nobles end their journey through the streets. There were 200,000 people in Valladolid that day to see the spectacle, and all wanted to be in sight of the open space where the principals were herded. Every spectator kneeled where he was to take an oath to defend the Inquisition, while Philip, standing, swore by the cross of the drawn sword he held that he would do the same. The sentence was then read and the thirteen capital offenders de-

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livered, one by one, to the secular authorities, "whom we ask," the inquisitorial form ran, "and charge most affectionately to treat him benignantly and mercifully."

Whereupon the thirteen were paraded around the square before being marched off to the pyre prepared for them just outside the city. Among them was a young nobleman Philip knew — Spain was unique in that her first Protestants were largely drawn from "the quality" — and the criminal cried as he passed the royal box:

"How can a gentleman like you hand over another gentleman such as I to these friars?"

"I would carry the wood to burn my own son if he were as wicked as you," His Majesty replied coldly.

That son, who sat beside him at the moment, was indeed becoming a disappointment, if not so wicked as the terrible Lutherans. More and more he reminded old men of his mad great-grandmother, but he was by no means as robust as she had been. The Prince was scarcely bigger than a child of ten and no better looking than when Philip went away. Sitting as he was beside Alexander Farnese, Margaret's handsome son, he seemed a sorry specimen. And now Philip was to bring home an even more painful contrast. He had not for a moment forgotten the bastard brother who was passing as Quixada's page. As soon as his affairs permitted him a little leisure, he went hunting in the direction of that gentleman's home, having previously written for the boy to be brought to a rendezvous where the royal party might come across him by accident.

The King was riding well ahead of his suite when he saw his father's steward standing beside a fair-haired, quite beautiful boy, far handsomer than any Hapsburg had a right to be and without the family jaw. Both Quixada and the lad went on their knees as Philip trotted up, but the King was pleased to have them rise.

"Do you know, youngster, who your father was?" he asked.

Usually the King never knew how tactlessly he spoke, but as he witnessed the child blush with shame — he had always been embarrassed by not knowing who his father was — Philip realized that

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his words did not quite express what he had meant to say. He hastened to add:

"Charles the Fifth, my lord and father, was also yours. You could not have had a more illustrious sire."

His Majesty's attendants rode up at this moment to see him embracing a page, and they were quick to recognize another rising Court star as Philip turned to them, one arm still around the boy's shoulders, and commanded:

"Know and honour this youth as the natural son of the Emperor and brother to the King."

It was the sort of private theatricals Philip enjoyed. He was not made, as his father had been, for the world's stage, but in his own small way he, too, loved the dramatic. A quiet scene such as this, the raising of a poor boy to a place of splendour and power with only a few choice spectators to see, appealed to him immensely. He talked most kindly to the boy, whom he kept at his side all the way back to Valladolid. Here the still wondering child found himself master of a royal household with Quixada as chief of staff. He was sharing the studies of the heir to the throne and Prince Alexander Farnese, and he had a hard time learning that they meant him when they said "uncle." The page had become Don Juan of Austria, an Infante of Castile in every respect save one. He was not a Highness. He was only an Excellency.

XIV

Falling in Love

AMONG the young people Philip was gathering about him, he was soon to include a wife. Elizabeth de Valois had already been married to him by proxy in Paris, the Duke of Alba representing his master. Her father's death during the celebration of that event delayed her departure, but at last she was on her way to join her husband. The girl was the flower of an unattractive flock. Even Alba, old soldier of few words and fewer compliments, waxed lyric in the descriptions he wrote to Spain. Philip was eager to set eyes upon the paragon long before the girl set off in the late fall for her journey into the unknown.

He was well pleased with nearly all of his affairs as he moved north to meet her. He had extravagant hopes of improving his financial position — no one at Court was sufficiently versed in economics to know that this was impossible while debt was piled on debt with no provision to meet them. Nor was it any more apparent to them that Spain was sinking rapidly into a state of industrial poverty which all the gold in America was powerless to remedy. Heresy was being well suppressed, although the King thought it necessary to order Spanish students to leave foreign universities lest they become contaminated. Carranza was on trial, and Philip remained neutral while the first round of his long struggle with the Inquisition was being fought. Europe was at peace, and very ill at ease in that condition. The diplomats were wondering where war would break out next.

However, the King of Spain had little to worry him except the

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cold as he entered Guadalajara, a frigid mountain town belonging to the Mendozas. Here he would await his bride, while the chief of the House of Mendoza, the Duke of Infantado, first grandee in Spain, went on to the frontier with his brother, the Cardinal of Burgos, to escort their new Queen to her husband. Almost daily fresh instructions from His Majesty followed them, embodying points of etiquette which he had overlooked. The original paper of directions might seem to have provided for everything. This — a good many pages written in the royal hand — laid down every detail of the progress of the party from the border to Guadalajara, “where with the benediction of our Lord she will marry me.” How the Queen, whose name was henceforth Hispanized into Isabella, was to dine, who was to be on her right and who on her left, the preparations to be made in each town, injunctions against quarrelling over precedence with her French retainers, and a dozen other points were carefully elaborated.

Philip’s infinite capacity for detail was not exhausted. Another letter described the manner of greeting the French nobles, who would be with the new Queen as far as the frontier. Antoine de Bourbon, recognized in France as King of Navarre in right of his wife, the Jeanne d’Albret who had once been considered for Philip, was to be treated most courteously but addressed only as “Monsieur de Vendôme,” his own French title. A day or two later the King wrote that when the Mendozas were in Isabella’s presence, the Cardinal might have an armchair and the Duke a red velvet stool. Infantado was warned that the honour of a red velvet stool was for this occasion only, and would cease when he returned to Guadalajara.

On an extremely bitter January day, after battling with great snowdrifts in the passes of the Pyrenees, the fifteen-year-old Isabella was delivered into the midst of this deadly serious ceremonial. She was not used to it. The court in which she had been reared was far gayer and less formal than any Spain had ever known. She had never before been separated from an adoring mother and the society

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of brothers and sisters younger than herself. The prevailing French opinion of Spain and Spaniards was not, after years of war and rivalry, calculated to cheer the spirits of one going to live among them. The people were popularly supposed to be solemn and dull and bad tempered, the country rich but uninviting, the King gloomy and cold.

The French Princess was well educated for her new rôle. She had been taught Spanish; she had been drilled in the art of graciousness; she had become accustomed to the idea of marrying where it would do France the most good, and she had been thoroughly grounded in all the lady-like accomplishments. Her mother, the clever but hitherto unappreciated Catherine de' Medici, had won from this child, as from all her children, complete devotion. At the parting there had been many tears, but such personal, private indulgence the girl put behind her as she rode, shivering and a little lonely, over the snow-covered border. Docile and possessed of an excellent memory, she managed the complicated ceremonial of her first few days with an easy competence which won the respect and a pleasant merriment which won the hearts of even such paragons of good form as the brothers Mendoza.

In Guadalajara, Philip had asked the town to make a special effort to welcome his bride fittingly. Infantado's imaginative stewards answered the demand by achieving the apparently impossible. They commanded the seasons to be reversed, and when Isabella entered their bleak, windswept precincts, she passed through a grove of trees in full leaf and flower, transplanted from a great distance, in which birds were tied, although alas they could not be induced to sing. Amazed and childishly pleased at such reckless munificence, she smiled brightly upon the people who occupied gayly decorated booths along her route.

In the hall of the Mendoza palace, sitting in a great, gilded arm-chair before an altar, Philip was waiting. Her portrait and Alba's lyrical letters had prepared him for a lovely sight, and he was not disappointed as Isabella walked towards him beside his sombre,



ISABELLA "OF THE PEACE"
"Perfect in everything."

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handsome sister, Juana, brought for this occasion from her religious musings at Abrojo. "Isabella of the Peace," as Spaniards were already beginning to call her, was slenderly graceful with black eyes and hair, a superb complexion and charming vivacity of expression. The courtly Brantôme, hardly more appreciative than Alba, swore that "this Princess was perfect in everything," and added:

"I have heard say in Spain that the gentlemen did not dare look at her for fear of falling in love with her and, to their own peril, making the King jealous. The Churchmen also avoided looking at her for fear of temptation as they did not possess sufficient strength to dominate the flesh on regarding her."

However, on this occasion no one looked away as she walked, obviously frightened, to the altar and her grave, impassive husband. Many of the spectators, especially her own Frenchmen, nearly wept for pity as they watched the Princess — blushing and shy as royalty was not wont to be shy, even at fifteen — negotiate the long length of the hall to receive at the end Philip's overdone, ceremonious greetings which hardly put her at her ease. Indeed, she wore the same look of bewildered alarm all during the marriage service, read by Cardinal Mendoza as soon as the King had finished welcoming his bride. She still seemed a little fearful as the newly married pair sat together in the royal box watching a bullfight and some cane jousting. The exciting novelty of this display left her expression unchanged until even the imperturbable Philip became a little restive under the steady, scared stare of those big black eyes.

"Are you looking for my grey hairs?" he asked, and for the first time the girl saw him smile.

In a few days they left Guadalajara, but they had stayed long enough so that their entertainment, continued on the same lavish scale with which it was begun, made a lasting impression upon the Mendoza fortune, boundless though it was supposed to be. Philip had to meet his Castilian Cortes at Toledo and was thinking of establishing his permanent capital there. The roving life of earlier kings did not suit him, and Valladolid was supposed to be un-

healthy. Besides, His Catholic Majesty had taken a dislike to the place as the centre of the recent rebellion against the faith. So with his bride and the usual splendid cavalcade, borrowing money for his travelling expenses as he went along, he rode south.

By the time they finished their journey, Isabella was no longer afraid of him, and he had decided that Alba had not exaggerated her charm. He behaved in the most kindly paternal manner, and if he was not very merry, she had enough vivacity for both. The watchful courtiers, ever ready to scent royal romance, declared they had fallen in love with each other by the time they reached Toledo. Those who had been in England with their master noticed how much more gladly and sincerely he paid her those same little attentions which he had forced so painfully for Mary Tudor.

Hardly had they reached Toledo than they plunged into a round of marriage festivities for which Guadalajara had been only a rehearsal. Isabella enjoyed them tremendously, and Philip went through them stoically, making up the lost time by many hours of night work with secretaries and reports.

Both work and play were suddenly interrupted by the Queen's illness. The doctors diagnosed it as smallpox and Philip was greatly alarmed. In spite of a growing accumulation of important papers, in spite of the pleas of the Court that he avoid the contagion, the King spent most of his waking moments in the sickroom. He displayed as much concern as the girl's mother. Catherine insisted on being informed in most unpleasant detail of her daughter's every symptom. She did not trust the Spanish physicians, and she had her own idea of the nature of the ailment, although she was glad they had not thought of it. The Dowager Queen of France was convinced that Isabella had inherited syphilis from her grandfather, King Francis.

"Recollect what I told you before you left," she warned. "You know very well how important it is you should know what malady you have got, for if your husband were to know of it, he would never come near you."

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To the husband, Catherine wrote at length the treatment French medical gentlemen recommended for smallpox, and she added some home-made remedies of her own. Philip should see to it, she wrote, that Isabella was covered from head to foot with white of egg, for such a meringue would preserve her beauty from the scars of disease. Strangely enough the recipe was effective.

Until the patient was plainly on the mend, Philip worried, as he would not worry about war or rebellion or poverty. He was reluctant to attend even the swearing of allegiance to Don Carlos, a ceremony graced by the presence of everyone of any importance in the realm except the Queen and the Archbishop of Toledo, who was still in his unsanitary prison. He had won the first argument when the Suprema disqualified Valdés from sitting as one of the judges, but he had not won freedom. Only his friends missed him, and the King gave him no thought as he hurried back from the Cathedral to his wife's side.

She was recovering rapidly, for both her mother and the Spanish doctors were probably wrong in their diagnosis, and Philip began to catch up with his work. He was still immersed in it when the Queen came out into society again to lend his austere Court rather more life than it had known before. There was more youth, too, than was customary. Some of the Queen's ladies were no older than herself, and every afternoon they were joined by Carlos, Don Juan, Alexander Farnese and two of the older sons of Maria and Maximilian, sent to Spain to be educated in an atmosphere free from the heresy which tainted Germany. The boys were driven hard at their studies in the mornings, but the afternoons were devoted to dancing and games and music. Towards dusk, when the fun was at its height, the King would snatch a few moments from governing half the world to enjoy the pleasing family picture. He took no part in the youthful frolics, but his very strong domestic feelings were immensely gratified as he stood in the doorway, watching and smiling the wide, slow smile which the public never

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saw but which could transform the solemn, gloomy monarch into a kindly, almost genial paterfamilias.

He did not spare many glances or any smiles for his own son; he was beginning to doubt whether the boy would do him much credit, but the sight of his beautiful wife, his handsome brother and his good-looking nephews, stalwart lads all, gladdened his heart. The smile faded as he turned away from them. The mask of the King slipped on again, and he would go back to his labours, happy in the knowledge that God was indeed very good to His servant, Philip of Austria.

XV

The Lord's Work

SECURE in his domestic affections, content in his work, Philip withdrew more and more from the world of actuality into a world of paper abstractions. Concentrating his slow, narrow, tenacious mind upon documents, he no longer regarded them as mere expressions of human activities. They assumed the nature of written examination set him by God, and no one save God and himself need be concerned with the answers. His Majesty had no time to reflect how his writing would affect vast multitudes of men. As long as he did the Lord's work, he was satisfied. He had not sufficient imagination to appreciate the humanity of people he did not see.

The Lord's work was vastly complicated, but Philip never shrank from the magnitude of the task, which indeed he could not appreciate. He was not the type of ruler who feels the weight of the world upon his shoulders, who assures himself that the fate of millions hangs upon his decisions. The King of Spain never dramatized himself; he could not visualize the extent of his power. It never occurred to him that perhaps he had been entrusted with more duties than one man could perform. What he could not attend to had no existence until he got around to it, and he had enormous — and misplaced — faith in the power of delay to solve any problem. He never learned that a problem thus solved was usually replaced by another more difficult. "Time and I against any other two" was his favourite saying, and councillors who chafed at his refusal to grasp quickly at obvious opportunities grew very

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weary of hearing it. It did not occur to him that while he was waiting his enemies might be acting.

Nevertheless, all who met him admired his colossal industry. He tired out his secretaries in relays and went on working after they had fallen fast asleep in their chairs. He slept many hours himself, but he wasted remarkably few waking moments outside his cabinet. Every bit of the business of government claimed him. It was all the Lord's work and therefore all important. Furthermore, it was all equally important. The Netherlands simmering towards revolt took no precedence over revision of the laws on women's clothing so as to permit the use of cloth of gold or silver from the waist up. Plans for really converting the Moriscos and the punishment of the seducer of a maid of honour were impartially postponed. Nothing was too trivial to be dealt with at great length; nothing was so pressing that it could not be shelved. Philip was remodeling the judicial system to expedite court procedure; he was building a navy, and rebuilding it after it was wiped out by the Turks; he was urging the new Pope, Pius IV, to recall the Council of Trent; he was writing long arguments designed to stop Elizabeth of England from supporting a Protestant Scots rebellion; he was devising means of restoring his credit; but he would turn from all these weighty matters to decide whether his wife's French kitchen scullion should be replaced by a Spaniard or how people ought to address the young Don Juan.

He had also decided that Toledo was no healthier than Valladolid. He ignored the claims of other big cities — indeed, no big city in that age could be healthy — to fix the national capital in the little town of Madrid, which could be built as he wanted it. The place already boasted a very fine palace; it was high and dry and reputed to be most salubrious. So to Madrid the protesting Court proceeded, and found its worst fears confirmed. The royal residence was the only available building fit for a nobleman. His Majesty liked it. He could be even more retired from the world than in a larger city. Here he had only his papers, his family and his

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friends, with Ruy Gomez, now raised to the title of Prince of Eboli, to keep off unwelcome visitors. Those who were denied access to the King might include the most influential grandees, the greatest ecclesiastics, the most distinguished foreigners, the most useful politicians, but any plain monk with a well established reputation for sanctity could always get a moment of the royal time and a gold piece from the royal purse.

For if Philip could not distinguish between big and little affairs, he knew what he liked, and naturally his inclinations guided him in assigning priority. First of all were the domestic affairs of Spain, the only one of his dominions which was a pleasure as well as a duty to him. His heart as well as his conscience was in it when he dealt with his own country. He watched over the administration of justice with a care that almost kept it from being corrupt, really wanted to lower taxes some day, was most solicitous about the souls of his subjects for their own sakes, diligently applied absurd remedies for their economic woes, fervently prayed God to make him worthy of his trust, sacrificed his royal dignity for the sake of peace more often than less powerful princes were accustomed to do, and, in the belief that he was saving the nation, managed to give it a good push along the road to ruin.

Perhaps equally dear to him were the holy works to which he had pledged himself. He was happy when he wrote long arguments on the need for a Church Council or pleas for better clerical morals and discipline. He was carrying on ardently an enormous correspondence about plans for the combination monastery, palace and royal mausoleum which was to be the fulfillment of his vow to Saint Lawrence at the storming of Saint Quentin.

His other hobby he knew to be a personal indulgence, and he tried hard to earn the right to it by less congenial labours. This hobby was building houses and furnishing them worthily. He was constantly proposing new improvements in his gardens; he was amassing one of the finest libraries in the world, oddly free of works on theology and containing many works banned by the Inquisition;

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Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco and a dozen rivals received his commissions, and were grateful to him for giving them much appreciation and little advice. He fought a losing battle for simplicity in architecture. He also published Palestrina's first masses, and felt himself amply repaid when the composer dedicated two to him.

His penance for these private pleasures was serious application to foreign affairs and the government of his many states and colonies outside Spain. He assumed from sense of duty, not choice, the post of champion of the Catholic cause. He quarrelled sometimes with his uncle Ferdinand and cousin Maximilian because they were tolerant of heresy in Germany. He was the generous protector of Catholics fleeing from persecution in England. He was keen to stamp out Protestantism in the Netherlands. He wrote much and read more about ways of converting the Indians of the New World. He lent an ear to the troubles of all Christians threatened by the only ruler more powerful than himself, Sultan Solyman the Magnificent. He read and made extensive marginal comments on the reports of his vice-regents in America, Africa, Flanders, his French possessions, his Italian States.

Of course it was a great deal more than any one man less blind to reality than Philip would have attempted. His empire was too large, too scattered, composed of too many peoples with conflicting interests and ideas to be managed by any system. His Catholic Majesty, with a sublime confidence in God, Time and his own patient attention to detail, set about it in the least efficient manner possible. His method was the method of his father, and the world conceded that the Emperor Charles had been the greatest ruler of his generation.

Consequently Philip, reared in the tradition of Imperial infallibility, never stopped to think that he was trying to do too much, and being too secretive about it. It was not in his nature to admit his left hand into the confidence of his right. Ministers and secretaries — Ruy Gomez alone excepted — were entrusted with only part of any programme. Other men, equally handicapped by incom-

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plete knowledge of what was going on, performed the other part. Sometimes they objected, but they never made any impression upon Philip's habits.

Indeed, as these crowded months hurried by, leaving little enough time for all there was to do, Philip could have pointed to results in vindication of his parent's policy as interpreted by a far less venturesome son. He was at peace; he was seeing Protestantism checked; he had prevailed upon the Pope to summon the Council at last; he was actually setting aside a million ducats a year towards his debts. Part of this sum came from the Archbishopric of Toledo, for the Inquisition shrewdly gave him Carranza's revenues during the trial. Pius granted Philip permission to nominate the judges and, regardless of delay as ever, the King waited a year to do so while the Archbishop remained in such close confinement that he knew nothing of a fire which destroyed hundreds of houses around his prison. Nor did he know that his money was partly responsible for the fact that Philip could borrow at four per cent, a lower rate of interest than the bankers allowed any other potentate in Europe.

The as yet uninterrupted flow of gold from America gave a semblance of prosperity to Spain, although the discontented were crying out against the higher prices which resulted. At the same time they were demanding, and getting, unenforcible laws forbidding the export of precious metals. All sorts of short-sighted expedients to boost trade were tried. American colonists were not permitted to make anything for themselves or buy from any but Spaniards. The trade was confined to Castile. The usual ineffective devices to persuade the people to "buy Spanish" were adopted. But nothing could save the country from the unpleasantly hard fact that other places made goods better and cheaper than did Spain.

It was the sort of fact Philip never grasped. He saw a much greater menace to trade in the growing English habit of piracy. The buccaneers were supported by ministers of state who took a share in the loot, and Low Country trade with England had become so risky that Flemish merchants were adding that to their complaints

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against their own government. Philip resisted importunities to go to war about it. He was thankful enough to be saved from the possibility of conflict by the death of his brother-in-law, King Francis. Philip had been haunted by the fear that one day he would have to fight this delicate youth because of Mary Stuart's claims — since it was better for England to be heretical than French — and save the throne for Elizabeth, the renegade who had seemed such a devout Catholic when Philip was King of England.

"To be at war on account of other people's affairs is a state of things which is to be avoided and is not at all to my liking," he wrote in discussing this possible war, "but in this case, seeing whom I should be obliging, it would be doubly disagreeable."

Consequently, the removal of the danger buoyed him through the elaborate funeral ceremonies for Francis. He was indeed sorry for his wife's grief, but was soon equally sorry for her health. She had what the doctors again said was smallpox. Though they bled her copiously, she recovered, and soon Spain rejoiced to hear that she was pregnant. A second heir to the throne, more robust than Carlos, was confidently expected, but the rejoicings were cut short by a miscarriage. In this failure to do her duty, Isabella was grateful for her husband's kindness. He assured her that it would be all right, that she was not to worry, that he was not really disappointed, which she knew to be untrue.

Another means of securing the succession was being discussed at this time. Carlos was sixteen years old and ought to be married for the good of the House. Despite his unattractive appearance and manners, plenty of candidates offered. Isabella, obedient to commands from her mother in letters that were not meant for Philip's eyes, urged her younger sister, Margaret. Philip's own sister, Juana, thought she would make a good wife for her nephew. She was only ten years older than he and he obeyed her as he did no other mortal, for she had had the care of him during his father's absence from Spain. Her own son, Sebastian, was King of Portugal, and his paternal grandmother, Juana's aunt Catherine, ruled the land in so

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much the forceful way of her brother, the Emperor Charles, that Juana did not want to go back to Lisbon. Furthermore, she thought it hard that hers should be the only head in the family that would never wear a crown. She was willing, if she could marry Carlos, to find consolation in power and authority for the physical shortcomings of her husband.

The Prince was heard to express a preference for the widowed Queen of Scotland. Carlos sometimes had large ideas and resented the fact that his father had not already given him kingdoms to govern. He thought it would be pleasant to gain his own kingdom in the traditional family manner, perhaps to unite Scotland, England and even the Netherlands into one realm independent of his father.

But Philip was in no hurry. To his wife and his sister he was most sympathetic; for he loved them both dearly even if he did not propose to take their advice. He agreed politely with their points of view, but explained that Carlos was still too young and sickly to marry. He himself inclined in the same direction as his son, but he never mentioned it to Carlos because he did not judge the boy worthy of confidences. He kept his own counsel so well that the gossips decided Juana had the best chance.

Leaving the problem to Time, Philip turned his attention to keeping Spain's domestic machinery running smoothly and to persuading all nations to send delegates to the Council of Trent. In the second he failed miserably; the Protestants would have nothing to do with any meeting the Pope called. In the first he succeeded so well that even the English Ambassador thought him "a good and gentle prince," while his Venetian colleague said of him:

"His personal appearance, his manly presence and his manner of speaking sweetly add to his graciousness of demeanour" (a characteristic in which the King was regarded by most others as sadly deficient) "and although he is small in stature, he is so well made and his limbs so well proportioned and symmetrical and he dressed

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with so much cleanness and taste that it is not possible to behold anything more perfect than himself."

Ambassadors in Madrid were less well informed than those in other capitals. In another court they would have had friendly talks with the King and bought information from his ministers. Philip never saw them except at formal audiences when he chilled them with his cold, reserved manner, and his chief advisers were incorruptible. The highest official whom a Venetian master of diplomacy could bribe was the Duke of Alba's secretary. So the diplomatic corps was glad when just after a very dull Easter in '62, the King absent in a monastery as usual and no news to write home, Don Carlos provided them with a sensation.

Carlos, his cousin Alexander and his uncle Juan were supposed to be pursuing their studies at the University of Alcalá. The heir apparent preferred to engage in what the English envoy termed "hasty following of a wench" — words diplomatically crossed out of his report but still left fairly legible. Thus engaged one day, he slipped and fractured his skull "upon the top of his noddle, sideways as he slid down the stairs." Madrid was in a state of rare excitement. The King posted to Alcalá in a coach, and noblemen galloped their horses to and fro over the road with meaningless messages. For weeks the King was in close attendance upon his son, but displayed so little emotion that men who had been commenting on Carlos' fits and likeness to Queen Juana declared His Majesty would surely make some use of the accident.

Carlos lay insensible and horribly swollen about the face while cures of all sorts were attempted. Doctors — "who had not seen them could not believe their ignorance," wrote the Florentine Ambassador — peasant herbs, Moorish leeches, religious relics, prayers and charms were used successively and in groups. One of the physicians performed a trepanning operation; the Franciscans loaned the skeleton of Brother Diego, who in life many years before had wrought wonderful cures; a Morisco quack brought a particularly soothing ointment; public prayers and processions to shrines spread

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all over the country as the people by royal command begged the Lord to spare the life of one small unhealthy youth "of a sullen, cruel mode, much disliked and feared." Contrary to all prophecy, Carlos did improve after the trepanning, the unguent and lying all night with the bones of Brother Diego. Credit was claimed by the surgeons who performed the operation, the physicians who advised against it, the Franciscans, the Morisco, the votaries of the Virgin of Atocha and no doubt others who escaped the chronicler. Philip preferred to recognize the work of a still higher power "who always shows his clemency in such extreme cases." For an hour the King walked bareheaded under a burning sun at the head of a procession organized to give thanks to God.

The incident seemed closed, but Carlos had bumped his head harder than was thought. Temperamental and cruel before his fall, he became uncontrollably violent and vicious after. He developed a long list of hates for trifling reasons or no reason at all. He was recklessly self-indulgent, and men told stories of his gluttony which surpassed any they had related of his grandfather. Yet Philip said so little about him that it was confidently declared Carlos would go as governor to the Netherlands.

Philip was really leaving Time and the Bishop of Arras, recently made Cardinal de Granvelle, to carry out his policy in Flanders. He carefully read reports of growing dissatisfaction and wrote that there was to be no change. He was much more concerned with a danger nearer home. Archbishop Carranza was standing on his defence, and another tribunal was threatening to try the Inquisition. The Council of Trent wanted to consider this international scandal, which was exaggerated as rumours of the trial got about despite all Inquisitorial secrecy and terrorism. Carranza had been permitted to choose his own counsel, a rare privilege, but he was refused witnesses on the ground that those he named were his friends. Then he demanded that Philip and the Princess Juana be called. He was ignored. He wrote the King reminding him of his promise of three years ago. This too was ignored, except that His Majesty wrote

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more letters to the Pope and his own ambassador at Trent demanding that the Council keep its hands off the Inquisition. It required all the Papal and royal authority to enforce the demand, and even then the Council pronounced Carranza's book, condemned by the Holy Office, as most good and holy. Philip wrote a very angry letter, but it was too late. From now on the world knew that Carranza was being sacrificed to the Inquisition's reputation for infallibility.

In other respects, the Council, largely guided by Spanish bishops who made up by ability for their lack of numbers, was tending in the direction Philip desired, away from any compromise with the Protestants and towards a sterner discipline and higher clerical standards which would enable Catholicism to resist attacks. When it finished its work the next year, it had done so well that Protestantism, which had seemed ready to sweep Europe, was turned back and never conquered another country on the Continent. The Counter-Reformation was organized to fight for the old faith. In Spain the most noticeable result was that monks and nuns no longer roamed where they would, but became a less boisterous, more useful element in the community.

Besides enforcing the disciplinary decrees of the Council, Philip resolved to attempt another stroke for the cause of religion. He opened negotiations for a match between Mary Stuart and Carlos. Such a marriage would remove the young Queen from French influence, and it would be safe to advance her claim to England. Philip was very weary of Elizabeth. Her astute minister, Cecil, was stirring up trouble for France and Spain to keep either from undertaking a crusade, holy or otherwise, against Protestant England. He helped Huguenots in France and Lutherans in Flanders. He and his mistress ignored Philip's protests against piracy. Spanish merchants were appealing for leave to arm their ships for defence, but Philip would not grant it lest it be construed as a warlike gesture. He would not hear of war as long as there was a chance of gaining his ends by other means. Mary Stuart seemed to offer that

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chance. Her secretary was in London, and Philip instructed his Ambassador there to make secret initial proposals.

"Seeing that the bringing about of this marriage may perhaps be the beginning of a reformation in religious matters in England, I have decided to entertain the negotiations," he wrote. "You are serving God as well as me."

Mary's secretary carried home with this news Elizabeth's plain warning that if the Queen of Scotland married any member of the House of Hapsburg she and her good sister of England must be mortal enemies. The negotiations with Spain languished, and the lovely Mary was permitted to drift into her unfortunate wedding with Darnley, of which Philip approved as offering some hope of Catholic advancement and lessening French influence.

His desire to weaken France was prompted by his father's policy rather than by any personal feelings. Indeed, he was promising his brother-in-law, Charles, armed support against Huguenot rebels and pointing out the danger of Catherine's clever but suspicious manner of dealing with both sides in the civil war which had broken out. He listened attentively to his wife's plea that he trust her mother. He replied that the Dowager Queen would have no more obedient son than he if she would completely and forever throw over the Protestant party. But Catherine was not the kind to commit herself to anything and mean it.

Furthermore, Philip was surprised to find that his ability to help would have been limited even if she had accepted his conditions. He would not have been able to afford very much material aid. Only a year ago he had begun to pay his debts. Now the Spanish revenues were dwindling unaccountably; plague, raging through Europe with a virulence unknown since the horrible days of the Black Death, made taxes hard to collect; piracy and the expense of guarding against it were putting a severe crimp in American receipts, and the only other great source of his wealth, the Low Countries, were in a most unprosperous state of discontent.

The great Flemish nobles were growing unmanageable, being

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kept from any real share in administration; the merchants would not have paid for another war, much less a religious one in France; the cities wanted to manage their own affairs; the people were naturally stirred up by anyone with a political or economic or religious grievance. Nearly all the agitation, whatever the motive, was in the name of the true faith. The cry that roused men to a fighting pitch in that age was religion, as in another century it would be national honour and later liberty and still later humanity. So the Flemings cried out about their immortal souls, but while comparatively few refused to go to mass, nearly all dodged taxes and opposed the government. A great national revolution was in the making, charged with the involved forces, passions, desires and fears that always complicate such a phenomenon, but to Philip it was very simple. His information was that the trouble was entirely fomented by jealous magnates such as Egmont and Orange, who were probably heretics at heart, and by Protestant villains seeking to undermine Church and State. So said Granvelle and Margaret. What the nobles said for themselves and their countrymen meant little to a man who had never liked them and was easily convinced that they were lying traitors.

They were raising their main outcry against serving in a council where they were over-ruled by the foreigner, Granvelle. They pretended to believe that the minister's unpopular measures were not the King's. To a Spaniard the objectors seemed merely a noisy, sottish crew who formed their complaints, parties and cabals at banquets where everybody drank too much. They took their factional name, "the Beggars," from a drunken toast given in circumstances which no one present remembered very clearly. Naturally the temperate Philip and his Spanish advisers despised them. But for all their rich living there was a good deal of talent among them and in the end, still preserving the fiction that Philip was blameless, their agitation upset the nation so much that he was obliged to withdraw the hated Cardinal. By a long, involved bit of deception which necessitated a voluminous correspondence with Granvelle, Margaret

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and the chief nobles, he managed to save his face. The minister went home to visit his mother, and the nobles had won the first round.

It was not in Philip's nature to display the anger he felt. He was, indeed, careful to dissemble it altogether. Orange, whom he rightly regarded as the soul of discontent and whom he suspected of darkest crimes since his marriage to Anne, daughter of the Emperor's betrayer, Maurice of Saxony, he addressed as "My cousin" and begged the favour of the Prince's famous master cook's services. He wrote two very cordial letters to Egmont, one expressing pleasure at the idea of his visiting Spain, the other politely asking him not to come. Margaret was to deliver which she thought best.

He believed that as a result of these men's plots, the faith and his budget were in danger. As even his normal expenditures began to rise above his diminishing receipts, he found himself driven to extraordinary outlays. As the Catholic champion, he supported refugees from England, sent money and Italian troops to help put down Huguenots in France, paid pensions to most of the statesmen of Europe. He even financed a very nice little conspiracy to end the Bourbon claim to Navarre. Jeanne d'Albret and her son, Henry, were staying in their mountain capital of Béarn, and the French governor of Guyenne undertook to kidnap them and turn them into Spain to be dealt with by the Inquisition. Just as the blow was about to fall, Jeanne took alarm and the attempt had to be abandoned. Philip never knew that the warning which saved his enemies came from his wife, who had liked Jeanne in France.

The Catholic champion, while engaged in these holy works, was drifting into a quarrel with another Pope. Pius had decided after long deliberation that the ambassador of the Most Christian King of France took precedence over the representative of His Catholic Majesty of Spain. Philip entered into a long, acrimonious debate on the subject of this injustice. He was highly insulted, for the boy, Charles IX, had at his mother's direction signed a treaty which ended the first of a series of religious wars by granting a measure of

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toleration to Huguenots. Philip was outraged that such a traitor to the faith was preferred to his own orthodox self, but Pius knew Spain was safe for Catholicism; he was not so sure of France, and he preferred to conciliate Catherine de Medici. This, Philip wrote, was "so foreign to all reason and what I hoped from His Holiness and what he owed to the respect and love and obedience I have always had and still have for him" that he recalled his ambassador. The Spanish Cardinal Pacheco remained to represent Philip "in those matters which touch on our obedience to the Pope and the Holy See for we wish never to fail in exhibiting such obedience for any cause." But the quarrel was too bad. Pius had practically promised to make Don Juan a Cardinal as soon as the young man was old enough. Now that arrangement was out of the question and the Emperor's wish that his son enter holy orders went unfulfilled.

Furthermore, Pius took it into his head to be most unobliging in the matter of Carranza. He refused to give the Inquisition complete control over the case, as Philip asked. The Pope insisted that the evidence be sent to him and he would pronounce sentence himself. Philip ignored repeated demands for the testimony — there were limits to his obedience after all — and Pius despatched a most distinguished embassy, which included three future Popes, to decide the case. Cardinal Buoncampagni, who was in charge, proved a most intractable person and would not yield to the Holy Office. He was still wrangling with the King over procedure when he heard that Pius was dead. The Papal embassy rushed off, but too late to take part in the new election.

Through all the unpleasantness, Philip was soothed by a great pious undertaking which was entirely his own. He had at last fixed on the site for his offering to Saint Lawrence. The Court was greatly surprised by his choice, the little village of Escorial, not far from Madrid but without a decent house in it and set in bare, wild, almost inaccessible hills. To this unpromising spot he transported fifty Jeronymite monks for the monastery and an army of workmen from all over Spain to build "the eighth wonder of the world." His

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favourite architect, Juan Bautista de Toledo, who had studied in Italy, designed an enormous edifice, and His Majesty spent a great deal more time than he could really afford going over the plans, riding to Escorial to see the work, writing long instructions on how the labourers were to behave. No brawler, no drunkard, no user of oaths or shirker of religious devotions was permitted to wield pick or hammer in the construction of this house of God.

When the King went to visit them, he lodged in a house that was far from weather-proof, but he did not mind. He was gratifying two passions at once, his piety and his love of building. Among his missions in life was the counteracting of the ornate style of architecture popular with his countrymen. Everything he built was simple, owing its beauty to excellence of line rather than to elaborate profusion of decoration. He knew how to attain this effect. The royal hand traced many corrections, wrote many suggestions upon Toledo's plans, and with a speed surprising in Spain the enormous structure began to take shape. Everything about it struck the observers of the day as unique. Its form was that of the gridiron on which Saint Lawrence was toasted. Its size was beyond the imagination of most men. And wonder of wonders, its workmen were paid in cash and promptly! The expense was a large factor in the builder's money troubles, but whoever else had to wait, the labourers in Escorial were paid.

To Philip it was worth the cost in peace of mind. When Isabella suffered another miscarriage, when news came that one Captain John Hawkins was off on a most suspicious looking cruise, when Flemish nobles cried out against foreign rule and Flemish burghers talked about their rights, when Uncle Ferdinand died, when Carlos insulted members of a state council to which he had been admitted for a lesson in government, when the Castilian Cortes, protesting against the sale of offices, exportation of gold or use of coaches, kept His Majesty up night after night until one or two o'clock, when the Aragon Cortes refused to vote money until promised an inquiry into certain unpopular practices of the Inquisition, when at the age of

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thirty-six he began to be afflicted by the family curse of gout, when interest on government loans rose, when hundreds of applicants clamoured for dozens of jobs, in fact whenever Philip felt more than usually the weight of the burden he had assumed, he eased the load by taking his Council, his secretaries and his papers up into the mountains. After hearing mass, he would have himself carried in a sedan chair to a height overlooking Escorial. Here with a telescope to his eye, he would watch the vast pile of stone and the hurrying workmen. Politics, human problems, domestic worries became very remote and unreal. The only actualities at such moments were the splendid building below, the quiet and peace on this rocky peak and the near presence of God.

XVI

The Triumph of the Cross

WHILE His Majesty was taking comfort thus, his people were thrown into a panic by a new menace rising in the East. Travelling on the wings of the swiftest galleys came word that the Sultan was preparing the mightiest fleet the world had ever seen, that as soon as spring came it would sail westward against the infidel. The Christian Mediterranean was in a pitiable state of fear. For more years than anyone could remember, Turkey had been supreme at sea. Venice was out-classed by Solyman's squadrons. Spain and Naples, hard put to it to defend their shores from mere pirates, could hardly hope to oppose a Turkish fleet. The wildest rumours flew from port to port. Everyone was sure his city had been marked for destruction.

Of all the princes affected, Philip remained the least excited, although most of his dominions invited attack. He considered what was to be done in the same passionless way in which he arranged a reception for Count Egmont, on his way from Flanders, or prepared Isabella for a journey she was to take to meet her mother, or weighed the claims of applicants for judgeships. All these problems to him were paper problems, and he did not see that one set of documents was any more exciting than another.

His refusal to join in the general alarm was justified on two counts. One was that he and his family could hardly be affected in their private lives by any navy. The other was that the Sultan had planned his expedition against an organization which was as annoying to him as were the Barbary corsairs to Philip — the mili-

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tary Order of the Knights of St. John. This hangover from the Crusades devoted its zeal to fighting the Moslem and preying upon his commerce. Warlike adventurers with a religious bent flocked to its standard, and its galleys were the terror of Turkish captains. Originally established at Rhodes, it had resisted successive Sultans who tried to dislodge it from such a strategic haven in the heart of the Turkish empire. Solyman at last accomplished the task, but Charles gave the homeless Order the island of Malta, and from there they continued their raids in the old manner. The Sultan now paid them the compliment of sending his mighty armada against them.

The knights, informed of the expedition's objective, appealed to Christendom for support. They counted on Philip most of all for his father had been their patron, and he promised to rush to the rescue. All through the early spring the Turks mustered their forces, Malta polished its arms and Philip wrote innumerable letters commanding reinforcements to be sent to the Order. No other prince did so much, but Philip's system of administration was not designed for speed. When every plan had to be referred back to Madrid for his marginal notes, even the energetic Don Garcia de Toledo, Viceroy of Sicily, who was in charge of the relief work, could hardly act swiftly.

While Don Garcia chafed at the delay, Philip was entertaining Count Egmont with a show which completely deceived that brave but not very intelligent nobleman. Banquets almost in the Flemish manner were given to him. The King rode with him, dined with him, showed him art treasures, drove with him to the gardens of Segovia and the Escorial, affected an interest in finding suitable husbands for Egmont's eight daughters, gave him expensive presents, lodged him in Ruy Gomez's splendid palace. The Count quite neglected to make the strong, vigorous, unequivocal protests against royal policy with which he had been entrusted by his colleagues. He explained away as meaningless jests the drunken agitation against Granvelle; he ventured a few mild doubts as to the wisdom of severe enforcement of the anti-heresy laws which were driving

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valuable Protestant workers out of the country; he suggested that the Council of State might be enlarged to include more Flemings. He did not denounce the corruption of the Flemish administration, worse than usual at this time as Granvelle and his lieutenants had been getting rich. He did not inform the King that episcopal inquisitors were terrorizing the country, killing people for their wealth rather than for their religious convictions, so that rich Catholics were in more danger than poor Protestants.

Philip, for his part, was unwontedly frank with Egmont. He told the Count he would not alter his father's edicts if it cost every drop of blood in the Netherlands. Nor would he make such changes in the Flemish Council as the nobles desired. They wanted more power than he himself possessed, he said, and he charged the envoy to go home and work for the maintenance of the royal authority. The visitor, accepting the royal reception rather than the royal words as indication of His Majesty's intentions, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

Philip was glad to get rid of the fellow and turn to the letters about Malta. A new complication had arisen. Moors in Spain, living in constant dread of persecution, despised and degraded by their conquerors, had for years been aiding their co-religionists who raided the coasts from Africa. Now some of them were urging the Turks to invade Spain as soon as Malta fell. The fact of the conspiracy was discovered but not its extent. It was said thirty thousand would rise in arms the day the Turks landed, and the danger seemed unpleasantly close. Philip sent out more letters urging speed in the relief of Malta and invited suggestions for bringing the Moors into the true church. The grandees were arming their vassals in fear of these possible rebels, but the King was reading a long report proposing that they be converted "in a Christian manner such as God and the apostles used for converting the Gentiles, to wit by preaching and instruction." Once that had been done properly, said the report, the Inquisition could handle the situation, but first the bulk of the Moors would have to be won by education and kindness.

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"State exactly the quantity of money necessary for this purpose and how it should be distributed," Philip commented.

An undue share of his correspondence was also being taken up with a family gathering which he would by no means attend. Catherine de' Medici had been most urgent that Philip should come with Isabella to the reunion at Bayonne on the frontier, but the King did not trust his mother-in-law. She was too friendly with heretics. For example, she actually protested when a Spanish squadron destroyed a French colony which Admiral Coligny had sent to Florida. The Queen knew such ventures were forbidden; besides, Coligny and the colonists were Huguenots. Philip thought it most unbecoming of her to intercede for them, although he felt politeness and international good will warranted his writing a note expressing his regret for the unfortunate incident. But on the margin of the Spanish captain's report, he noted:

"Tell him that as far as those killed are concerned he did well, and let those he spared be sent to the galleys."

Naturally he had no wish to meet a woman who was capable of befriending such miscreants. In any case, he did not like to mix business with pleasure. He sent Alba to Bayonne to talk politics while Isabella was entrusted with matrimonial negotiations. The instructions he gave them took almost as much time as if he had gone himself. In the first place it was to be distinctly understood that no French Protestants should be present. Catherine proposed an exception in the person of the Prince of Condé lest his party suspect something was being planned against them. Philip, who hoped for such plans, retorted that it would be a reproach to him if his wife so much as spoke to a Protestant. Condé, Prince of the Blood though he was, stayed at home.

In the midst of a heat so intense that six soldiers fell dead in their armour, Isabella with tears and happy cries rejoined her mother. She heard all the news of Paris; she was relieved of some of the burdensome Spanish formality; she saw old friends; she danced and played games and was happy. But she did not neglect her husband's in-

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structions. Her sister was not to have Carlos; King Charles should have Elizabeth, a younger daughter of Maximilian, and there was no Hapsburg princess at all for Catherine's darling Henry, for whom she had wanted Philip's sister. On the political side, Alba would offer support only if France agreed to rigid suppression of Protestantism. Isabella assured her mother that if this were done, she could have what she would from Philip, but Catherine's religious zeal was slight and all her life she was a devotee only of her children's advancement and the principle that she ought to keep two strong parties at Court so that she could hold the balance between them.

The net result of the talk and expectation was that the Huguenots were sure something had been plotted against them and Philip discovered how much he loved his wife. They had been married five years but had never been separated for more than a day or two. Now she was gone nearly three weeks, and Philip was lonely in the midst of his documents. He was so happy to welcome her back that young Don Juan, who had run away to fight the Turks and been dragged back, was kindly received.

Juan, warned that the King was very angry with him for behaving as if he had no royal blood in him, returned to Court the day Isabella rejoined her husband and flung himself at his brother's feet. Philip forgot that he had been annoyed. He raised the boy kindly and told him to kiss the Queen's hand.

Don Juan's escapade had reflected popular interest. The whole world seemed to have no other occupation than waiting for the news from Malta. Not since the crusades had East and West been locked in such a glorious struggle. Week after week the finest Turkish troops rolled in solid waves upon the forts of the Order and were dashed back again. Each wave wore away a little of the defences until the only correspondence with the besieged was carried by Maltese swimmers who on dark nights swam the gauntlet of the Turkish fleet with appealing messages. Philip's replies, if they had reached the island, would not have been encouraging. His Majesty adjured the knights to cling to their faith in God, whose battles they

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were fighting. The King was sure the Lord would not forget His own. As for himself, he assured them of his affection and desire to be of service. He would write again to Don Garcia. He had said this so often before that it could hardly have sounded convincing to men who, on a very thin diet, were fighting by day and rebuilding ramparts by night.

Nevertheless, Philip was doing his best and so was his viceroy. It was easier for the King to order the collection of men, ships and stores than for Don Garcia to supply them. While friends of the Order criticized, Toledo struggled against poverty and the difficulty of transporting large bodies of men without proper sanitary or commissary arrangements. He strained his credit and that of his master, and when at last he did get an expedition together, a storm broke it to pieces and there was still more delay.

Late in the summer he put to sea again, and had the satisfaction of arriving in time to save a remnant of the starving garrison, covered with wounds and glory, and to defeat the much weakened Turkish army in a pitched battle. The Moslem fleet sailed away, and Don Garcia sat down to write Philip of the greatest victory which was ever obtained over Solyman the Magnificent. The Christian world went into ecstasies over the splendid triumph, all the more heartening after months of suspense. Everyone was talking of the heroism of the knights, their holy prowess, their contempt of danger, their prodigious feats of arms. No one could find enough adjectives to describe the glory of those who had saved Christendom from the infidel, and only Philip did not try. While others ransacked their vocabularies in vain, he was writing in the margin of Don Garcia's triumphantly exultant report of the victory:

"This letter, which is without date, ought to be of the 4 or 5 of September."

XVII

Rebellion

CHRISTIAN Europe, relieved of the Turkish menace, returned gladly to its internal quarrels. Philip's share of these disputes consisted of intensified agitation in the Netherlands, where civil strife was assuming an increasingly religious character, and a difference of opinion with still another Pope.

The King was very impatient with his sister in Brussels. She wanted to make concessions; she wanted to call the Flemish legislature to help her out of religious, political and financial difficulties; she wanted to conciliate Orange, Egmont and their friends. Philip had to write her quite sternly, whereupon she returned to obedience so faithfully that even when she relaxed a little the enforcement of the anti-heresy laws (which, indeed, were impossible of enforcement by any organization bearing the dreaded name of "Inquisition") he was not harsh. He praised her for all that she had done; it had been of great benefit to him "save only that which touches the alteration or diminution of punishment for heretics."

"You can easily see," he added, "that I take advice from no one in these affairs, because in matters so clear as are those of religion, anyone who has good intentions can see what is right, and so it is my will that you now execute my orders and imprison the heretics of whatever quality they may be."

His Majesty was more concerned about his newly strained relations with the Pope. It was discouraging that the Catholic champion should be so often at odds with successive heads of the Church, and the necessity of such opposition was the most unpleasant duty

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Philip had to perform. This particular quarrel was over Carranza, whom the King was beginning to dislike cordially. The Archbishop's revenues were hardly sufficient recompense for all the trouble he was causing. Actually, it seemed that he might escape punishment.

At first this was not apparent. Philip was unconcerned when Pius V demanded that Carranza and the papers in the case be sent to Rome. The King was prepared to ignore this as he had ignored previous demands by Pius IV. However, he soon learned that the new Pontiff was a man of unique character and abilities in his position, so unique as to earn him canonization. He was a bigot but no fool. He was a stern disciplinarian; he had, the Spanish Ambassador discovered to his regret, "no private interests" to which appeal could be made; he was a Dominican like Carranza, and he knew all about inquisitorial methods. He had been Grand Inquisitor of Rome, in which office he had displayed as much zeal as any Spaniard. But he had a sense of justice, and after he had heard Cardinal Buoncampagni's report, he sent for Carranza.

Philip simply wrote back that such a demand was most offensive and infringed upon his royal prerogative, the matter having been settled irrevocably by the previous Pope. However, to show his filial obedience to the Holy See, he offered to let Pius choose Carranza's judges as long as they were Spaniards. Otherwise, His Majesty said plainly, the primate of Spain would stay in prison until he died. Such a tone might have served with others, but this Pope refused to be so addressed. He told the Spanish Ambassador that Philip was exposing himself to the wrath of the Holy See, and the Ambassador thought he meant it.

Allowing time for his warning to sink in, Pius once more demanded the person of the Archbishop. If he was not obeyed in three months, he would excommunicate Philip and anyone else who interfered, and launch against them the displeasure of God, Peter and Paul. Inquisitor General Valdés was all for daring the

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Pope to do his worst, but Philip was not so bold. Pius took advantage of his delay to force Valdés to resign for suggesting disobedience. It became abundantly plain that this man with "no private interests" would stop at nothing. The prospect of the Catholic King being expelled for the second time from the Catholic Church dismayed Philip; how the heretics would rejoice! He yielded, but three months were not enough. It was deemed promptitude for him that in little more than twice the stipulated period Carranza started for Rome. With him went the court record. This had swelled to 40,000 pages, and the thorough Inquisition spent a good deal of valuable time mixing up the documents so that it took months to assemble them into intelligible order. Then it was discovered that some of the most important were missing and had to be sent for. The case dragged on slowly as ever, but at least the Archbishop had a comfortable prison.

Philip might have taken the defeat harder if it had come at another time. But now he was noticeably in good spirits, for he knew Isabella, after several disappointments, was going to have a child. They had a splendid advocate in Heaven, for they had done Saint Eugene a good turn and had asked him to reciprocate by giving them an heir. Eugene when a man had been Archbishop of Toledo, but as a saint his bones had been in France. Philip traded the skull of Saint Quentin for them and when the sacred relics were brought back to Spain, he knelt in the dust of the roadside to do them homage. The Saint proved grateful, for Isabella suffered no miscarriage. Philip was so pleased that he was even polite to Baron Montigny, come as envoy from dissatisfied Flemings to demand power for native nobles and cessation of religious persecution. Happy in the knowledge that his child would soon be born, Philip had no difficulty in hiding his opinion that the request was outrageous impertinence. He assured Montigny that he had nothing against anyone in the Netherlands. He said he would come to the Low Countries himself as soon as his wife had

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been confined. As earnest of his intentions, furniture and works of art without which he would not travel were sent down to Corunna to await his coming.

Even such an indication of royal benevolence did not satisfy the Flemings. Montigny was joined by the Marquis of Berghen, and they used very high language. They declared flatly that Spaniards and tools of Spaniards were ruling the land unconstitutionally and that Flemings would not be found such easy victims as Milanese and Neapolitans. They demanded, did not beg, for abolition of the Inquisition, moderation of religious laws, withdrawal of foreign officials and a free pardon for all who may have offended His Majesty. Philip controlled his anger and summoned his Flemish Council—one Fleming served on it—to Segovia where Isabella was awaiting her confinement. The Council was so horrified at the idea of subjects trying to dictate to their King that Ruy Gomez and Alba actually agreed. They could see nothing but treason in Montigny's talk, another step in the attempt to overthrow Philip's rule. However, the Prince and the Duke were not nearly so unanimous in their proposals for meeting the danger. Alba advocated blunt refusal and a show of force. Ruy Gomez suggested compromise and a show of force. He thought it might be well to abolish the Papal Inquisition if the episcopal inquisition were strengthened to do the work. He saw no harm in a promise to consider moderation after Philip arrived and a general pardon with a few exceptions.

Philip listened, taking many notes and saying nothing. He preferred the more peaceful, less straightforward policy of Ruy Gomez and adopted it with an additional refinement of his own. He wrote to Margaret along the lines the Prince of Eboli suggested, but immediately after he went to a notary and swore that he did not give the promise of pardon freely and would not be bound by it—a common device of royalty in those days. Then, in spite of the quarrel over Carranza, he hastened to assure the Pope that of course only His Holiness could abolish the Papal Inquisi-

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tion and he, Philip, would never pardon any offender against the faith.

"Before allowing any backsliding in religion or in the service of God," he wrote, "I will lose all my dominions and a hundred lives if I had them, for I will never be a ruler of heretics."

It was small wonder that the Netherlands were not easily pacified, for such incidents did not remain secret. The astute William of Orange had extremely able spies in Spain—their salaries helped get him so deeply in debt—and usually obtained a very good idea of the royal intentions even when he did not get copies of the royal correspondence.

The day after Philip thought he had settled Flanders a daughter was born to him, but his joy in the event was brief for Isabella nearly died. Philip was in an agony of fear while the nation rejoiced and was gay. Then, although the Queen was improving, His Majesty remained away from the elaborate christening ceremonies by which the child was given the names of Isabella (for her mother) Clara (for the saint on whose day she was born) Eugenie (for the saint to whom thanks were due). The father's only share in the proceedings was to settle a bitter quarrel between the Bishop of Segovia and the Archbishop of Santiago, each of whom claimed the honour of baptizing the Princess. Philip decided against both, and asked the Papal Nuncio to officiate.

On less public occasions Philip derived pleasure from contemplating his child. He took obvious pride in the strong healthy infant, for the Court at this time was remarkable for neither quality. A contagious fever swept through the palace that summer, and at one time the King, Queen, heir apparent and even the robust Don Juan were suffering from it.

Philip, though kept in bed, had no respite from toil. Into his sickroom came letters which roused him as words were seldom able to do. The letters described how Protestant mobs in the Netherlands had sacked and desecrated churches throughout the land, answering persecution with a burst of mob violence that threw the

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Brussels government into a panic. Margaret wrote that most of the nobles were heretics and would never rest until they had control of the country. She said they were plotting to kill her, that they proposed a massacre of all Catholics, that they had offered to divide the Low Countries between France and the German princes from whom they expected help. The truth, that Orange and Egmont were pacifying the country, Egmont with a ferocity which would have satisfied an Inquisitor, would not have been believed in Madrid even if news of it had penetrated so far.

Philip was so stirred that he came to an immediate decision. Perhaps it was the fever, perhaps the keen sense of outrage which this wanton sacrilege aroused. Ill as he was, he called for a pen and wrote orders commanding the most experienced Spanish veterans to be assembled in Milan for a march to Flanders. The blasphemers should be exterminated to the greater glory of God, and Alba should have his way. Indeed, Alba should execute his own policy; Philip from this moment abandoned any intention he may have had of going to the Netherlands. Never would he live among people who profaned God's altars. However, he did not tell this to the people most concerned. Even to Margaret he said he would be coming soon to "exercise all humanity, sweetness and grace, avoiding all harshness."

The sort of "humanity, sweetness and grace" which he was contemplating might be expected to occupy all Philip's energies, as the army would need both money and orders. Yet the King of Spain was hardly ever permitted to handle only one crisis at a time. While Alba got ready for his work in the north, Philip was preparing a great deal of trouble for himself nearer home.

Perhaps least of all his worries at this time was what Carlos might think of him. He had given the young man up. He had decided that his son was fit for no trust, and he did not care that Carlos hated him for it. In sane moments, and he had a good many, the Prince was ambitious, eager for big things, generous and rather knowing. Mad or sane he was candid, sarcastic, tactless. He was

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furious with his father for not giving him power, and he had counted on the Netherlands. When he found that Alba was going instead, he fell into such a rage that he attempted to stab the Duke. The old soldier was obliged to lay rude hands on royalty, holding the Prince tightly but easily, for Carlos was not strong, until the arrival of servants enabled him to withdraw.

Such a son might be expected to give trouble to any father, but Philip spent more time considering another problem and one which he was to inflame more directly — the Morisco question. He had at last read as many papers as he wanted on the subject. He had also been given an estimate of the cost of educating hundreds of thousands of a scattered mountain people. It was prohibitive, and though the example of the apostles had much to recommend it, more modern methods were deemed better suited to the circumstances. Instead of teaching Moriscos the blessings of Christianity, Philip decided to deprive them of the memory of Mohammedanism. In November, 1566, he signed an edict forbidding the use of Arabic, banning Moorish dress, decreeing the destruction of the numerous baths which distinguished their owners from Christians, providing the heaviest penalties for the most innocent Moorish customs.

In deciding on compulsion for Moors and Flemings, Philip for the first time in his life ignored Ruy Gomez on a matter of importance. In both these cases, he thought, his friend had permitted his zeal for the King to overbalance his sense of duty to God. Yet Ruy Gomez was prophetic. He said Alba would drive the Flemings to revolt, the suppression of which would gain nothing and cost much. He predicted that rebellion would follow interference with Morisco habits.

He was answered not only by Alba but by a cleverer debater, Cardinal Espinosa, a man in whom Philip was placing a great deal of trust. Espinosa was greedy, ambitious and smooth, very smooth. He had earned and intrigued his way up from humble beginnings to the Sacred College and a place at the King's right

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hand. Philip liked his untiring energy, love of work and agreeable manner of finding excellent, holy reasons for anything the King desired. President of the Councils of the Indies and Castile, he succeeded Valdés as Inquisitor General and was eager to prove his quality in that office. He combatted the Prince of Eboli's arguments with written opinions that the Moriscos were too peaceful and submissive to revolt. This was the view of priests who had lived long among them. Ruy Gomez countered with warnings that they had been a warlike race and might prove to be so again if pushed too far. This was the view of soldiers who had lived long among them. Neither side mentioned the fact that when Granada surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella, the inhabitants had been guaranteed religious freedom. That treaty had been violated so often as to be quite forgotten.

It took Philip some time to incline to the view of the priests, "the wise and learned men," he called them, but he did so at last largely because he had little regard for the views of military men. He had no doubts of success as the Inquisitor went south and Alba, taking Carranza to Italy, set off to rule the Netherlands by terror and blood. The Duke carried a commission giving him all the powers he could use, even to the supplanting of Margaret, and very minute instructions for arresting men Philip had been told were leaders of the revolt—Orange, Egmont, Count Horn and a dozen more. Philip undertook to deal himself with two others, Berghen and Montigny, in Spain. Publicly he preserved the fiction that he was soon coming in person to bring peace and happiness to the country; Alba was simply to prepare the way.

He did not mean it; he was not even believed, although he tried to lend verisimilitude to his narrative by ordering public prayers for his safe voyage. Whereupon the cynical Carlos, despising his parent's lack of enterprise, produced a book. It was entitled "The Great and Admirable Voyages of King Philip." Page one read: "From Madrid to the Prado, from the Prado to the Escorial, from the Escorial to Aranjuez, from Aranjuez to Segovia, from

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Segovia to Madrid." The other pages were blank. There was, as the French Ambassador reported, "a wonderful indignation and dissatisfaction between the Catholic King and the Prince, his son, and if the father hates him, the son hates the father no less."

Philip's share in the pacification of the Low Countries was not very great once he had given Alba his orders. He wrote a friendly letter to Egmont, whose death warrant he had signed. He reproved Margaret for being so weak as to promise hanging for heretics who deserved burning. He ordered a watch kept on Berghen and Montigny to prevent them from leaving Spain. Berghen fell sick, and when it was reported he was dying, the King wrote a note to Ruy Gomez, "not to be opened or read in the presence of the bearer." The Prince of Eboli was instructed to visit the sick man and promise him he might go home, if it were plain he could not recover. If there was a chance for him, he was only to be given hopes of freedom. If he died, his funeral was to be on such a scale as to make plain to the world the King's regret and the esteem in which His Majesty held Flemish nobles. However, his estate was to be confiscated in case a posthumous trial should convict him of treason. Berghen died, was interred with solemn splendour and his estate sequestered. A little later Philip received word that Alba had imprisoned all the Flemish nobles he could lay hands upon, including Egmont and Horn but not the wily Orange, who had betaken himself to Germany and declared himself a Lutheran. The King took this as a signal to send Montigny to prison.

Philip thought things were working out very well, although he was sorry Orange had escaped. He felt free to devote himself to the routine of administration, the machinery of which ran more and more slowly as he fell further and further behind, to devote himself to good works at home, to visit the Escorial more often. He took an interest in the new order of Carmelite nuns which Theresa of Avila was founding, and he thought so highly of her that he requested her prayers for himself and his kingdom. He appointed Don Juan General of the Spanish galleys and sent the

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delighted youth off to fight pirates. He requested the Inquisition to provide more rowers and for a term of at least four years, since short time convicts were not worth their keep. Blasphemy, he said, merited the galleys, so Juan's fleet came to be propelled largely by miserable sinners who had been heard to exclaim "By God's life!" and "May it spite God!" To offset such harshness, Philip asked the Pope to authorize the Inquisition to show leniency to backsliders into Judaism. He resolved to try persuasion on the remnants of that faith, and for three years they escaped with only penances such as were given for the more trifling sins, no fines or imprisonment or death.

His Majesty was hoping his reward would be an heir worthy to succeed him. Isabella was soon to have another child, and while Alba's pitiless, sanguinary regime crushed the Netherlands into temporarily helpless, dumb submission, Philip prayed to his God to recognize such holy zeal by vouchsafing so good a King the boon of a son. If granted, Carlos would be set aside in the succession; Ruy Gomez told the French Ambassador so in almost plain language, and Ruy Gomez talked to diplomats only as Philip instructed him.

The child was a girl, and again Philip hid his disappointment. He did not want his wife worried about this failure to produce a male heir, and the evening the baby was born he wrote Catherine de' Medici, begging her to avoid distressing Isabella with expressions of the regret he knew she would feel, for Catherine's passion was to see her descendants on thrones.

"I can assure you that she is very well, happy and content," he said, "although I believe she would be more so if the child had been a boy, and part of this comes from the thought that Your Majesty will not be pleased. I am so glad to see her in such good health that everything appears and will appear very well to me. I beseech Your Majesty to regard it in the same light, for if not I fear it will lead to much grief of which, I know, Your Majesty does not wish to be the cause."

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The girl was named Catherine, and Carlos rejoiced that he was not to be supplanted, for he had learned of his father's plan. The young man thought he ought to look to himself, however, and he determined to defend his rights before the Queen bore a son. He made a very poor sort of conspirator. He talked so wildly at times and had so many grandiose schemes dancing through his head that no one was quite sure what he meant to do. He had been heard to express sympathy with the Flemings. He had borrowed a great deal of money. He talked of many things so excitedly that his language could be interpreted to mean almost anything, anything damaging. Then two days before Christmas of 1567, he began talking to some purpose. The King was in the Escorial for his devotions and the ceremonies of installing the monks in their quarters. Carlos thought it was a good opportunity to fly from Spain. He proposed to use his father's ships, and to get them he took Don Juan into his confidence. Uncle and nephew had always been friends, and Juan had all the Spanish galleys at his disposal.

"What can you hope from the King?" Carlos urged him. "See how he treats me, his son! He will leave you in obscurity always, but I will give you the Kingdom of Naples or Milan."

It was a shrewd offer, for Juan was ambitious. But he was also wise. He knew Philip liked him; at twenty he was General of the Sea; he could not complain. Without committing himself one way or the other to Carlos, he galloped off to the Escorial and told Philip all about it. The King listened and was far more calm than he had been when he heard of churches desecrated in Antwerp. Quite characteristically, he advised delay. He would not interrupt his devotions, which took three weeks at this season. He wanted, too, to see the monastery church consecrated, to attend the jubilee services for the accession of Pope Pius, to assist at the profession of a new friar.

Thanks to Juan's procrastination on his return to Madrid and the difficulty of raising money, the King's alliance with Time was justified. Carlos was still in the capital when his father returned,

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although Philip had moved leisurely, stopping a day at the Pardo. He and Carlos greeted each other as usual — with few words and no apparent feeling.

That night the Prince dropped all dignity. First he begged Juan on his knees for a galley. Then he attacked his uncle with a dagger. Again he was foiled by superior strength, and retired despairing to his room. His only hope now was flight, but he did not know where he could go. Next day on the way back from mass, which he and the King heard together, he commanded the post-master to have horses ready at midnight. The official, long since warned not to permit the Prince to travel, sent all his mounts out of town and notified Philip.

An hour before Carlos had planned to begin his flight, five gentlemen were gathered in the royal study. The King, Ruy Gomez, Don Antonio de Toledo, the Duke of Feria and Luis Quixada were discussing what to do with Carlos. He was known to sleep with arms at his side, and sudden parleying with him might be attended by some danger. Feria was willing to try, and the debate was unusually brief considering that Philip had a part in it. After only a few minutes, His Majesty rose and called for his armour; for he had decided to share the danger. He sighed as they buckled his helmet — he had not worn such garb save in a painter's studio since the day Saint Quentin fell — and at the head of the little party he walked slowly through the empty stone corridors, down the stairs to his son's apartment.

XVIII

A Paternal Sacrifice

NEXT morning Philip was at his desk writing letters. Outside the palace, Madrid buzzed with excitement. The story of the night had become public property, and men described as graphically as if they had been there how Feria crept up to the sleeping Prince and pilfered his weapons, how Philip advanced to announce that he must now deal with Carlos as a King not as a father, how Carlos had sprung from bed reaching for the pistol that was no longer there, how he vowed he would kill himself.

"That would be the act of a madman," said Philip sternly and with so much meaning that the Prince thought he knew why he had been seized.

"But I am not mad," he cried, "I am only desperate!"

It had been a painful interview, a regrettable scene, with Carlos weeping and cursing and throwing himself about until he was left alone. And now Philip sat, alternately writing and dictating. For once all the letters had the same subject, the one subject the world would talk about for weeks, Don Carlos. The world would know Philip's version first, for he had left word before he went to bed that no mail save his own should leave Madrid for three days. He was informing grandees, cities, viceroys, ambassadors and foreign potentates that unnamed disorders in his son's life had made it necessary to place him under restraint, but only temporarily, for his own good and that of the country. To a few select personages he was apparently more frank, but hardly more informative.

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"It is not a punishment nor a means to make him reform his disorderly conduct and excesses," he explained to his revered aunt, Catherine of Portugal, Carlos' grandmother, "for if it were there would be a limit to it, but I never hope to see my son restored to his right mind. Your Highness will realize as a mother how painful this is to me, but I have chosen in this matter to make a sacrifice to God of my own flesh and blood, preferring His service and the universal good to all other considerations. Old and new reasons have obliged me to act thus, and they are so many and so grave that I cannot tell them, nor could Your Highness hear them, without renewing the pain."

To Alba he confided that "considering the obligation I owe to the service of God and the good of Christianity and of my realms and states, I have not been able to avoid taking this step." He would, he assured the Duke, have passed over offences against himself, but these were not the worst.

"As you understand the condition and nature of the Prince and his mode of conduct, it will not be necessary to go into detail with you to justify the action I have taken in his case."

These were the most detailed accounts His Majesty deigned to furnish anyone. Ruy Gomez was commissioned to make the round of the foreign ambassadors with much the same tale. But the diplomats were told that the King had taken this step "hoping thereby somewhat to mollify the extremity of the Prince's stubborn stomach, and to reduce him to better conformity and humane behaviour, wherein His Majesty shall see certain hope of good amendment, he means to deal with him accordingly." Such vague remarks quite failed to satisfy the world's curiosity. The world wanted details, scandalous if possible. None were forthcoming. When pressed for news, Philip replied there was no more to be said, and his tone gave no encouragement to ask again. Ruy Gomez was in charge of the prisoner with strict instructions that those who guarded and served Carlos were to keep their mouths shut. The Prince of Eboli was a remarkable man. He arranged matters so



DON CARLOS

"Of a sullen, cruel mode, much misliked and feared."

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that not one of his subordinates said a word. The heir to the throne was as completely immured as if he had been in the hands of the Inquisition.

However, if the guards would not talk, the rest of the world did. The rest of the world was not to be balked of its passion for details, even if it had to make them up. Consequently it was given out as a fact that the Prince was in fetters, that he had repeatedly tried to commit suicide, that he was a Protestant, that he had plotted to kill the King, that he was a raving lunatic, that he was a deeply wronged martyr suffering unjustly while his tyrant father trembled at every noise lest it herald a rescue, that Carlos was alternately gorging and fasting, freezing and roasting. How much of this, if any, was truth, no one knew. Philip did institute some sort of a process at which evidence was taken under the superintendence of Ruy Gomez, but the record is almost the only state paper of the reign not preserved at Simancas where Philip established a depository of such documents.

He was behaving as if he had never had a son, although he made in these months only one very short visit to Aranjuez and none at all to his favourite retreats, the Escorial, the Pardo or Segovia. But his work did not suffer. He read with approval that Alba had begun the trial of Egmont, expected to confiscate enough rebel, heretic property to pay his expenses and remit a tidy sum to Spain, had ordered Orange to come back to Brussels. He read without appreciation William's reply:

"Your Excellency has requested my presence, but I consider myself of so little worth that I am unable to understand what use I could be to you. You assure me, giving me your word of honour, that I may appear without risk of harm; this assurance does not assure me. It is possible, for example, that if I do as you order, His Majesty might command that I be executed, owing to false evidence he may have received. In such a case Your Excellency would be obliged to obey the order or lose your life for not doing so. I therefore think that I should be doing you a better service not to

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put you in such a position. It is not that I consider myself of so much worth, but that I may be able to serve Your Excellency, whom I salute."

It was with even less appreciation that Philip read a call to arms which William, as sovereign Prince of Orange, issued "to show our love for the monarch and his hereditary provinces, to prevent the desolation hanging over the country by the ferocity of the Spaniards, to maintain the privileges sworn by His Majesty and his predecessors, to prevent the extinction of all religion and to save the sons and daughters of the land from abject slavery."

Philip read, too, of Huguenot strength in France and a suggestion by Cardinal Lorraine, brother of the Duke of Guise, that Philip help the Catholics because if King Charles and his brothers died, Isabella would be ruler of France, since the Salic Law was "a pleasantry which arms could overthrow." Philip thought this last "a point on which it seems to me well to reflect," but meantime for the sake of religion, Alba ought to send the desired assistance.

"It may be a bad burlesque to throw fire into another's house while one's own is burning," the Duke replied, and he was saved from such grim jesting by Queen Catherine, who made peace with the Huguenots.

Philip was also reading about England. He was beginning — only beginning — to think something ought to be done about Elizabeth, protector of heretics and pirates. His reading matter was a translation, for which he sent to Rome, of the entire record of Henry VIII's divorce, upon the validity of which rested Elizabeth's claim to legitimacy. In intervals of other work, he pored over the lengthy arguments of that doubtfully legal process which had done so much to lose England for the true religion. This reading was enlivened by a letter from London announcing that the Queen was about to demand for her Ambassador the right to practise his religion privately, as the Spanish envoy did in England. Unless Philip wished to see his capital profaned by diabolical rites, or

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get into a row with Elizabeth, he must act more quickly than was his custom. He acted.

Dean Man of Gloucester, the English Ambassador of the moment, was a married Churchman, which shocked all pious Spaniards almost as much as his indiscreet comments on the religion of the country to which he was accredited. His staff warned him, but Man had the free tongue of the confirmed theological controversialist, and he gave Philip plenty of excuse, according to the usage of the day, for sending him away and writing Elizabeth that he would welcome any spokesman of hers who could keep a civil tongue in his head.

He found a more congenial occupation in composing a letter of the sort of advice he loved to give. It was for the guidance of Don Juan, now at twenty-one elevated to the supreme command of all the King's forces, not only the Spanish, at sea. Philip wrote in his own hand a work of some seven thousand words, covering everything Juan need know except the actual business of fighting. There was advice on handling all sorts of men from viceroys, who were to be treated respectfully, to galley slaves, who were to be given as much consideration as the nature of their crimes permitted. The young commander was to maintain the dignity of his position, see that his men were properly fed and clothed, provide a physician and a chaplain for each squadron, keep his ships in repair and his artillery in working order — an item many generals were apt to neglect. He was warned against permitting his men to loot friends of Spain, and he was instructed as to the division of any spoil that might be taken.

The longest directions, and those which it gave Philip most pleasure to write, concerned the souls of the sailors and their new chief. Juan must lead a religious life and confess regularly. He was to be sure all his men did the same, and if the dread crime of heresy should be discovered, he should follow the Inquisition's directions for dealing with it.

“Swearing without very strict and compelling necessity is much

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to be reproved," his brother informed him, without adding that it would be punished if the Inquisition heard of it, "in men and women of all classes, and it injures their reputations, especially of men of high rank, in whom it is most unbecoming and detrimental to their credit, dignity and authority. Wherefore I charge you to be careful in this matter of swearing and in no way to use oaths by the name of God and other extraordinary oaths, which are not used and ought not to be used by persons of your quality, and that you let the same be understood by all the gentlemen and other persons who attend you, both by example and precept, that they may conform."

Fortified by this advice, Don Juan sailed away again against the pirates, and for a few months kept the coast quite clear of them, a much applauded feat, more welcome to Spaniards than the news that Alba, having hastily executed Egmont and Count Horn with almost no show of justice, had wiped out the German mercenary army which Orange had sent to free the Netherlands.

Philip was very proud of his young brother. He admired Juan's dash and flashy courage, admiration untinged by envy since he had no desire to possess these qualities himself. His pleasure in the youth's success was more than balanced, however, by more worry over Carlos. Just when, after six months, the world was beginning to forget the Prince in his lonely prison from which no news came, physicians were seen going into his apartments, and tongues started wagging again.

"The King is much grieved because if he die the world will talk," wrote the French Ambassador.

Five days later Carlos was dead, and gossip was unleashed. Philip's enemies insisted he had murdered the Prince, for it was such an obvious solution of his difficulties, and indeed close confinement was as good as murder to a constitution such as that from which Carlos suffered. Suspicion was reinforced by the fact that the King was known to be hopeful of a son to take the dead man's place, for Isabella was pregnant again. Nevertheless, he expressed

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proper regret. He let it be known that Carlos had made a very pious end, begging his father's forgiveness, and was now in Heaven. He did not deny the story that he had visited the unconscious prisoner to give him a paternal benediction.

"You may conceive," he wrote to Alba, "in what pain and heaviness I find myself now that it has pleased God to take my dear son, the Prince, to Himself. He died in a Christian manner after having three days before received the sacrament and exhibited repentance and contrition, all of which serves to console me under this affliction. For I hope that God has called him to Himself, that he may be with Him evermore, and that He will grant me His grace that I may endure this calamity with a Christian heart and patience."

The last part of the prayer at least was heard. Philip displayed even more than Christian patience as he stood at a window of the palace watching the funeral procession forming in the court below. The coffin rested on the shoulders of the principal grandees of Castile. In the array of dignitaries who followed, there was some wrangling over precedence until Philip, leaning from his window, directed each man to his place. He did not leave his room as the body of his son was carried through the crowded streets for burial in San Domingo Real. Despite his non-participation, the obsequies were not scamped. Nine days the services continued in honour of Carlos and for the repose of his soul.

Two months later, Philip was in real mourning. Isabella fell ill of a mild fever and was given such violent medical treatment that she became rapidly worse. She gave birth prematurely to another daughter, who lived just long enough to be baptized. The child, with the help of the physicians, had been the death of her mother, and before daybreak Philip was in the sickroom to receive his wife's last wishes in the presence of her servants and the French Ambassador. They had all known that he loved her, but they were all surprised that this man of marble should exhibit so much feeling. The first tears they could ever remember seeing in his eyes were

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falling as he promised to be a loving father to her daughters, a good friend to her brothers and a kind master to her servants. Husband and wife murmured a few words which no one heard, and Philip retired to his own apartment, trying hard to control his sobs.

A few hours later when the doctors brought him word that Isabella of the Peace was dead, he had not yet succeeded. In great anguish, he motioned them away and, man of clerkly habits that he was, he turned for what relief he might find to his pen.

"Madam," he wrote to Catherine de' Medici, "although the grief and pain which I feel on the death of the Queen, may she be in Heaven, is so great and has left me so sad and hurt that I am really more in need of receiving sympathy than in a position to give it, the knowledge of the special grief and sadness of Your Majesty in having lost such a good daughter, who so revered, loved and esteemed Your Majesty, constrains me to write.

"Nothing was left undone in order to save her life and health, which I desired as if it were my own, yet when the hour comes which God has ordained, human remedies are worth very little, and therefore I beseech Your Majesty to console yourself as I do, considering that she is in her true kingdom and feels more pity than envy for those of us who remain here."

Many other letters, couched in the same pious vein which came so naturally to him, he wrote that day, the words flowing awkwardly but easily. It was midnight when he left his desk at last and called for Ruy Gomez, Don Juan and Ferdinand de Toledo, Alba's son. They followed him down to the palace chapel, remaining a few paces behind as he looked down, quite calm and composed now, on the features of the most beautiful and best loved Queen Spain ever had. Suddenly he dropped to his knees on the cold stone beside her, and while his companions stood, still and stiff as the forest of immense wax tapers that threw light and shadow over his bowed head, Philip Hapsburg prayed to his God.

XIX

Scruples on a Point of Honor

WHEN Philip emerged again into the world of affairs, he found that the troubles he had planted for himself were mercifully sprouting so rapidly that they took his mind off his grief. For three weeks he had really been out of the world, remembering his happiness and praying with passionate fervour. Refreshed by these joys of the spirit, he came forth to grapple with poverty and rebellion. Orange was in the Netherlands with another army; the Archduke Charles was coming with Imperial remonstrances against misgovernment in Flanders; practically all Philip's ready money was in the hands of the English, and the Moriscos grew increasingly restless as the new laws against them were promulgated one by one.

Alba was quite capable of dealing with the more obvious of these dangers, Orange's German mercenaries. He simply followed the Prince, refusing battle, until the Germans mutinied for their pay and had to be disbanded without striking a blow for freedom. Alba's own troops were dangerously near the same state, and their pay was in England. Philip had pledged every source of immediate income to raise money for the army, since Alba's confiscations did not realize the enormous expense of making them. Genoese bankers consented, on terms, to advance funds for the good work, a rich treasure of bullion, minted coin and jewels, far too tempting a cargo to escape the notice of Channel pirates. The captain of Philip's ship made the mistake of running into Plymouth to escape some Huguenot privateers, practising the trade of buccaneers under

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letters of marque from the Prince of Condé. The English authorities, with scarcely greater show of legality, packed the treasure off to a fortress. They said it would be safer there.

At this point the mismanagement of the affair began and was carried out so rapidly Philip had no chance to correct it. His Ambassador in London, Guerau de Spes, seemed to have been sent especially to take revenge for the indiscretions of Dean Man. Don Guerau was a swashbuckling, martial, fanatical Catalan with a great contempt for everything that was not Spanish and Catholic. His tongue was loosely hung, his manners arrogant, his respect for his own abilities exaggerated and his capacity for believing anything he wished to believe unlimited. He hardly pretended to be a diplomat. When Elizabeth did not bow at once to his first peremptory demand for restitution — she affected to think the money still belonged to the Genoese bankers — he advised Alba to seize all English property in Flanders. The Duke suffered a momentary lapse. He took the advice, which gave Elizabeth a good excuse not only for keeping Philip's money but for confiscating Spanish property in England to a far greater amount than Alba had gained.

The whole thing was done before Philip got his mail. He regretted the hasty action; it confirmed his faith in delay. Now that intimidation had failed, Spes proposed the use of force, but Philip, Alba, and Elizabeth, too, knew that with all his other entanglements, no money and little credit, the King was in no condition to fight anyone, not even little England. He had to rely on negotiation, and Elizabeth, advised by Cecil, was as able a waster of time as any Spaniard.

While he argued for his money, Orange was winning sympathy if he could not win battles. He interested Maximilian in the fate of the Netherlands, and the Emperor had few religious prejudices. He sent his brother, the Archduke Charles, to offer Viennese mediation to their cousin. Charles found the widower in no mood for such talk. When told that conciliation and clemency were his best weapons, he got huffy. He said interference in domestic affairs

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was an impertinence to any monarch, much more to the head of the House by a member of the junior branch. The King of Spain, he added, took law from no one, but he would be generous; he would say so in writing.

As he pondered at leisure over the nature of the reply he would send Maximilian, the Moors of Andalusia justified military opinion by revolting against the attempt to eradicate their natural habits. First they had tried to buy immunity from the law, as they had done in Charles' time, but Philip would not bargain with sin. Whereupon the Moriscos asserted their independence, elected a King and massacred Christians in all the mountain villages. Granada itself remained quiet; the Moors of that city were wealthy and had too much to lose by rebellion. Their brothers in the country sent to Africa for help and talked of reviving Arab grandeur in the Peninsula. Philip wrote one of his usual detailed instructions, and an army moved slowly into the hills, driving the badly equipped, undisciplined rebels back into the more inaccessible heights and taking bloody revenge for the massacres.

That work begun, the King could keep his promise to write Maximilian a letter. Indeed, he wrote two. One, meant for publication, pointed out that there was no need for Philip to justify himself to outsiders, that all sovereigns would in time approve his severity, that religion was an affair which admitted of no compromise. The entire tone of this note was distinctly "mind your own business." In a more private epistle Philip adopted the language of injured innocence, more hurt than angry. He was surprised that his cousin had permitted Orange to recruit in Germany. He was wounded to the heart that a member of his own family should be so unfeeling in an affair that related to God. Furthermore, he thought the Archduke's words had savoured of menace and he wished it to be understood that princes of his quality could not be bullied. Since advice seemed to be in order, however, he suggested that Maximilian would do well to be more devout.

The very promising family quarrel was nipped in the bud.

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While Charles was delivering his lecture on good government, Maximilian was reading the tardy news of Isabella's death. The Emperor had seven daughters and could not afford to quarrel with potential husbands, a circumstance which kept him at peace with most of the world. He hastily instructed Charles to take back his harsh remarks and offer the King of Spain his choice of the seven. The fact that the prospective husband was their uncle and twenty-two years older than the eldest, Anne, seemed no objection; the Pope would grant a dispensation for the incest.

Philip was glad to observe his cousin's change of heart. He looked upon another marriage with some aversion, confiding to Charles that if he consulted his personal inclinations he would remain single. But, he added, he had no son and therefore welcomed the offer of his niece although Cardinal Lorraine was in Madrid trying to win the prize for Isabella's younger sister, Margaret. Another French alliance presented neither private nor public advantages to Philip, and the Archduke left for home in March, 1559, with the King's promise to marry Anne.

The same month Alba tried to recoup the losses suffered by the misunderstanding with England. He informed the horrified businessmen of Flanders that he would impose three new taxes, which came to be known as the hundredth, twentieth and tenth pennies. These were levies of one per cent on all property, five per cent on real estate transfers and ten per cent on the sales of all commodities. The first would be collected only this once; the other two would be perpetual. When the news came to Madrid, even Spanish economists scoffed at the Duke's quaint notions of finance. Philip, too, was doubtful, and Alba agreed to commute the tenth and twentieth pennies for two years in return for an extraordinary grant of 2,000,000 florins a year.

Philip was more concerned about the Moors. He felt it as a reflection upon his personal piety that such people continued to exist unrepentant in Spain. They were being slowly subdued, it was true, but he thought a man of greater authority ought to be

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in charge. It would be a chance to let Don Juan try his wings. Philip was anxious to push the lad. He was fond of him. He sent him south to participate in the glory if not in the danger. The credit for putting down rebellion would be his, but he was instructed not to take the field in person. Although Juan was very keen, the war smouldered on, the harsh treatment meted out to those who surrendered being no incentive for the mountaineers to abandon a hopeless struggle. Philip wrote letter after letter filled with sage advice and repeated warnings to Juan that it would never do to give the infidels a chance to boast of having drawn semi-royal blood. He expatiated on his fraternal affection. He said he was saving his brother for greater things. He even overlooked a bit of impertinence when Juan said his dignity and reputation would not permit him to skulk in Granada while Spaniards were dying in the hills. Philip replied that he would this once forgive such rudeness, if it did not happen again. He reminded the impatient youth that a general's duties were of more importance than a soldier's, and would gain him "more honour and greater reputation, which you cannot desire as much as I."

While the Morisco peril crumbled, Philip saw a chance to strike a blow for the faith in England and for Mary Stuart, who had delivered herself into her cousin's hands to escape the Scots. There was little enough force in his blows since Elizabeth had enriched herself at his expense. Still, de Spes reported that the English Catholics, led by the Duke of Norfolk, who wanted to marry Mary Stuart, were strong enough to succeed with very little aid. Ireland was always ripe for revolt. A small army, said the optimistic envoy, would free the Queen of Scotland, overthrow Elizabeth and restore England to the faith. However, help was not forthcoming from Flanders where Alba needed all his men, nor from Spain where the army was busily getting rich on Moorish loot in Andalusia. At first Philip thought he was too poor to do more than threaten or perhaps treat Elizabeth "with a certain show of gentleness united with an attempt to rouse her fears and sus-

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picians." He did not suggest how this was to be done, but as Norfolk's plans were laid before him, he thought something more definite might be done — de Spes said it was the chance of a lifetime. His Majesty left it to Alba, who was closer to the scene, to lend material aid.

"If you think the chance will be lost by again writing to consult me," the King wrote, "you may at once take the steps you consider advisable. I am sure I can safely leave the matter in your hands."

Alba was cautious. He did not have any confidence in the glowing reports de Spes was sending. He thought Flanders ought to be subdued before other projects were attempted. He would give Norfolk nothing except promises while he was still arguing with Elizabeth about restoration of the money, a losing argument since she refused to recognize his authority to treat. Meanwhile Philip had another idea.

"If the Queen should be shameless enough to force us to break with her," he wrote, "I think it would be well to seize Ireland, as they are constantly begging me to do, and it could be done easily with troops sent from Spain. If once she saw me in possession of that island, it would give her something to think about."

It also gave him something to think about. He thought France would try to block attempts to conquer England. He thought Mary Stuart might be unable to get over her French sympathies. Was it, he asked Alba, worth the risk? While he wondered, the Catholics of North England sprang their conspiracy, only to find Cecil and Elizabeth quite prepared for them. De Spes had given his master no idea of the hopelessness of their position, so that Philip could write again to Alba:

"English affairs are going in a way that will make it necessary after all to bring that Queen to do by force what she refuses to reason. Her duty is so clear that no doubt God causes her to ignore it in order that by these means His holy religion may be restored in that country, and the Catholics and good Christians thus be

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rescued from the oppression in which they live. In case her obstinacy and hardness of heart may continue, therefore, you will take into consideration the best direction to be given to this. We think here the best course will be to encourage with money and secret favour the Catholics of the north, and to help those in Ireland to take up arms against the heretics and deliver the crown to the Queen of Scotland, to whom it belongs by succession. This is only mentioned now in order that you may ponder what is best to be done. What you say is very true, that we are beginning to lose reputation by deferring so long to provide a remedy for the great grievance done by this woman to my subjects, friends and allies."

It was too late to consider. The revolt had already been crushed, despite Spanish money and secret favour, and every plan for sending troops to Ireland or kidnapping Mary from her captors and bringing her to Spain was frowned upon by Alba. The Duke knew such measures needed an army to back them up, an army needed money, and to get money the Low Countries must be pacified. Terror had done its work so well, he said, that it might be advisable to show some leniency. Perhaps a general pardon could be arranged so as to restore confidence and renew the flow of Flemish wealth into the royal coffers. Then England could be taken in hand.

The saintly Pius was not so cautious, and suddenly took a hand in the game. To the surprise of the world, he issued a bull excommunicating "that servant of all iniquity, Elizabeth, pretended Queen of England, with whom, as in a most secure place, all the worst kind of men find a refuge." Papal thunders had remarkably little effect save to rally Protestant England more closely than ever around the Queen and to alarm that timid lady into pleading with Maximilian, who still hoped to win her hand for a member of his family, to have the bull withdrawn. Philip, who had ignored Papal bulls in Spain, thought they would receive no more respect in England. Anyway, the excommunication was decidedly premature. It might upset his plans, but he did not indulge in re-

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crimination. The Pope's zeal, he said simply, was greater than his prudence.

The King was on good terms with Pius again, concerting with him and Venice a naval league against the Turks. His Holiness was animated by a longing to strike a great blow for the faith; Venice was threatened with commercial extinction by Turkish conquests; Philip had both business and pious reasons for joining them. He tried to release from the Netherlands some of his forces to launch them against a greater foe. He was glad Alba thought it well to use clemency; he himself considered it high time "to give this pardon and close the mouths of many." He made out four forms, from which Alba was to choose. The Duke always said he selected the most generous of the four, but its generosity did not extend to preachers and "dogmatizers," those who had given refuge to such criminals, those who had looted the Churches, those who had taken arms with Orange or helped him with money or distributed his propaganda, those who had ever been suspected of heresy, those who had failed to denounce heretics. To the surprise of both Philip and his governor, the Netherlands displayed no sign of gratitude.

Yet Philip expected so much from this pardon that he had wasted a great deal of thought over a matter which he was afraid might spoil its effect. Montigny had been condemned to death by Alba's court, and rather than let execution of the sentence give Flemings a poor opinion of his royal clemency, Philip was ready to go to almost any lengths. That is, any lengths short of including Montigny in the amnesty. He spent hours in composition, and this at a time when he was very busy preparing to receive his fourth wife, who had already started from Vienna by way of Flanders.

Before he set his own mind to the problem, Philip consulted his Council. Most of the members were in favour of giving the prisoner a slow poison and announcing publicly that he had died of a fever in prison. It was not a very original idea. Philip would have none of it; he would not stoop to the deception, for he had some peculiar notions about honour. He had no scruples about lying to the

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world by saying Montigny had died naturally. He balked at permitting a rebel against his divine authority to escape all the forms of the penalty pronounced against him. Poison was too honourable a death for traitors. He reconciled his sense of duty and expediency by proposing that Montigny should be strangled with due ceremony in private. The world might be led to suppose he died of fever. It meant a lot of work, but Philip never shrank from work.

Once decided, His Majesty made an admirably thorough job of it. No pains were spared to destroy Montigny's body and save his soul — and the royal interests. Philip did it all with his own pen. He prepared letters organizing a plot to rescue Montigny. He prepared letters announcing the discovery of the plot. He prepared letters ordering the prisoner into closer confinement in the gloomy old fortress of Simancas as a result of the discovery. He prepared a letter, which the jailer copied and sent back, informing himself that Montigny had fallen ill. He prepared a report, which a physician made to him, that the malady was fatal.

To insure the correctness of this diagnosis, His Majesty wrote more letters. He sent a royal official, a notary, an executioner and a priest with several servants to Simancas with instructions to arrive the night before a holiday. They carried a letter, which the keeper of the fortress was to copy, announcing Montigny's sad death from fever in spite of all that could be done for him. He had, the letter added, made a good Catholic end. The same messengers carried the death warrant, which was to be read to Montigny. Then, all that night and all the next day, the holiday, the prisoner should be left with the priest to prepare for death. He should be strangled between one and two o'clock in the morning in the presence of a few witnesses, all sworn to secrecy. He should make no will, for his property was confiscated, but he might draw up a list of any debts he wanted paid. He might also write letters to his family if he would use the language of a man dying naturally. He should be buried in the Church of Saint Saviour with the pomp that befitted his rank; a decent tomb was to be built over him, and plenty of

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masses — “say seven hundred,” wrote the royal master of detail — might be said for the repose of his soul. As he had few servants left to him, Philip was willing to bear the expense of putting them into mourning.

His Majesty read over the work of his pen and saw that it was good. He turned from it to the equally congenial occupation of preparing the reception for his bride, who landed at Santander a few days later. Here, too, were many details to be settled. All in all it was a good day's labour, but only a day. The letters relating to Montigny and those arranging for Anne's progress to Segovia bear the same date. That they were written within a few hours was no coincidence. Philip had been informed that during her passage through Flanders, Anne had promised Montigny's mother to beg a pardon for him. The King was determined to be as good a husband to the Archduchess as he had been to her three predecessors, and he did not want to deny her first request. He was, therefore, thanks to his own admirable foresight, able to regret his inability to do something that would have given her pleasure, but the fact was Montigny had died of a fever a few days before.

In the midst of marriage festivities, Philip took the time to send Alba, for publication, the letters describing Montigny's illness, and a private note, which was to be put into cipher, telling the whole truth. This was, of course, only for the Duke's eyes, but Philip expressed the pious hope that the dead man was now safe with God. He was extremely displeased that his secretary took it upon himself to insert in the draft that if Montigny had indeed been a heretic, the devil would have him in equal safety.

“Erase this,” His Majesty scrawled in the margin, “for of the dead there should be no judgment but a good one.”

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PHILIP could afford to think kindly of the dead. Flanders was quiet again; Don Juan had ended the Morisco rebellion — only a few small bands still wandered at large in the mountains — and Queen Anne was just the sort of wife Philip wanted for his old age. There was a good deal of grey in his beard and not much hair on the top of his head, as became a deskman of forty-three, but the severe, hard face still relaxed into a paternal smile when he was with his family. He was supposed to be amorous beyond the normal lust of man, but the only evidence that the gossipers could advance was “because he was at once hairy and bald.” Anne, at twenty-one, was young only in years. She was a plain girl with a good complexion, gentle, kind, dull and as devout as Philip himself. She cared for gayety no more than he; she was prepared to love him as an uncle as well as a husband; she grew very fond of Isabella’s two little girls; she took naturally to the formal, rigid, tiring etiquette of this most ceremonious of all courts, and she was of such a piously retiring temperament that the French Ambassador reported:

“She never leaves her rooms, and her Court is like a nunnery.”

Decidedly, Madrid had become the most solemn capital in Europe. Nothing ever happened except the rather dreary, elaborate, official ceremonies, pious processions, religious plays, bullfights and tournaments. Gambling and clandestine love affairs were the chief diversions of the nobility; both were sports in which Philip did not join. He preferred a few quiet hours with his family, reading

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prayers, listening to his children recite their lessons, giving an ear to the joys and sorrows of his personal servants.

The quiet family circle was soon enlarged by the return of the lively Juan. The young man came back from Granada, a triumphal procession all the way, to accept the plaudits of the Court and the willing praise of his brother. He had won military renown rather cheaply, and had even seen some fighting. His elation was only slightly soured by the last act of his administration. He had begged for permission to treat the repentant — at any rate cowed — rebels leniently. Philip preferred to listen to men who had given the advice which started all the trouble. Juan received orders to send every one of the Moors from the kingdom of Granada into northern provinces where they would never have another chance to unite. Rebellion was forever quelled, but it was not many years before the rich crown lands of Andalusia had to be sold because they were not worth their upkeep, the Moorish science having been taken from them.

Throughout the remainder of his reign, Philip was perplexed by the presence of this alien people whom no amount of persecution could win to whole-hearted acceptance of Christianity. At regular and frequent intervals he appointed commissions to consider what ought to be done. One proposed a programme of education. Another would have sent them all to sea in worthless ships which should be scuttled in mid-ocean. A bishop thought the best plan was to deport them to Newfoundland, first castrating all the males. A layman urged kindness because the Moriscos were the most industrious element of the population. Every suggestion, however, involved too great expense. Philip did nothing, and it was left for his successor to complete the ruin of Spanish agriculture and industry by expelling the Moors as his predecessors had expelled the Jews.

The King, however, had no forebodings as he signed the decree which confiscated their houses and fields in Andalusia and sent them out in gangs to poverty and suffering among the hostile inhabitants of the other kingdoms, while Don Juan, watching the

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mournful procession crawl past him, felt his joy in victory evaporating.

"They went with the greatest sorrow in the world," he wrote Ruy Gomez, with whose humane ideas he agreed, "for at the time they left, the rain, snow and wind were so heavy that the daughter will be forced to leave the mother, the husband the wife and the widow her baby by the wayside. It cannot be denied that it is the saddest sight imaginable to see the depopulation of a whole kingdom. But that, sir, is what has been done! "

The memory of tragedy did not imbue the young general with any doubts as to the validity of military glory. Indeed, his campaign had stimulated his ambitions. He complained that he did not have the "place and the authority which ought to belong to the son of such a father and the brother of such a brother."

"I should be glad," he confided to Ruy Gomez, "to serve His Majesty, if I might be allowed, on some business of importance. I wish he may understand that I am no longer a boy. Thank God I can begin to fly without the aid of others' wings, and it is full time, I believe, that I was out of swaddling clothes."

Philip forgave the mixed metaphor. He was, indeed, happy to be able to gratify the youngster. He had at last agreed with Venice and the Pope on the terms of an alliance against the Turk. A great armada was to be sent against the infidel, half furnished by Philip, a third by Venice, a sixth by the Pope. As senior partner, the King of Spain could name the commander, and it was a real pleasure for him to confer upon his ambitious brother the resounding, knightly title, "Captain General of the Holy League."

It was the business of importance for which Juan had begged, and on his frequent public appearances he played to perfection the part of a great commander. He bowed most gracefully, made speeches wittily, took part piously in religious processions to implore God's aid, allowed the ladies to adore him, won the devotion of his men. The less ostentatious work of borrowing money, building a fleet, recruiting and training forces was in the hands of Gran-

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velle, now viceroy of Naples, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a free-speaking, careful, valiant nobleman, the greatest admiral of his generation. They made such a noise in the world that Sultan Selim, Solyman's successor, bestirred himself to meet the danger.

This one holy crusade was not enough for Philip. Poor as he was — the fleet was financed only because Venice and the Pope had credit — he must needs undertake another against England. De Spes was involved again in Catholic plots, promising more than he could perform, again sending rashly optimistic reports of progress that was never made. This particular rising was to begin with the assassination of Elizabeth, for Philip had reached the conclusion that armed aid ought to be sent Norfolk and Mary Stuart only after Elizabeth was dead, "naturally or otherwise." Roberto Ridolfi, a Florentine agent of the conspirators, brought Philip a message that the Pope would back the pious venture "even to his chalices and own vestments."

Philip told Alba to do what he could, which was not much. The Duke still wanted to wait until Flanders was in a state to provide the sinews of war. He did not think it would be long now; the two years grace for the tenth and twentieth pennies had expired and he was announcing that these taxes would be collected. Philip did not know this until all business had been suspended in the Low Countries and the enraged businessmen, roused by this outrageous blight upon commerce as they had never been stirred by religious or political persecution, forgot their fear of Alba's soldiers. The war thus begun outlived all concerned, but Alba thought it was a temporary storm which would blow over as soon as he had hung a few merchants for closing their shops.

Philip at his desk was equally ignorant of the ruin settling over the Netherlands. Although he was not sure Alba could collect his taxes, he did not write about that. He was saying that the success of the English rising was very dear to him, "not for my own interest or for any worldly object, but purely and simply for the service of God." Alba should see the affair carried through, and —

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this was after the King had seen Ridolphi — the conspirators should not act prematurely. Any action was premature. Again Elizabeth and Cecil knew all about the conspiracy. Mary Stuart never left her English prison; Norfolk lost his head; Catholics fled before the long arm of persecution.

The failure did not make the noise in the world that it might at another time. Philip's other crusade was filling Europe with the splendour of its success. Don Juan with his enormous fleet of over three hundred ships and nearly 80,000 men found an even larger Turkish armada at Lepanto. In the greatest fight of which living man had ever heard, the Christian allies broke forever the Moslem's reputation for invincibility at sea. All over Christendom young men began brushing their hair back from temple and brow, for thus Don Juan wore his golden curls. It would not have seemed possible to any of the young hero worshippers that the battle which made a new darling for Europe would be chiefly remembered because a common soldier named Cervantes lost the use of his left hand.

Three weeks after the battle, Philip was hearing mass in his chapel at Madrid when a gentleman of the household rushed in, much out of breath and quivering with excitement, to stammer that a courier from Venice had news of victory. His Majesty frowned. He did not care to be interrupted at divine services — it was the eve of All Saints Day, too — on any account. The gentleman subsided; the ceremonies dragged on to their proper end and only then did Philip permit *Te Deum* to be sung. Thanks having been given to God, the King was eager for details. He called his wife and daughters in to hear them too. His first question was whether Don Juan had been hurt.

It was nearly a month before the commander's report reached Spain. By that time Juan's popularity was forever established. He had inspired his men with dauntless courage; he had carried the day in the council of war when more experienced seamen were for declining battle with the redoubtable Turk; he had been a true,

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chivalrous knight, generous in victory. His proud brother was writing to him:

“I have been pleased to a degree which it is impossible to exaggerate, and not the least by the particulars which I have learned of the great courage and conduct you showed in the battle by planning and ordering it all in person as was fitting for so important an affair, and by distinguishing yourself as well as directing others, which have without doubt been a chief cause and part of this victory. And so to you, after God, ought to be given, as I now give, the honour and thanks for it; and some thanks are also due to me because by a person so near and dear to me this great business has been accomplished, and so much honour and glory in the sight of God and the world gained for the good of Christendom and the hurt of its enemies.”

XXI

The Darling of Europe

MORE fervently than for Lepanto, Philip gave thanks to God for the birth of a son, an event which occurred two months after the battle. There were the usual rejoicings, from which the pleased father absented himself. He celebrated the happy occasion by a burst of letter writing and was in such good humour that he was even willing to share his joy with Elizabeth of England, or at least make the friendly gesture of informing her of it.

"Our Lord has been pleased that my very dear wife, the Queen, should give birth to a son at half past two yesterday morning," he wrote to de Spes, "which has rejoiced us, as you may imagine. We have thought it well to write you in order that you may inform the Queen thereof if affairs are in such a state as in your opinion to make it advisable to pay this compliment to her. Although in any case we expect she will not feel any pleasure in this or any other thing which is advantageous to us, at least it will confuse her the more to see that we treat her better than she deserves."

Affairs were not in the happy state that would permit such an exchange of amenities as congratulations on the birth of Prince Ferdinand. While his master wrote, de Spes was being expelled from England in just the same contemptuous manner with which Dean Man had been dismissed from Madrid. It was the greatest insult Philip had ever received, and it rankled although he did not burst out into the meaningless threats that were expected of him. The humiliation was the direct result of disobedience to his orders

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against engaging in Catholic plots, but it was not his policy to scold his servants. He forgave or he punished; there was no middle ground, so that men said: "His dagger followed swift upon his smile." In this case he actually soothed the angry feelings of his crestfallen Ambassador.

"There is nothing to say about things that are already past," he said calmly, and waited until something could be done.

Long practice, indeed, had rendered His Majesty's calm invulnerable. When the Netherlands flamed into inextinguishable revolt, he recalled Alba, sent the mild, good-natured Luis Requesens to govern by kindness if possible, revoked the impossible taxes, patiently set himself to find more money and welcomed the Duke as if he had merely been away on a holiday. When Venice deserted the Holy League after desultory campaigning in which Don Juan won no more laurels, the Pope drove the Venetian Ambassador from his presence with angry cries and curses, but Philip only remarked that no doubt the Doge and Senate knew what they were doing.

It took the Saint Bartholomew massacre in Paris to pierce his impassive mask and reveal the emotions beneath. Catherine de' Medici and her son had taken his advice and although the extermination of Protestants was not complete, the long tale of horror and treachery delighted His Catholic Majesty beyond the powers of men to describe. He laughed, he joked, he praised to the skies the authors of this great work which, he wrote Catherine, "was indeed of such value and prudence and of such service, glory and honour to God and universal benefit to all Christendom that to hear of it was for me the best and most cheerful news which at present could come to me." He called for the French Ambassador and seemed "more delighted than with all the good fortune or happy incidents which had ever before occurred to him." He swore that his "good brother" Charles well deserved the title of "Most Christian King." He rendered formal thanks to God for "the steadfast resolution and long dissimulation of such an enterprise"

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— he was not informed how suddenly, without premeditation or proper planning the massacre had been decided. He was as pleased about it as the Pope. Indeed, he proposed to imitate the good example in his own little way and wrote to Flanders concerning some Huguenots who had been captured while marching to Orange's aid:

“ I desire that if you have not already disembarrassed the world of them, you will do it now and advise me of it because I cannot see any reason why it should be delayed.”

His Majesty did not often let himself go so openly in public. He was as patient of good fortune as of bad, for he seldom had time to appreciate either. He was becoming ever more sunk in his papers; he was seen almost as seldom as the Queen, and grandees were beginning to feel that all their splendour was wasted since the monarch seldom saw it. The King dressed from preference in solid black, relieved only by a small white ruff and the chain and badge of the Golden Fleece. He was becoming a somewhat legendary figure in his own capital. Hardened politicians and priests found their eloquence desert them in his presence. The most assured of them stuttered and stammered as he gazed stonily at them and murmured “ Compose yourself.” Even if they retained their powers of speech, they seldom advanced their cause. Philip did not like talk. He had a poor memory for what he heard and an infinite capacity for recalling the written word. Men were advised, if they had good friends at Court, to put their petitions on paper.

The recipient of all these documents could not possibly read them and give them proper attention, but he insisted on trying. More than ever he needed Time on his side, although his pen was nearly always in his hand and in motion. He scribbled notes from sheer habit. Often his remarks were no more than irrelevant moral reflections, or bits of useless information which something in the paper before him had brought to mind, or corrections of spelling, grammar or fact. His scrawls were the formless, vague, rambling jottings of a man too hurried to reflect, too busy to stop a moment

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to wonder what he really meant to say, unable to express himself concisely. Like most writers of his type of mind he used "and" far too often, stringing together quite unconnected observations into long, tedious paragraphs, the readers of which forgot the beginning before they got to the end. He repeated himself several times in the course of what should have been a short, simple sentence. He found it easier to write than to think.

With only a few of his most intimate advisers did he really talk about affairs; for the rest he preferred to write letters, even though the recipient was in the same palace. Chief of the exceptions was Ruy Gomez. The Prince of Eboli slept in the King's ante-room, talked to him while he dressed, accompanied him everywhere. Cardinal Espinosa had privileges only slightly fewer until he presumed too far upon his ability and Philip's deference to his cloth. Then the King's displeasure descended suddenly. One day he told the Cardinal flatly that he lied. Espinosa obligingly died within the week, and it was said that two words from Philip could kill. Succeeding generations of courtiers were nourished on the legend that Espinosa had died of a broken heart when informed that his master no longer trusted him.

Within a year Ruy Gomez was also dead, although he had never received a harsh word from his King. Philip lost in him his best councillor as well as his best friend, and no man ever took his place in either the royal affections or the royal confidence. His Majesty relied more than ever on his own judgment, and Spain suffered from the change, although he was still served by intelligence. Granvelle and Alba remained of the old school. Ruy Gomez had trained a young secretary, Antonio Perez, so well that he might have been able to replace his patron in business if he had been as honest. Rapidly acquiring influence and wealth, he consulted the King's interests only as they advanced the worldly prospects of Antonio Perez. Philip came to trust him more than any other, but not sufficiently to relieve himself of the burden for which he was so unfit. Ruy Gomez had nearly always been able to lead him to a

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course of action; usually his advice was sound. Now Philip took his own devious way and Spain grew ever poorer while her King worked devotedly. He never admitted to himself in these busy days that he was tired, nor that he had cause to be discouraged. He had so little understanding of reality that what other men took to be disasters appeared to him as a series of checks in a game which he, Time and — no doubt — God would win in the end.

For example, the long game of Carranza's heresy. He was still playing it with deadly earnestness. Saint Pius died, just in time to save the Inquisition from the humiliation of seeing Carranza acquitted, and the new Pope, Gregory XIII, was amenable to reason. To save his face he said he would review the whole case again. Philip promptly sent him more arguments proving the Archbishop's villainy. They had convinced the King that the priest ought to be burned; he had caused his sovereign so much trouble that doubtless he was abhorrent to God too. Therefore, Philip was most displeased with the Pope's leniency when after sixteen years imprisonment, Carranza was found guilty of being "vehemently suspect" of sundry errors. The Archbishop was sentenced to abjure these errors, do penance in seven churches on Easter Monday and spend five years in a monastery at Orvieto. Wise men, Philip complained, thought the sentence far too light. Yet when Carranza died, eight days after visiting the seven churches, Philip changed his tune without any intermediate doubtings. Beyond the grave he pursued no man, and of this man whom he had hounded into the grave he wrote:

"They say that he apparently died as a saint, which I believe and that it was really so. The Lord reserved him for the other life, a signal mercy which He grants to those whom it pleases Him."

Philip was humble. He took no credit to himself for his share in conferring upon Carranza this signal mercy.

He moved through the routine of his days as calmly as before, untouched by the hates and fears, ambitions, loves, desires,

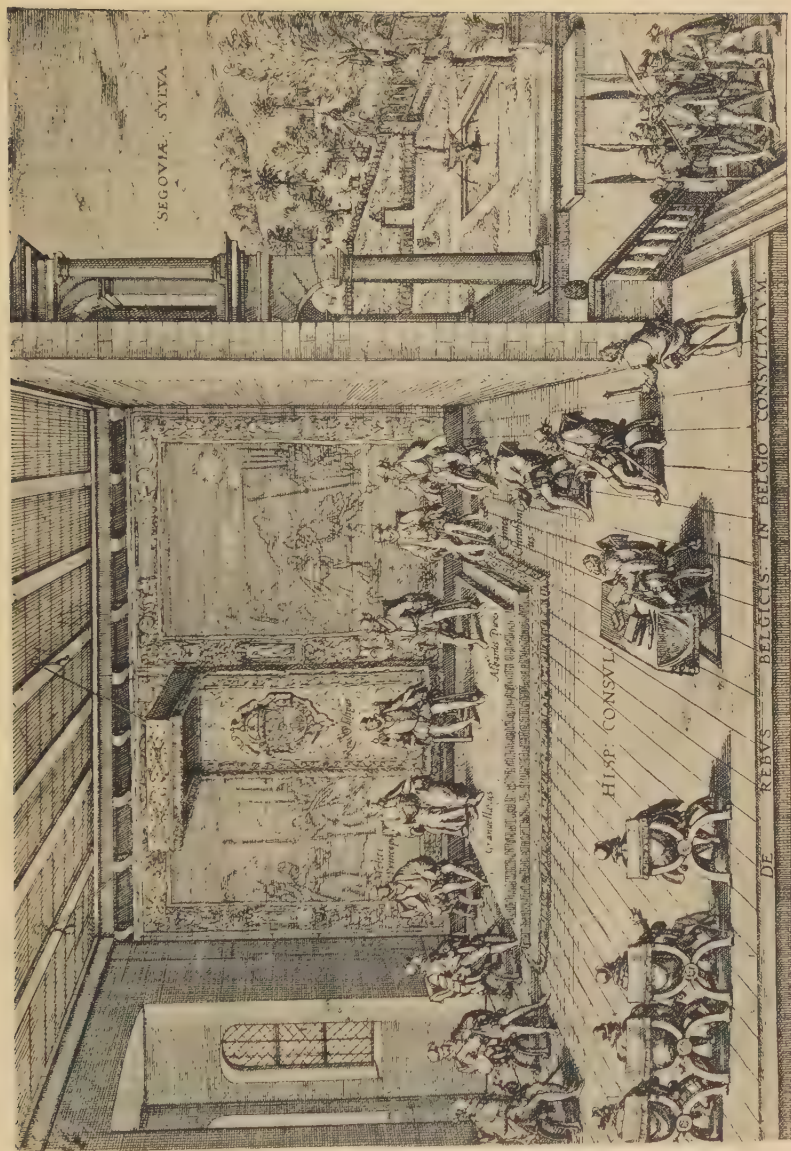
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thoughts or even actions of other men. With the cold logic of common sense he dashed even the beloved Juan's youthful, knightly visions. The young hero wanted to accept a romantic offer of the throne of Albania, which he would free from Turkish dominion. Philip ordered him to refuse. Then Juan captured Tunis and asked to be made King of that place. Philip asked how it could be defended now that it was taken. Juan secured the Pope's support for his ambitions, and the Papal Nuncio was commissioned to read Philip a long lecture. His Holiness wanted the war with Turkey continued by Spain alone if need be; he wanted Philip to go and pacify the Netherlands in person; he wanted a throne for Don Juan, if not Tunis then England which Philip should conquer, bestowing the hand of the rightful Queen, Mary Stuart, upon his brother.

Little as he liked listening to speeches, Philip heard this one patiently. The Nuncio was not one of those to be intimidated by royal silence. He poured the flood of his eloquence upon an impassive, unresponsive Majesty, rolling out his periods with the skill of long experience, intoxicated by the effect of his own words upon himself until it did not seem that anyone could resist his arguments. He stopped at last. There was no applause. The slight figure of the King stirred in the big, carved chair, the rather fishy blue eyes looked at the speaker for the first time, the lips under the trim, grey beard opened.

"These things," said His Majesty slowly, "will receive the consideration they deserve."

The Pope was silenced, but Juan remained importunate, although disobedience to Philip's orders caused the loss of Tunis the year after it was taken. The commander returned from the fleet to solicit the rank of Infante, a tacit disavowal of his illegitimacy. Philip did not like to hurt his feelings. He sent Juan back to his ships with a noncommittal answer, but such an honour as this title had never been conferred upon a bastard, and the King was not one to originate customs.



PHILIP AND HIS COUNCIL CONSIDER REBELLION IN THE LOW COUNTRIES

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He remembered Juan's ambitions, however, and soon had a chance to gratify them. Luis Requesens died in Flanders just when he had brought Orange so low that, having offered the sovereignty of Holland to Elizabeth and been refused, he thought of embarking the entire population of the province on ships, breaking the dikes beyond hope of repair and sailing away, east or west, to found a new nation in a new world. A fortnight after he got the news of Requesens's death, Philip commissioned Juan to complete the task of bringing the Netherlands back to obedience and the true faith. It was a glorious impossibility, the sort of thing that might be expected to appeal to a knight errant. But Juan was cool. The victor of Lepanto, hailed everywhere as the greatest conqueror of the age, thought it hardly worth his while to undertake the paltry mission of subduing a few merchants and peasants. Just to help his brother, he accepted — and then proceeded to ignore all Philip's injunctions as to the manner of doing his work.

For once even Philip knew Time was not on his side. His remarkably prompt action in pondering for only two weeks over an appointment showed that. He wrote Juan to stop for nothing, to ride as hard as he could for Flanders. He reminded the new Governor that their father had sped across France to crush rebellion in Ghent. He said this was a model to copy.

Juan could not see the necessity. He had a much better idea, which he sent his secretary to lay before Philip. How would it be, he asked, if he went over from Flanders to conquer England, released Mary Stuart and married her? After all, said Juan, England was the source of all the mischief in the Low Countries. He would strike at the root. Five months after his appointment, disregarding repeated injunctions not to waste time by coming to Spain, he rode up to the Escorial to explain the scheme in a personal interview. While he dreamed and loitered, William of Orange was winning city after city; William had become the government of the Netherlands, but Philip, so unforgiving to men who had done him no harm, hardly reproved his disobedient brother.

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He assured Juan that he not only understood the English project but approved of it. However, he wanted it understood that Juan was to restore order in Philip's own dominions before he rode to the rescue of that unfortunate prisoner, the Queen of Scotland. Juan promised, but he was such a dramatic fellow that he could not bear the thought of prosaically administering the law in one country while another waited to be conquered. He was born for adventure or the stage. He was extravagant by nature, extravagant in word and deed and gesture and thought. Even into the King's own dull family circle he imported those theatrical mannerisms which won for him the title of last of the knights errant. As he bent to kiss his brother's hand after being forgiven, his sword struck Prince Ferdinand, aged five, over the eye. The child was more frightened than hurt, but Juan behaved as though he had murdered the heir to the throne.

"Is there no window from which to fling me?" he cried remorsefully, but perhaps not very sincerely.

As a gesture it was lost on Philip. He had never read *Amadis de Gaul* and the romantic school of fiction from which Juan took his manners. He was a literal soul. He thought his brother really meant what he said. He thought, too, that such talk was foolish.

"Nay, nay," he soothed, "why should you speak thus of what was nothing but an accident?"

He had little difficulty persuading Juan to go on living. It was much harder to convince him that the job at hand merited his full powers. However, when the hero of Lepanto heard that all Flanders now obeyed Orange, he decided the task was worthy of him. He consented to make haste and emulate his father's ride to Ghent. Without ostentation or farewells, except to Philip, he slipped away to win himself a wife, a crown and immortal glory. Theatrical to the last, it was as a Moorish slave that he rode north, his beautiful curly hair dyed black, his fair skin darkened, his love of romantic adventure satisfied. He rode as a knight errant should, gay and careless, to the wars. In a small, barely furnished room of the in-

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creasingly magnificent Escorial, his brother was doing his thinking for him, and not a very superior brand of thinking either. Philip thought the Netherlands could be brought to heel by a promise to rule as in the days of Charles, by the withdrawal of all Spanish troops and by a pardon for everyone save Orange, "the inventor, author and contriver of all the evils that afflict the country."

Then it would be time to think of England. England was a subject on which Philip always affected to speak as an expert; he had lived in the country. He told Juan to send the Spanish troops, which would leave the Netherlands, to conquer England, but not to lead them in person lest he get hurt. He was to be sure to get the English Catholics to join him, for "no country is so weak that it can be conquered without aid from within." He was to beware of Elizabethan wiles; the shrewd heretic might even open negotiations to marry the darling of Europe herself, in which case "you must not be by any means backward, but let her run on as she pleases," for she would not be sincere. Philip never believed in the sincerity of her motions towards matrimony; he remembered that she had once failed to grasp at his offer.

With all his heart, Philip wished the young man luck. He prayed for success "because I see in it, next to the service of God, the means it may afford me of showing how much I love you." Meanwhile Juan would have to take well meant personal advice as proof of that affection. His Majesty implored the young knight, who was already the father of at least two bastard children, to be "very wary in your love affairs and very careful of your soul."

XXII

Betrayed

DON JUAN of Austria in his queer disguise rode into Luxemburg at last; a ragged, unpaid Spanish army, mutinous but preserving its famous discipline, sacked Antwerp; the provinces united under Orange in whole-hearted opposition to the royal government, and at the Escorial Philip signed his name two thousand times in a single day.

He had no doubts, no fears. He placed his trust in his brother, for even their father had said one might trust members of the family. Philip was always very kind to the family. He had apparently children enough of his own to inherit his dominions, for the dutiful Anne had presented him with two more boys, Carlos and Diego. Philip also marked out some of his nephews for his service. To Albert, a Cardinal at eighteen, and his favourite among the children of Maximilian, the King proposed reserving the richest see in Christendom. After enjoying for a little time longer the revenues of Toledo, he decided to select as Carranza's successor "some old man who cannot live much longer," he wrote his sister, the Empress, recently left a widow. His choice was Gaspar de Quiroga, the Inquisitor General, an eminently fitting nominee, conscientious, able, learned, loyal and quite sufficiently aged. No one would have believed the old man was also extremely robust and that Albert would have to wait sixteen years for Toledo.

One of Quiroga's chief claims on Philip's regard would have disqualified him in the eyes of a less bigoted monarch. During the new Archbishop's leadership of the Holy Office, Philip for the

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first time in his life had felt called upon to oppose the institution to some purpose. Yet he approved of Quiroga's zeal.

The Inquisition had evolved a scheme that would make Spain even safer than it already was for Catholicism, and might also have led to civil war. The plan centred around the establishment of a new military fraternity on the model of those that had sprouted so luxuriantly during the holy days of the crusades. The Order of Santa Maria of the White Sword was to be the sworn defender of the Holy Office. Members would owe obedience to no one save the Inquisitor General, who would be *ex-officio* Grand Master. They would devote all their property to the Order, go wherever their Chief sent them, do whatever he told them and be free of all other jurisdiction except his. The only qualification for membership was a "clean" descent for four generations. By "clean" Spaniards meant absence of Jewish, Moorish or heretic blood. The project appealed powerfully to the fervid imaginations of "clean" men who remembered the stories of the Reconquest told them in their childhood. Castile, Leon, Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, Valencia, Catalonia, the Asturias and Galicia adopted the proposal with enthusiasm. Seven archbishops and forty-eight of the noblest families in the land endorsed it.

They all took Philip's consent for granted, an attitude that astonished him. Did these men think he had forgotten he was King of Spain? Did they doubt that the true faith was as safe with him as with the Inquisition? Did they suppose that he would divide his realm between New and Old Christians and renounce all authority over the Old? A royal memorandum promptly smothered zeal. His Majesty directed that all papers relating to Santa Maria of the White Sword should be sent to him and never mentioned again.

Quiroga, despite his advocacy of the Order, remained one of the inner circle of advisers whose arguments the King heard gladly. He was of the old party of Ruy Gomez, still joined in opposition to Alba. The little group, however, was being weakened by treachery

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from within, for it included both Don Juan and the secretary Perez. Perez, who hoped never to see anyone supreme in the royal favour, thought he saw signs of Juan attaining that position, and set himself to prevent such a blow to his own influence.

Among the secretary's duties was the preparation of documents for royal perusal. It was easy to alter Juan's letters so as to put the worst construction on the Governor's words, to insinuate suspicions into Philip's mind. Philip was susceptible to suspicion. The pious monarch had learned long ago that few men conformed to his exalted notions of what was due the Lord — and the Lord's servant, Philip. Furthermore, discretion had never been one of Juan's virtues. Although he had found all Flemings unanimous for the first and last time, although he was obliged to make galling concessions before he could enter their country, he talked of sending the departing Spanish soldiers at once to England. The Flemings, however, repaid their debt to Elizabeth by insisting he send his troops away by land, and Juan had to yield.

The new Governor, if a romantic, was no fool. He realized at last that he had a job worthy of all his talents; he postponed his idea of English conquest and devoted himself to the work in hand. He had never been so loyal to his brother's interests, yet Perez so cleverly magnified his disregard of early injunctions that Philip believed the young man was playing for his own stakes. Perez obtained permission to lead Juan's lieutenant, Escovedo, into such admissions as might be gleaned from pretended sympathy for the English project. Against his will, reluctantly, weakly, Philip let himself be drawn by a far more powerful, equally unscrupulous intellect into plotting to make his brother betray himself. And, as in Carranza's case, once his suspicions had been aroused, he was ruthless.

He helped Perez concoct notes in which Escovedo was assured of the secretary's help. Perez drafted letters in which he maligned the King in order to encourage Escovedo, and Philip wrote approvingly in the margin: "This reads very well." Men looking for treason

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can easily find it. For example, it seemed most incriminating that Juan, exasperated by Flemish insistence on rights, wrote that he wanted to come home and take the burden of affairs from Philip's shoulders. Yet he should know that Philip would never abandon the trust given him by God. His remarks were very queer. Perez succeeded in convincing His Majesty that the hero of Lepanto had had his head turned, and was planning a rebellion in Spain. Not that Juan was altogether to blame, the secretary said, soothing his master's domestic affections. Escovedo had put him up to it; Escovedo was the culprit.

Just at this time the unfortunate Escovedo returned to Spain. His mission was to obtain more money and a freer hand for Juan, now battling whole-heartedly but unsuccessfully with rebels driven to war again by the seizure of the citadel of Namur. Philip sent troops, commanded by Alexander Farnese, Margaret's son and Juan's schoolfellow, but he was greatly alarmed by what Perez told him of Escovedo.

"The blow is ready to strike us; we must use every possible precaution and hasten to despatch him before he kills us," the King wrote to Perez, enclosing in the note a warrant to have Escovedo assassinated. Perez was gunning for bigger game. He persuaded Philip that it would be better to pump the conspirator, an easy task since Perez and Escovedo were great friends, having both been brought up in Ruy Gomez's household. The secretary had undermined the King's confidence in his brother and was getting on towards cooling his fraternal affection when the process of pumping Escovedo was brought to an abrupt end by the deluded gentleman's discovery that Perez was the lover of Ruy Gomez's widow, the one-eyed, aging beauty, still admired at thirty-eight. Escovedo was horrified by what he felt to be a dishonour to his old patron's memory. An outspoken fellow, he taxed the lovers with their disloyalty, threatening to tell the King unless the affair was stopped. Philip, although the gossips said he was also Ana de Eboli's lover, had never liked her nor she him. He had never thought her good

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enough for his peerless friend; she, hot tempered and a devotee of gayety, had resented the dull decorum which His Majesty imposed on those about him. Now she flew out at Escovedo with a characteristic coarseness which was, in the eyes of contemporaries, her chief fault.

“Tell him, if you like, that I prefer the buttocks of Antonio Perez to the King.”

Escovedo did not deliver the message. Perhaps his threat had been an empty one, but Perez could not take the chance. He knew he could not weather a royal examination of his affairs, which might be ordered if the King took upon himself the care of his friend's honour. Besides thousands of ducats given him by the Princess, the had grown rich by the sale of his influence, and he was terrified at the prospect of being found out. He resolved to strike first. Early on Easter morning, 1578 — Philip was at the Escorial — Escovedo was murdered by hired assassins in Madrid. Perez was at once suspected, for his liaison with Ana de Eboli was not altogether secret, but Philip's connection with the crime was not guessed. Perez was suddenly afraid — Escovedo had been popular — and cowered at home wondering whether the royal warrant would be sufficient justification if it came to a showdown. The warrant was dated six months before and even Philip could see no more reason for executing it now than there had been then. However, he laid it to excessive zeal in his service and from his Easter Week devotions he wrote his servant:

“Speak with prudence and the less the better.”

He was not worrying much about the affair. He was trying to think of a way to render Don Juan's ambition harmless without hurting him — Philip still loved his brother. While that somewhat disillusioned hero struggled against odds, the King ignored his appeals for help and instructions. His Majesty was trying to tempt Margaret of Parma back into the governorship; Juan could wait. The young man did not find it easy. Quite unable to cope with a situation which required great administrative skill as well as

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martial courage, he sickened and wrote despondently that "the work here is enough to destroy any constitution and any life." Should he, he asked as he had asked in every letter, attack the rebels at once or wait for reinforcements?

"The underlined I will not answer," wrote Philip, drawing his pen below this appeal, but he dictated a long letter urging Juan to be very careful of his health.

It was too late. When he wrote the words, Juan was already dead, the victim of an infectious fever in the camp. He had survived his last desponding letter only ten days. He retained consciousness long enough to nominate Alexander Farnese as his successor, and Philip confirmed him, a trifling act but the greatest blow he ever gave Low Country independence, for Alexander was a better general than Juan and unsurpassed as a politician even in a generation which knew Cecil, Orange and Henry of Navarre. The last of the knights errant, dying, had asked but one boon, that he be buried in the Escorial near his father.

"I loved and I esteemed him and I shall lose by him in everything," Philip said, and let his sorrow be seen in public.

His emotion was much remarked, for he was bearing an even harder loss at the same time. Ferdinand, the Prince on whom great paternal hopes were based, was dying too, a death hardly compensated by the birth of another son, named for his father, a few months later. Fifteen hundred and seventy-eight had proved a bad year for the Hapsburgs. Catherine of Portugal, domineering old woman, left her grandson to rule alone, and Sebastian took instant advantage of independence to try for martial glory. He led a magnificent army in a crusade against the Moors, and lost it and his life in the first battle. Princess Juana, devout and melancholy as ever, died in a convent. So did Princess Maria of Portugal, still a spinster. Such great losses aroused even the sympathy of English Elizabeth, who said she did not write her condolences in person because she did not wish to reopen healing wounds.

"To judge from this, she cannot be so bad as they said," com-

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mented Philip, touched by this sympathy from an enemy and a heretic.

Of all the year's deaths, that of Escovedo was causing the most talk. Vasquez, another of the royal secretaries, a bitter rival of Perez, was investigating the murder, sure that Perez was involved and not suspecting that the King was too. He quickly discovered so much evidence that he took to calling the Princess of Eboli "Jezabel." He wrote indignant reports to Philip. His Majesty read them conscientiously, bestowing equal care on the wild, angry, indiscreet outbursts of the Princess and the nervous appeals of Perez. Slowly, however, the steady rain of denunciation wore away Philip's never very strong desire to protect his creatures. Alba hated the fellow, and although the Duke was in disgrace at the moment for having married his son to a cousin when the King had ordered him to wed a maid of honour he had seduced, some of the things the old soldier had said about Perez remained in the royal mind. Philip wavered and retired to the Escorial to "confess and communicate and commit it to God that He will give me light and guidance so that during this Easter festival I may come to the best resolution in His service and the quieting of my conscience." It was just a year since Escovedo had been stabbed, and Philip was annoyed that men were still talking about it, "but that, concerning a woman, could not be otherwise."

His decision, arrived at after prayer and fasting, was according to precedent. Perez should be treated just as Carranza had been twenty years before. Not that Philip put it to himself that way. He was not yet ready to abandon his accomplice to justice. Perez would only be arrested — the Princess too — but there would be no real punishment, just a little harmless detention until the scandal blew over. It was the way he had felt about Carranza, but he did not remember it. However, he did not move as promptly as the Inquisition. He wanted a man to replace Perez in his councils, and it was a great compliment to the secretary's abilities that the man selected was Granvelle, then representing Spanish interests at Rome. While

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waiting for the Cardinal, Philip continued to read the evidence collected against "Jezabel and her consort," evidence that was not news to him. He read it all except some particularly abusive letters "uttered by this loose woman who fears nothing." He was not interested in scandal for its own sake, nor in Ana de Eboli's opinion of him. He sent the packet back unopened, commenting:

"I had not wished to read the lady's letters. Sufficient it is that her actions have offended me without my seeing that she offends by words also."

The unwelcome publicity continued. It was said Perez had plotted to marry Ana's son to a Braganza, claimants for the Portuguese throne as soon as Sebastian's aged great-uncle, King Henry should die. It was said Perez had boasted of replacing Philip in the lady's affections. It was said he would be killed, would be exiled, would be restored to favour. There was so much gossip that most people missed the significance of Granvelle's arrival. He rode, old but still vigorous, into Madrid on July 28 with no more than the usual attention bestowed upon such eminence. Perhaps Ana de Eboli knew something, for she was seen that day hurrying through the streets to the Perez home. The place was closed and after lingering uncertainly about, she retired to her own palace. At eleven o'clock that night, the King's officers came for her and for Perez. They informed the secretary he was under arrest in his own house, but the Princess was to be confined in a fortress. She was weeping as they led her out; she did not see a small man in voluminous dark cloak and high-crowned, almost brimless hat watching from the deep shadows of the porch of the Church of Santa Maria. It was King Philip observing the disgrace of a woman he had never liked.

XXIII

The Conqueror

IN his own small, plain room in the great pile of the Escorial where he could still hear the sound of the masons' mallets, Philip one day pushed aside his papers and gave himself up to the luxury of feeling old. His attendants were alarmed. His Majesty was not very well — he was increasingly subject to gout and minor internal disorders — but never before had he put down his pen to nurse his health. The scare was unwarranted. Next day he was at work again as usual, inscrutable, industrious and dull.

In that one day of willful idleness — strange that at fifty-two he could not have a single day's rest without exciting startled comment — he had not seemed to be happy. He had been upon the throne nearly a quarter of a century, and perhaps he had deigned to consider the results. He had come into his inheritance to find it broken in credit, weakening, torn by dissentient interests. It was in that condition still.

Spain under the Emperor had been losing trade, industry and population, preserving her position as the chief of European powers by strength of arms and American gold. Since then trade had continued to fall; industry was as good as dead; the population was still dwindling, but Spanish arms remained invincible and America was full of gold. The Netherlands had hated their new lord in '55. They hated him more bitterly in '79, and the northern provinces were preparing to assert their independence. Italy had been a worry and an expense. It remained so. Pirates then had threatened the flow of treasure from the west. They now did more than threaten. There

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was a fellow named Drake who, having disappeared on a voyage around the world, worried Philip so that he wrote in the margin of London reports: "He does not mention Drake." At the outset of his rule he had been displeased with England. He was more displeased now. Protestantism was no nearer extinction than it had been a quarter of a century before.

To the Emperor Charles such a state of affairs would have been the cause of despondency greater than that which drove him into retirement. Philip was hardly conscious of any reason to despair. He had suffered reverses; they made him feel a little sad, nothing more. He had always been the Lord's servant; in all his political misfortunes he had done nothing for which he could reproach himself. Treachery, murder, robbery, ingratitude, he had been guilty of all these, but never for himself. Always, he knew, his motives had been pure. Besides, there was another side to the picture. He had a devoted wife and loving children who were going to be a credit to him. He had the affection of his people, by which he meant good Catholic Spaniards. He had the consciousness of having deserved well of his God. He had this splendid monument, the Escorial, a triumph of all his aesthetic interests. When he had a moment of leisure, he could enjoy as much as any other connoisseur its noble proportions, its glorious paintings, its splendid library for which his agents had ransacked Europe. He had, too, his reputation as a prudent and powerful monarch, and he ought to have rejoiced in it for the world exaggerated both his prudence and his power, which had not been sufficient to keep him from writing:

"I cannot but see with the greatest anxiety the disorderly condition of the treasury. What a prospect for my old age, if I am permitted to have a longer career, when I am now living from day to day without knowing how I shall live on the next and how I shall procure that of which I am so much in need!"

All his troubles came back to this same shortage of money. He needed money, lots of it; money to support Catholics in England and France, money to finance the expeditions to Ireland which

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alarmed Elizabeth, money to pay his servants, money to keep his soldiers from mutinying, money to crush Flanders, money to finish the Escorial, money to maintain artists in their opinion that he was the best payer in Europe and cure bankers of their complaint that he was the worst.

In his place, Charles would probably have embarked on a new conquest, and that was just what Philip proposed to do. Portugal was the most prosperous country in the world; its trade and its colonies lent a rich glamour; it was believed to be so fabulously wealthy that it could pay Spain's debts. A veritable fairyland of gold, but more available than fairyland!

King Henry, Cardinal and Inquisitor General, was sixty-seven and feeble. A pretty argument was going on as to his successor, for none of the descendants of Emanuel the Great had a very well defined claim. Philip was his grandchild. Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, the Duchess of Braganza, Antonio, Prior of Crato, and Alexander Farnese's wife stood in the same relationship. The Duchess of Braganza's rights were incontestable under a strict interpretation of Portuguese law. Philip had most strength and the second best legal standing. Savoy and Parma would not compete, for they were his dependents. Antonio was illegitimate. Catherine de' Medici entered the argument as a descendant of Alfonso III, and Pope Gregory claimed Portugal as a fief of the Holy See. These last two were obviously claims intended for bargaining purposes. Alfonso had been dead for three hundred years, and was no more defunct than Papal pretensions to dispose of crowns. Even Philip, obedient son though he was, had wearied of the Holy Father's excursions into politics and instructed his Ambassador at Rome:

"You will give His Holiness to understand that according to the opinion of our councillors and canonists, who have put our conscience at rest on that point, the Prince is not obliged to conform to the mandates of the Pope in temporal affairs, and that His Holiness in thus venturing out of his spiritual jurisdiction exposes the Apostolic See to be treated with little respect, which in these days and

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under present circumstances should be carefully avoided by His Holiness."

The Pope did not press his claim to Portugal, but that hardly made a settlement easier. Most of Henry's reign was spent in trying to evolve a legal agreement acceptable to everyone. Intelligent men remarked that the law could hardly be expected to bind princes competing for so rich a prize, and they were right. Philip's diplomats, sent ostensibly to argue with Henry, were instructed that their real mission was to bribe the nobles and tell the people that a Spaniard was never a foreigner in Portugal.

Henry died in January, 1580, leaving five regents to select a King, but Philip warned them he would not yield to this particular form of illegality. He had convinced himself that he had a God-given mission to rule Portugal and use its wealth in God's cause. His right to the throne, he announced, was indisputable and he could prove it by force of arms if necessary. The Duchess of Braganza did not care to test the proof, but Antonio was willing to make a play for such stakes. He insisted that his mother had been married to Prince Luis, although he could produce no evidence of the fact, and since he was popular he recruited many followers.

So it was to be war. Philip was sorry, but Portugal was far too valuable to let slip merely because his temperament inclined him towards peace. He wrote to ask Alba if he would undertake the conquest. The old warrior — he was seventy-two — loyally replied that his utmost services were at his sovereign's command, an answer which did not earn him complete forgiveness for his old offence of helping his son escape justice. Philip commanded him to join the army but not to show himself at Court on the way.

"His Majesty has sent me to conquer kingdoms, dragging my chains with me," the Duke complained, but he never permitted his bitterness to affect his conduct.

As in the case of Flanders, it was announced that Alba was only paving the way for his King, but this time Philip really did mean to follow. He moved to Badajoz on the frontier to be ready to take

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possession; the undesirable journey was the price he paid for Portugal. It was hard to leave his children, his gardens, his palaces and his books. He could only take his work with him. However, before he left there were a few odds and ends to be attended to. Granvelle was made regent of Spain, and it testified greatly to Philip's popularity that Spaniards accepted the foreigner on his command with hardly a murmur. He left Perez in charge of foreign affairs, although still under arrest in his house. He spent a few days in prayer at Guadalupe. He sent some Italians under the Pope's colours to aid the Irish. He took Granvelle's advice as to the best means for dealing with his own chief rebel, William of Orange.

"To endeavour to get rid of so miserable and pernicious a man," His Majesty wrote to Alexander of Parma, "I have condemned him, and his works condemn him daily much more, they are so criminal and deserving of a thousand deaths, and after so many means have been employed to reduce him either by will or by force, none having as yet succeeded, that a price shall be put on his head and published everywhere after the example given by many princes in cases far less important, of 30,000 crowns, or more as you may think fit, to the profit of him who shall deliver him alive or dead, assuring the same sum to him who shall kill or deliver him alive, so as to arrive at either of the proposed objects, and by this means deliver the country from a man so pernicious as he is, or at least to place him in such apprehension of this as to deprive him of the means of working freely in the execution of his designs."

Parma translated this into more grammatical, clearer form, thriftily reduced the reward to 25,000 crowns—he was an expert in appraising the amount of money needed for a given job—and published it as a proclamation to the world. The provinces of Holland and Zeeland retorted by declaring themselves independent with Orange as their Count. And the war went on.

By the time Farnese had rewritten his proclamation Philip had reached Badajoz; Alba was marching 35,000 men into Portugal;

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the Marquis of Santa Cruz had brought a fleet to coöperate off Lisbon. The preparations for this expedition had driven the King to forced loans and appeals to his subjects. He was deeper in debt than ever but calmly confident as courier after courier came riding in with the news. Antonio had been crowned at Lisbon; he had fled at Alba's approach; he had lost the one battle of the campaign; he was a fugitive in the mountains with nothing to save him except the loyalty of the peasants and the enormously valuable crown jewels. Portugal was quiet, tame but resentful, under the watchful arrogance of old Alba, who was inviting his sovereign to take possession of his new realm.

This last news found Philip in mourning again. He had been desperately sick, and Queen Anne had prayed to be allowed to die in his place. When a few weeks later she did actually die of the same sort of fever, the pious asserted that her prayer had been heard. It did not seem at all blasphemous to Philip, a black-clad, stooped, slight, bald little man with whitening beard and wasted features, moving sadly into Portugal to be crowned by a reluctant people. He disliked the necessity for this pomp intensely; he was unhappy and lonely, upheld only by a sense of duty and the presence of his favorite nephew, Albert, already beginning to earn his soubriquet of "the Pious." These consolations were hardly enough to prevent the lines from deepening in his face, and when his daughters wrote that the Dowager Empress Maria, then on a visit to Spain, seemed older than he, he replied:

"If you could see me now, my sister would not appear to you older than I, but rather I much older than she, as indeed I am by thirteen months."

His correspondence with his daughters was his only pleasure as he accepted the homage of Portugal. He read their frequent letters with something like eagerness, lovingly correcting their grammar and spelling as if they had been ambassadors. He observed the elaborate, unenthusiastic ceremonies with which he was received, the scenery, the palaces where he lodged, the churches where he

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prayed only as offering material for letters to two little girls in Madrid.

For their edification and amusement he reported, quite simply so that they could understand — after all, the elder was not yet fourteen — the Portuguese scene and the doings of his Spanish household. Actually he forced his diffuse pen to indite short, quite clear sentences! He spoke of new types of architecture, of flowers the girls would like, of a singer who was very fine “but so fat she can scarcely get through the door.” He chronicled in serial form the tempers of an aged servant, a privileged person in the royal family, who was alternately “very angry with me” and “not quite so angry with me.” On one of the former occasions the poor old thing was in a particularly bad humour, “but then she had just been purged.” Again when she was “very poorly, spiritless, and weak and old and sour and half worn out” — hardly the sort of person the severe Philip of public life would be expected to keep in his service — he could excuse her because “I think it is all from drink.”

While writing his descriptions of processions, church services, trips on rivers in gorgeously decorated galleys, he was thirsty for news from home. Was little Philip teething without difficulty? Was he two or three years old? Was the baby Maria, born only a little time before Anne's death, taking nourishment well? Were the older girls making progress in their studies? How did that hope of the dynasty, Prince Diego?

His Majesty reported with approval that *Autos de Fé* did not take so long in Portugal as in Spain, but there were more of them. The Jews, long left in comparative peace, were to be harried by the Inquisition now that Philip was King. Philip was never too tired to urge the burning of a heretic nor to write a letter to his girls.

“It is now eleven o'clock,” he reported one night, “and I have not yet supped. I believe the Cortes will soon meet, and the first business will be taking the oath of allegiance, for which many people will come. You will have heard how they want me to be dressed

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in brocade, much against my will, but they say it is the custom here."

Ten days later he put off his sober black and, draped in heavy folds of rich brocade, sceptre in hand and crown on head, he received Portugal's reluctant allegiance. He had assumed with the robes his public manner, aloof, silent, dignified.

"He resembled King David," exclaimed an observer — a Spanish observer — enthusiastically, "red, fair of face and venerable in the Majesty he manifested."

He was very glad to get back into his accustomed garments. He did not go back to the Cortes to hear that body recognize Prince Diego as heir to the throne. Despite the usually cheerful tone of his letters to his children, the Portuguese tour had become an exile. He suffered it patiently for over two years, governing his realms from Lisbon. The only bright spot was a visit from the Empress Maria, whose cheerfulness and sisterly affection were very welcome, for she arrived in time to support her brother through the grief of Diego's death. A month later Alba died, active almost to the last day of his seventy-four years, forgiven at last.

The old Duke left Portugal pacified. His sovereign was able to start for home, confiding the country to the Archduke Albert. Eagerly he rode eastward into the mountains, going much faster than he had come. Three weeks before his fifty-fifth birthday he met his surviving children — the baby Maria had died, too — and rode with them, much more unostentatiously than his rejoicing subjects liked, into Madrid. His beard was quite white, his head almost hairless. He had shrunk, as meagre men will with age, but he came as a victorious hero. In the eyes of his people the conqueror of an Empire always looks regal.

XXIV

Bitter Fruits

THE glory of conquest faded and gave way to the realization that after all very little had been gained save the glory. Now that he had conquered an empire, Philip should have been able to command wealth beyond the ability of his subjects to embezzle or waste. As a matter of fact, an undue proportion of the papers placed before him still dealt with the lack of money in every department of the government. His servants were paid no more promptly; his soldiers still had to live on the country; his debts were as large as ever. Portugal responded to Spanish methods of administration in the same unfortunate manner as Spain herself. Philip was sorely puzzled. He had stolen the goose of the golden eggs, but he could not make her lay.

The Portuguese resented Spanish rule and delighted in cheating the tax gatherer. Even if they had been more forgiving, there would have been little left of the prosperity that had made the extinct House of Avis the wealthiest in Europe. Alba's triumphant march had completely demoralized the economic life of a country which for generations had known nothing but peace. Merchants were no longer enterprising, for their sole reward was likely to be a forced loan to a government which had been known to default on interest payments. Ships of many lands, which had poured the riches of east and west into the nation's ports, shunned the harbours where cargoes were subject to seizure by His Majesty's officers. Philip's lengthy written memoranda on the subject did nothing to

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renew prosperity; it had been based on a more solid foundation than paper and could not be rebuilt with ink.

He did not let his disappointment interfere with his plans. He went right on with his universal projects just as if he could afford to be the great power the world thought him. He gave French Catholics enough support to keep the civil wars alive; he poured out money to win back the Netherlands; he finished the Escorial, and proceeded to spend just as much as before to decorate and furnish the immense building in accordance with his very exacting ideas of what suited this house of God and the Spanish royal family.

He married his younger daughter, Catherine, to Charles of Savoy, son of his old friend, Emanuel Philibert, and gave a splendid dowry with her. It was such a great sum and he provided such splendid marriage festivities that the bride, a little resentful because her husband held a lower rank than she thought she deserved, remarked with feigned humility that it was all too much for a mere duchess. Yet she hid her feelings as a princess should. She and her sister had acquired, like their father, both a public and a private manner. With Philip, their small brother and intimate friends, they were good hearted, jolly, almost boisterous, rather more inclined to frivolity than the King had ever been. On parade the girls, both in their 'teens, were haughty, silent, aloof and regal. Isabella was considered pretty. She was also believed to have a very good head for politics, but she was learning about them from her father. Catherine was plain, cleverer than her sister but not so able, it was said, although she had little opportunity to display her ability, for she died at thirty, having given her husband nine children. Isabella was so much her father's favourite that it was once rumoured, among those who could never know how far royalty might go in legalizing incest, that His Majesty intended to get a dispensation to marry his own daughter.

However, there was as little basis for this as for other matrimonial gossip. Philip had no mind to marry a fifth time. There was talk of Anne's younger sister, Elizabeth, widow of Charles IX.

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More often men spoke of a daughter of the Duchess of Braganza, a match which would have united the two best claims to Portugal. Philip gave no encouragement to any gossip. He read and wrote and ignored the world.

He was so poor that when the fanatic Balthasar Gerard finally accomplished the assassination of William of Orange, it was not convenient to pay the reward in cash. The killer himself did not claim it. He died in Holland, enduring the most ingenious torments with the martyr-like fortitude of madness. His parents, however, were ennobled and presented with 25,000 crowns worth of land, an estate taken appropriately enough from the confiscated property of William.

The murder made a great stir in the world. Catholics rejoiced that the renegade Orange was dead. Protestants exhausted their vocabularies seeking words strong enough to express their abhorrence of the foul deed. Philip, reading Alexander Farnese's reports, could find no ground for exultation. It was well, no doubt, to rid the world of a heretic, but it seemed that the rebellion was not the malicious work of this one man, as he had supposed. William's death made Farnese's task no easier. The stubborn Dutch persisted in defying royal authority. The war continued with more than usual bitterness. Even winter was not respected. Spanish soldiers learned to fight on ice skates, in the water, on dikes. They won time and time again, yet the conquered never seemed to know when they were beaten, and went right on draining the strength of a mighty empire, whose ruler slowly reached the painful conclusion that they were inspired, not by Orange but by the devil. Still, he himself was inspired by God and would surely win. He would yield nothing, and when the King of Denmark suggested a peace based on religious toleration, Philip replied:

"That I have given no just occasion for this rebellion is so clear that there is no need to raise the question." He really believed this. "As to liberty of conscience, which Your Highness points out as a means for laying the trouble, it should never have been proposed to

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me, for it is clear that no Prince allows to his subjects any other religion than his own, first for religion's sake, and then for reasons of state as well, and that being so how can I act differently — I who hold the true religion — from those Princes who hold the false? ”

If the devil of heresy was flourishing abroad, there was a smaller, more personal devil nearer home. Antonio Perez, secure all these years, was suddenly exposed as a traitor when the investigation of his affairs passed beyond the Escovedo murder to more routine matters. Inquisitive examiners, studying his official conduct and accounts, were slowly but very thoroughly uncovering the corruption of his department, his acceptance of bribes, his sale of royal secrets, his betrayal of Philip's interests. Perez remained aggressively arrogant, until the investigators at last turned to his handling of Flemish affairs. They would soon be sending the King the correspondence with Don Juan, which would seem so innocent to them but which he would know to be doctored. Perez had seen Philip moving ponderously to crush lesser offenders. Yet men like Caranza and Montigny and Espinosa had merely angered the King. He, Perez, had betrayed the family man as well. His self-assurance left him, and he was afraid.

Far more menacing than any outburst of fury was the glacial calm with which Philip learned how he had been fooled by one of his own creatures. A miserable secretary had led him to abandon a beloved brother to despair. Philip was inclined to believe that his distrust had really killed Don Juan and therefore Perez was the murderer, a fiend who had aggravated his crime by making his master accessory to it. Remembering his affection for the brilliant young man, remembering Juan's services more than his faults, but with no outward display of anger or sorrow or shame, Philip prepared for the vengeance which he called by the name of justice.

At first glance it appeared easy for so absolute a monarch to punish a secretary as he pleased. Yet there were obstacles, for Philip insisted on the observance of legal forms however much he might

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outrage legal spirit. The ignominious death of the criminal would not in itself satisfy him. The fellow must be degraded by due process of law. The obstacle to the usual procedure was that it would be extremely difficult to devise any formal condemnation of Perez which would not compromise the King's reputation. It was out of the question that His Majesty should admit having been deceived by a servant. He regarded himself as infallible, at least in his royal capacity; he did not suppose he had ever been in the wrong; he did not propose to let his people think he could have erred. Yet if it came to a trial, Perez could produce papers which would certainly give that impression.

Furious as he was, Philip allowed himself plenty of time for reflection. The emergency obviously called for some such master-stroke as had made Montigny's execution possible. He could think of nothing, although he read over and over again the damning documents which showed how Perez had lied to a confiding King. Philip resented the betrayal all the more because he was not usually gullible; his father had reared him to suspicion, yet this sly secretary had tricked him. In his perplexity he felt debarred from asking advice. He nursed his wrath privately as men cherish secret passions. Not even Granvelle should ever know that the wise and prudent King of Spain had sacrificed the darling of Europe to the jealousy of an intriguing plebeian. The men who had prepared the case, of course, would never appreciate the damning nature of the Flemish papers which they had sifted as a matter of routine. They were still trying to fasten the Escovedo murder on Perez. They thought they had accomplished big things when they brought to light evidence of another bribe. They were more a hindrance than a help, for Philip was no more ready than he had been in Montigny's case to cheat justice. Perez should be punished for another crime than the death of Don Juan only as a last resort.

In his dilemma, unable to ask advice of anyone, Philip retained his faith in Time as the great ally. Something would turn up if he would but have patience. Meanwhile he would keep Perez available

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for punishment when the inspiration came. After five years of imprisonment, during which he had been confined in an apartment of sixteen rooms with two unguarded doors so that he often wandered at will around the town, Perez was quite suddenly sentenced to deprivation of office, payment of an enormous fine and imprisonment for "two or more years as it may please the King." The ostensible crime was his official corruption, but Perez was shrewd enough to know that there was more behind. He fled for refuge to a church altar and was unceremoniously dragged from that supposed sanctuary to the Castle of Turegano. The Princess of Eboli, ill and nearly blind, was slowly dying under close guard on her own estates.

Philip could not give them his full attention. He gave nothing his full attention very long; there was always something else to claim it and his anger did not blunt his sense of duty. Perez's papers had not been seized with him; no doubt he could produce them at an inconveniently damaging moment if his case was pressed. The King decided to move slowly, and while he waited he transacted other business. Among the papers that came to his desk was a report from that very worthy man, eminent sailor and shrewd councillor, the Marquis of Santa Cruz. He had just exterminated a combined English and French fleet, fitted out for the Portuguese Pretender, Antonio, by Elizabeth and Catherine de' Medici, and largely financed by the Portuguese crown jewels. In spite of his defeat the Pretender was being made much of in London where, no doubt, he would be given every facility for making more trouble. Santa Cruz, master of the seas barring a few pirates in ships too fast to catch, offered to sail north and conquer this heretical England, refuge of Spain's enemies, "for God and Your Majesty."

XXV

“The Enterprise of England”

THERE was nothing in Santa Cruz's report which had not been written in dozens of other documents for the last twenty-five years. From the moment of Elizabeth's accession, men of sense had advised Philip to crush her before she was firmly settled on the throne. Later they had urged him to crush her even if she was settled on the throne. Always Philip had declined to oppose her openly. For twenty-five years he had tried — he called God to witness he had tried — to obey his father's injunction: “Never lose the friendship of England.” He had borne with admirable patience the insults and piracies and heresies of that little island which had once called him king. He had returned evil gently — by subsidies and promises to assassins and rebels. He thought he had been very kind, that he had deserved Elizabeth's gratitude; certainly he had reminded her often enough that she owed him her life in Mary Tudor's time and her throne since then.

Now, he told himself as he read Santa Cruz's optimistic offer, he had come to the end of his patience. This was not strictly accurate. There was no end to Philip's patience. He had simply changed its direction. He had learned that no reliance was to be placed on Irish, French, English or Italian conspirators. Another man might have learned the lesson in less than twenty-five years, but Philip was not quick. He had not yet realized that some of these conspirators might have had a chance if he had been a little more prompt with his help.

He put all that out of his mind. The important facts now were

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that English money and English troops had supported the Dutch Protestants, that English buccaneers had harried Spanish commerce and sacked Spanish colonies, that England had become one of the greatest enemies of the Church, that England's Queen had become so impertinent she offered Philip advice.

She enjoyed telling people what to do almost as much as he, and did not do it much more gracefully. She sent one Thomas Wilkes with a letter full of noble, lofty phrases, admonishing her good brother to win his rebellious subjects by kindness. Considering the nature of English rule in Ireland, Philip thought, the strictures on his behaviour smacked of insincerity. However, he was willing to believe that perhaps he did not quite take Elizabeth's meaning. Her envoy had come into the royal presence with rather more assurance than was becoming under Burgundian rules of etiquette. He was determined to show the spectators that an Englishman was as good as anybody else. He handed over his letter and when Philip, as usual, put it aside to be translated by a secretary, Wilkes insisted that the King read it at once.

“I did so, although I did not understand a word of it,” said the patient monarch, showing no annoyance at this presumption, although his courtiers were heard to gasp.

Wilkes paid no attention. He was launched on a speech. He harangued Philip in Latin on his duty, speaking rather more rapidly than the lectured one could follow and ending with the information that he was instructed to remain in Madrid for two weeks, explaining Elizabeth's letter word by word and clause by clause if necessary. His Majesty made no comment on this generosity, but he had grasped enough of the envoy's message to write:

“It seems to me that the Queen wishes to lay down the law for us here, and, if I have understood well, I can see no good to come from the matter. It will be well,” he added thoughtfully, “to send the man off long before his fortnight is up, and before he commits some impertinence which will oblige us to burn him.”

Although Elizabeth had been mightily rude to him, he really

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did not want to burn her Ambassador. He did want to kill Elizabeth herself, but he had rather given up hope of having it done quietly. Plot after plot was submitted to him, all elaborate and all discovered in ample time, as is usually the case when many men plan murder. Philip, who loved secrecy for its own sake and often kept the truth from his most trusted ministers out of sheer habit of deception, had a very low opinion of the English conspirators. He lumped them all together as blabbers, and when one of them was sure of success because his accomplices included six gentlemen of the Queen's household, Philip's marginal comment was:

"If the six gentlemen and himself know it, others know it."

Only slightly less underhanded methods had failed as miserably as assassination. Philip sent money and promises, especially promises, to Scot Catholics; but he never had any faith in young James Stuart, who had been brought up on a diet of falsehood even stronger than Philip could stomach. Besides, the King of Scotland was a braggart. Philip had seen a letter in which he referred to "my virtues and rare qualities," and His Majesty wrote beside these words: "He is quite ready to confess them himself." Nor could he trust James' relatives, the Guises, much more. They were very useful fighting Huguenots in France, but Philip did not want them to play a large part in freeing Queen Mary. He desired now no more than he had twenty-five years ago a Queen of England influenced from France. He had never been very eager in assisting Guise plots to free their kinswoman. He had given more help to Irish rebels, rather by way of retaliation for Elizabeth's action in the Netherlands than because he hoped for serious results. She was properly annoyed, and Philip could comment:

"It is a fine thing for the Queen to take offence that I have sent her no excuses about Ireland, considering that for years past she has sent none to me for having succoured and supported my rebels in the Netherlands."

Nor had she been any more satisfactory in the matter of pirates.

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She evaded the question, no matter how damning the proof collected by Spanish agents. She was getting rich, as were her chief ministers, from shares in the enterprises of Drake, Hawkins and their imitators. All in all she had become the most obvious menace to the carrying out of God's work, which Philip had a mission to perform. He was ripe for Santa Cruz's advice, although his only reply was a cautious:

“These are things of which we can hardly speak just yet.”

The words were prompted by love of secrecy rather than any real hesitation. By the time he had written them, he had prayed for divine guidance, the only counsel he sought in this case. The fact that he reached a comparatively speedy decision convinced him that his prayers had been answered, that God willed him to do what he wanted to do anyway. He had decided to place Catholic Mary upon the throne of England, and then the Protestant cause in both the Netherlands and France must collapse for lack of English support. This great work he would do himself, without other allies than the Pope to lend moral and financial assistance. He had grown to distrust everyone thoroughly. As he knelt before the altar, feeling himself in close communion with the Almighty on this matter, he determined that the honour, the glory and the reward should be his alone. God had bidden him conquer. Philip went from his chapel to his desk to write orders and by July 1584 English spies learned that the Marquis of Santa Cruz was preparing a good many ships, no one knew how many, “to serve upon occasion in the ocean.”

By the time the spies knew this much, Philip had been at work for months on what was referred to in a thousand documents as “the enterprise of England.” He was so ill and gouty that for weeks on end he could give audience to no one, but he scribbled incessantly. Nothing that the pen could do to conquer England was left undone. The King was insatiable for information. He wanted to know everything that could be found out about English politics, resources, man-power, armaments, ships, ports, roads, religion, finances. He wanted to know if the Guises could be prevented from

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taking a hand in the great game. Would the Pope help and how much?

Soon orders were sent to Spanish ports to seize the ships of all nations, except the French, for service in the armada that would attack England. French vessels were exempted because they were too small to be useful. Every shipyard from Barcelona to Corunna was to work at capacity. Stores and arms were collected in immense quantities, rotted and were replaced and rotted again as the months of preparation rolled into years, and still Philip was not ready. Santa Cruz spent two months on a document that Philip read with artistic appreciation. It was a list of the armament necessary for the conquest of England. Every sail, arquebus, oar and box of biscuit was itemized and estimated for a fleet of one hundred and fifty great ships, forty store hulks, three hundred and twenty small craft and landing rafts, all to carry 30,000 sailors, 64,000 soldiers and 1,600 horses. The armada would carry provisions for eight months and would cost 3,800,000 ducats—equal to £450,000—because prices had gone up owing to the flood of gold from America.

Interesting as this report was to read, Philip knew that as a practical basis for the enterprise it was not much good. He did not have and could never hope to raise such an enormous sum of money. Furthermore, the force seemed excessive for the task at hand. It was larger than the armada Don Juan had led at Lepanto against a far more formidable foe than he thought England could ever be. Philip filed the model of report-drafting away in the archives and considered what might be possible. He decided something like half what Santa Cruz suggested would be ample, and he made that his goal.

The size and equipment of the armada were not his chief concern. He had been told so often that England could easily be crushed by a first class power that he believed it. He was confident that he needed only to put forth his strength and the island would be his. The main question was, what should he do with it then? Also, how to keep others—that is, France—from interfering?

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This last point was settled easily enough. Philip had helped keep France embroiled in religious wars for the last twenty years, and she was too greatly weakened by them to annoy the King of Spain. Just to make sure, he wrote his Ambassador at Paris to continue to urge French Catholics to settle their own problems before they thought of England.

“It is very important to us,” he wrote, “to finish first the heretics who are near us than those afar off.”

However, another diplomatic problem arose by the death of the obliging Gregory and the election of Felice Peretti as Sixtus V. No one outside of Italy knew anything about the new Pope, and even in Italy his fame was strictly limited to those who could remember that thirty years before he was an extremely popular preacher. As a Cardinal he had been inconspicuous, a fact which secured him his election. The Spanish and French interests in the Sacred College were deadlocked so long that they were glad to agree on an unknown. Would the unknown, Philip wondered, contribute to the conquest of England without demanding a right to dispose of the spoils?

Sixtus turned out to be quite as eager for “the enterprise of England” as Philip could have wished. Indeed, rather more eager. He was an indiscreet, impatient man whose experience had given him no idea of the amount of time needed for this sort of work, and within six weeks of his election he was telling the Spanish Ambassador of his ambition to signalize his pontificate by a crusade against Algiers, a crusade against the Turks, the conversion of Elizabeth, the winning of all Protestants back into the fold.

“In fine,” reported the Ambassador, Count Olivares, “the Pope wishes to undertake something great.”

“It would seem that the war in Flanders does not appear to him a great undertaking and that he does not know what it costs,” Philip scrawled. “He is deceived about England and labours under a delusion.”

However, the Pope had no fixed delusions. A few days after his

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talk with Olivares he was proposing to French Catholics that they invade England in force, overthrow Elizabeth — no more talk of her conversion — and give the crown to James of Scotland. James had just written a polite note to His Holiness holding out hopes of his seeing the light, and the Pope, not knowing James, had taken it at face value. Olivares, hearing of this, sought an audience and reproved Sixtus. The Holy Father, said the Count, ought not to encourage the French to relax their efforts at home, and besides the crown of England belonged to James' mother. Sixtus, easily swayed by the last person to advise him, agreed warmly and replied that he would rely entirely upon Spain to place that crown where it belonged. From that moment he bombarded Philip with commands to move at once upon the foe. He seemed to divide his time between writing magniloquent appeals to Philip to show more activity in God's cause and fencing craftily with Olivares about a papal subsidy for that cause.

Philip bore uncomplainingly the constant demand for haste. He put them aside as unworthy of serious attention. Yet they served a purpose. In his eagerness, Sixtus did not notice particularly that Olivares had bound him to accept a disposition of the English throne which he would never have promised with his eyes open. He promised to recognize after Mary's death any Catholic claimant Philip should nominate. He supposed it would be some Catholic Englishwoman with a bit of royal blood.

This was not quite Philip's idea. He had given much thought to the problem of Mary's successor. She would be a faithful colleague, no doubt, for she would be linked to his interests by stronger ties than gratitude. But she was aging in prison, and it was not thinkable that her son should be permitted to succeed her. As Philip said: "I cannot undertake war in England merely for the purpose of placing upon the throne a young heretic like the King of Scotland." James' heresy barred him from the rights which were his by birth. It did not seem reasonable to replace him by someone the victor did not know, and English Catholics had for

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some time assured Philip that he was himself the next Catholic heir by virtue of his descent from Edward III, whose granddaughter had married into Portugal. Philip did not propose to take advantage of this claim in his own person; England should be the dowry of his daughter, Isabella.

“His Holiness,” reported Olivares after securing the Pope’s promise, “is quite convinced that Your Majesty is not thinking of the succession for yourself. I did not say anything to the contrary. When the matter is broached to him, he will be much surprised.”

More important than papal recognition in this day and age was Mary Stuart’s agreement. This was less difficult to obtain than Philip expected. After nearly twenty years in England, Mary was ready to promise anything, and James had given her little reason to be watchful of his rights. She wrote the Spanish Ambassador that she put herself in Philip’s hands, adding:

“Considering the great obstinacy of my son in his heresy, for which I can assure you I weep and lament day and night more than for my own calamities, and foreseeing how difficult it will be for the Catholic Church to triumph if he succeeds to the throne of England, I have resolved that in case my son should not submit before my death, I will cede and make over by will to the King, your master, my right to the succession of this crown and beg him to take me in future entirely under his protection and also the affairs of this country.”

Philip read this letter with admiration. Few people had so completely recognized his true position as guardian of God’s interests on earth. He would have been surprised if anyone had told him that there might be moral and legal difficulties in the way of Mary disposing thus of the throne of England. She had shown the purity of her faith, and Philip was touched.

“She has certainly risen in my estimation,” he admitted, “and has increased the devotion that I have ever felt to her interests, not so much because of what she says in my own favour (although I am

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very grateful for that also) as because she postpones her love for her son, which might be expected to lead her astray, for the service of our Lord, the common good of Christendom and especially that of England. You may send and tell her all this from me and assure her that if she perseveres in the good path she has chosen, I hope that God will bless her by placing her in possession of her own. You will add that I shall be very happy to undertake the protection of her person and interests as she requests."

Perhaps to Mary the extent of his gratitude might not be apparent from these lines. She might think them cold, graceless. A little more fervour would have become the recipient of such a gift as the throne of England. If she thought this, she would have misjudged her man. Philip was not in the habit of expressing gratitude to any but God; he had never felt anyone had given him cause. He had never learned the words to say how deeply he was stirred by Mary's holy magnanimity. Only the fact that he tried at all betrayed his emotion.

Hereafter he looked upon "the enterprise of England" in a more spiritual, emotional way. It became entirely a crusade. Philip no longer spoke of the material advantages to be gained. He scorned the base insinuation, made by the Pope, that he was undertaking the great work to punish a few robbers. He proved what he considered the disinterestedness of his zeal. If his piety had not been so powerfully stimulated by Mary's unsuspected nobility of soul, he could have made at this moment a very good bargain for himself with Elizabeth. It was fairly common knowledge by now that the immense preparations in Spanish and Portuguese shipyards were directed against England. Naturally Elizabeth was alarmed; she could hardly expect to prevail alone against the might of Spain, even though her people were more loyal than at the beginning of her reign, and she had no allies who could do any good. She had tried without success to stir up the Turks and African Moors to make trouble for Philip. She was eager at this late hour to avert Philip's wrath. She was willing to withdraw

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support from the Netherlands, abandon Antonio of Portugal, put an end to piracy.

“I know,” said Philip complacently, “that the English are dying to come to terms with me and they are attempting to do so in many directions, offering to amend their ways for the future.”

He was not deceived in the sincerity of the peace offers, but he did make the mistake of assuming Elizabeth’s fears meant that his success was certain. He sent orders to entertain the negotiations as a mere cloak to his own preparations, although he had no intention of concluding peace. His armada was too far along now; in another year it would be ready, and the English commissioners soon saw through the efforts to beguile them into security.

They had plenty of time to look to their defences. Philip was trying to hurry at last, but his system of administration would not permit it. He had helped fasten a habit of tardiness upon Spanish officialdom, and not even he could gear it to higher speed. The King’s practice of delay, hesitation and procrastination had become the practice of his people. It was during this reign that Italians began to assure each other: “If death is coming to you from Spain, you will live long.” No one would hurry, even for God and His Majesty.

Nor was Philip more single-minded than usual. He found time in these months to continue his careful consideration of all state affairs. He passed new regulations for the dress of men and women. He restored to University of Salamanca students the use of the long cape, saying it would prevent poor lads from being ashamed of their poverty since no one could see the quality of the clothes beneath. He tried with small success to discourage gambling. He forbade, with equal failure, the wearing of masks, those pleasant aids to amorous adventure much in vogue among gentlefolk. He took part in the lengthy ceremonies of the consecration of San Lorenzo Escorial. He had Antonio Perez tortured until he gave up his papers and then found the secretary had held out the documents most desired. He evolved a new decree to abolish the long, cere-

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monious forms of salutation which had grown up until clerks were addressed by the most resounding titles and every man was "Illustrious." In future, he said, only cardinals could be called "Excellency" and even ambassadors were to be no more than "Lordship," a regulation which caused violent protest from the diplomatic corps. The King himself was to be called simply "Sire," while letters to him should end with no more adulatory remarks than "God guard the Catholic person of Your Majesty." It was time wasted; no one obeyed the edict. Politeness was too deeply ingrained in the people.

At the time that he was deeply immersed in papers, Philip was so seldom seen, even by his ministers, that it was reported he would resign the government to a regency until his son was old enough to rule. Yet Philip worked when for weeks on end he could not walk. The doctors were bleeding him at ever increasing intervals and in the foot, according to Spanish medical practice. This treatment and gout in the knee kept him lame.

His secretaries and servants marvelled at and were grateful for the patience with which he suffered pain. Philip was not supposed to be a brave man; he had always taken remarkably good care of himself in tournaments, but he never complained about his ailments. He smiled a little less often and spent the sleepless nights reading reports and writing letters. He was writing orders for the impressing of fishermen to serve in Santa Cruz's new ships, and he was reading reports of how quickly they ran away. He was busy with the inexhaustible paper work of recruiting and storing supplies and finding money. This last, he admitted, "is the matter which gives me the keenest anxiety. But," he added, "I have firm faith in God." As a more practical measure, he suspended the payment of all salaries at Court and even stopped work on the decoration of the Escorial, his own personal sacrifice to the sacred cause. The Pope was proving to be thrifty — Olivares used a harsher word — and although willing to contribute 1,000,000 ducats would not advance a maravedi until Spanish troops had landed in Eng-

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land. He still urged speed, however, while Olivares raged and dutiful Philip — dutiful in words — could find no excuse for His Holiness.

Of course there was also an English assassination plot going on. This time, boasted their leader, Babington, there could be no failure. Not only Elizabeth but most of her ministers would be killed beginning with Cecil, a programme to which Philip objected as needless waste if the Queen were murdered. The King so far underestimated Cecil's importance that he said the genius of the English government was “very old and had done no harm.” Besides, Babington had a list of accomplices longer than his list of victims, and Philip worried about their incautious behaviour. He did not see how such men could keep a secret, and he was right; Secretary Walsingham had copies of all their correspondence. The plot collapsed in blood before a blow was struck, and the only result of Babington's boasting was to doom Mary Stuart. She had plotted once too often; her participation in this conspiracy was all too clear; little time was wasted in condemning her to death.

Philip was horror stricken at the idea of the death sentence being passed upon a queen, a Catholic queen, a woman who had appreciated Philip's mission in life. Why, only four days after the verdict she wrote that she thought him “the most worthy prince to succeed and the most advantageous one for the protection of the island.” It did not seem possible men could kill such a paragon. Devils themselves would be unable to perpetrate such an enormity.

“I cannot say how grieved I am about the Queen of Scotland,” he wrote his envoy in Paris on the very day — so moved was he — that the news came. “God help her in this trouble and extricate her from it. You will use every possible effort to induce Nazareth (the Papal Nuncio in France) and others to urge the King of France to act energetically on her behalf. Let me know what takes place for I am very anxious about it.”

A few days later he even consented to sacrifice one of his cherished secrets if it would save Mary, an unparalleled mark of grati-

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tude. His French Ambassador should, if he felt it might "make the Englishwoman less ready to strike," hint to his English colleague that Philip would claim the throne if Mary were killed. It was as much as he could do now; the armada was still far from ready.

Hints and threats were of no avail. Mary lived only as long as it took Elizabeth to evolve some means of escaping the odium of killing her. The condemned woman's jailers resisted royal appeals to assassinate their prisoner, and at last Elizabeth tricked her Secretary of State into issuing the warrant without her signed order. At the time the bit of diplomacy did Elizabeth little good; only posterity believed her when she protested that she had not wanted her rival killed. In the dangerous days of 1587 the verdict of posterity could be of little help. Even her friend, Henry of Navarre, smiled incredulously when he heard her story.

As for Philip, he sorrowed as if the dead woman had been a member of his family. He read of Mary's brave, tragically dignified acceptance of her fate, and he thought it obvious that only a saint and martyr could have met an ignominious death so cheerfully. That being the case, the departed soul must have been translated without intermediate purgatory from earthly woes to celestial glories, and any display of grief would be unseemly. Still, it was a nice point. Philip consulted his confessor. That learned man thought that without doubt His Majesty was right about Mary's sanctity, but as the Church had not yet had time to recognize it formally, he might give vent to his natural anguish. Whereupon the most impressive funeral services were ordered, and honoured by the King in person. Emerged from retirement for this solemn occasion, clad in deepest mourning, he evidenced with unusual lack of restraint the depth of his feelings. Close observers said they had seen a tear in his eye.

He did not permit his grief to overmaster him. Rather he worked with added energy, spurred now by desire to avenge Mary and place his own daughter on the throne. For the first time in his life



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he showed signs of impatience. He complained that everybody was slow. He wrote a great many letters on the subject, and rode off to Toledo on a mission which he expected to result in more than human aid. He had added to his collection of sacred relics the bones of Santa Leocadia, Virgin and Martyr, brought at great expense from Mons, and he meant to enlist her support against England. He did her the honour of having young Philip help carry her corpse in procession to the Cathedral.

Evidence of the saint's gratitude was not immediately apparent. While the King was watching the ceremonies, he received a message that a few days before Drake had sailed into Cadiz and burned the ships being fitted there. Philip could not hide his distress, for the main force of the armada at Lisbon was helpless without guns or soldiers. It was saved only because Elizabeth called the corsair off before he could get to them; she was still hoping for peace. There was great anguish in Seville, for when Drake did not appear at Lisbon it was supposed he was lying in wait for the plate fleet. Philip had been counting on that treasure, too, and its safe arrival confirmed him in his belief that God approved “the enterprise of England,” a belief strengthened by the discovery that Drake's visit was not an unmixed evil. For the first time in living memory a Spanish city had been at the mercy of foreigners. The country cried out for revenge. War fever raged briskly in the land, and the Cortes passed fiery resolutions. It was easier to pass them than to put them into effect.

Philip, ill again and weak from repeated bleedings and purgings, saw the armada, which had been growing for four years, disintegrating for lack of money. A succession of bad harvests left the people starving and quite unable to collect the vast stores of food Santa Cruz demanded. Soldiers and sailors were deserting or demanding pay with embarrassing persistence.

In this crisis, Philip, whom his people fondly called “the Prudent,” advanced a series of schemes so rash that the boldest of his advisers were horrified. Since delay was proving so dangerous, he

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said, Santa Cruz should sail at once, though winter was approaching, with what force was ready. Alexander Farnese's splendid army, the recruiting of which had drained Spain, was to ferry itself across the Channel as soon as Santa Cruz had established command of the seas. The Marquis made a special trip to Madrid to point out the danger of a winter cruise with no safe harbour to shelter him in case of need. Philip admitted the danger, but said his prestige was at stake; they would leave the weather to God. The Admiral went back to Lisbon, but he put off getting supplies together until Philip reluctantly consented to wait for spring.

While waiting, he had another bold idea. Why should not Farnese make a sudden dash for England in his canal barges and do the work alone? It was a project that would appeal to Napoleon in a couple of hundred years, but it had no charms for Alexander. He resented the suggestion as an insult to his military intelligence. Two or three ships of war could wipe out his whole flotilla, which had no means of defence or attack. A winter wind would be as fatal. He definitely refused to consider the proposal. There was nothing left for Philip to do except sit in his little room, writing notes for the fleet to hurry and considering how the expedition should act.

He had already ordered all Spain to pray for success, and in every church devout congregations implored the Lord to smile upon His Majesty's great undertaking. Week after week the prayers ascended to Heaven, while in Flanders, Alexander's army dwindled from disease and desertion and, in Lisbon, Santa Cruz discovered that the victuallers had cheated the King. The food was bad, the water foul, the ships' stores rotten.

In England panic had given place to determination. The pirates were rather eager to try their new-fangled, fast, handy ships in fair fight against the Spanish hulks. The people had been roused by tales of Spanish atrocities. It was said — and believed — that the Protestants were to be massacred to a man and woman, that thousands of wet nurses were being brought with the fleet to suckle

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babies thus orphaned, that the ships would be full of the Inquisition's ingenious instruments of torture for use on Englishmen. Roused by such stories, the English prepared for defence so stoutly that Farnese warned the King success would be doubtful. Philip paid no attention to such croaking. Spaniards were beginning to speak of "the Invincible Armada." Everything was ready, if one one were willing to overlook the matter of inadequate, decaying supplies.

And then Santa Cruz died. He had worked hard on this fleet, struggling with bitterness in his heart against poverty and delay and corruption, and he had known that it would never be the armada of his dreams. He was very old, but his death seemed sudden, for he had been unusually vigorous. There was no one of authority and ability to take his place. Philip knew it, but he only said it was fortunate that Santa Cruz had died before the expedition started rather than at sea. The King had decided upon a successor long ago in case of just such an event as this.

His choice dismayed the entire fleet, but none more than the nominee. Alonso Perez de Guzman, called "the Good," Duke of Medina Sidonia, was one of those magnificent, semi-independent grandees whom the Emperor had long ago warned Philip to employ only in war or diplomacy. He was the son-in-law of Ruy Gomez, but fit neither for war nor diplomacy. His only qualification to command was that his rank would give him the unquestioned precedence over every other officer in the fleet. He was a mild, home-loving, unadventurous, farm-minded, dull gentleman who was always sick at sea. He protested with more spirit than he was supposed to have against the honour thrust upon him. Over and over again he repeated that he was too poor — a Captain General paid his own expenses — that he possessed "neither aptitude, ability, health nor fortune" for the task. Philip replied that he should be ready to sail for Lisbon on March 1.

"I am quite confident that, thanks to your great zeal and care, you will succeed very well," His Majesty added. "It cannot be

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otherwise in a cause so entirely devoted to God as this is. There is no reason for you to trouble about anything but the preparation of the expedition, and I am quite sure you will be diligent in this respect."

The King really could not see that it made much difference now who commanded. Santa Cruz had prepared everything. He, Philip, was drafting sailing orders, fighting orders, landing orders and a dozen other instructions. He had written out every detail. Medina Sidonia had only to follow the course so carefully mapped out for him by a King who had no more naval experience than his Captain General.

"In the first place," the instructions for conquering England began, "you will have to exercise special care that cause of offence to God shall be avoided on the armada and especially that there shall be no sort of blasphemy. This must be severely enforced with heavy penalties, in order that the punishment for the toleration of such sin may not fall upon all of us. You are going to fight for the cause of our Lord, and for the glory of His name, and consequently He must be worshipped by all so that His favour may be deserved."

The Deity having been propitiated, the Duke should sail up the English Channel to Cape Margate and see that Farnese's army crossed unmolested. If the English fleet opposed him, he should fight, but he should not seek a battle until the army was on English soil. In case of a naval engagement, he must remember that the English fired low at the hulls of ships and would not grapple. He should do something about that. Unfortunately, His Majesty did not say what to do to meet this new method of warfare, which was to decide the fate of Spanish sea power. It was no compensation for the omission that he set a rendezvous in case the armada was separated by storms, that he ordered the Duke not to be diverted even if Drake attacked Spain, that he warned against bickering with Farnese, that he offered wise suggestions for husbanding victuals, that he promised further instructions as needed.

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“In the meanwhile,” he concluded, “I will cause the undertaking to be commended to Almighty God as His own.”

To this last task he now devoted himself with all the fervour of his fanaticism. He shut himself up in the Escorial, seeing no one except his immediate servants, prostrate in supplication to the Lord to look with favour upon his offering. He would not work at anything else until there should be news of the Invincible Armada.

XXVI

The Invincible Armada

THE first news was bad. The magnificent fleet — there were half as many ships and when they joined Farnese there would be half as many men as had followed Don Juan at Lepanto — sailed straight into a storm that sent it driving back into northern Spanish ports, ships battered and men discouraged. Vessels that were supposed to be victualled for six months had run short in a week. The storm had damaged some so badly they would not be able to put to sea again this year. Medina Sidonia, who had suffered acutely, thought it was hopeless to continue the enterprise. He and Farnese together would be too weak to conquer England, he said despondently.

Philip emerged from his seclusion to combat this defeatist talk. The Invincible Armada was to sail again at once, he wrote; he ventured to hope that it would be gone before his letter was received. The Captain General might leave behind such ships as were crippled, and he was to take better care of the food “and not allow yourself to be deceived as you were before.” As for giving up, that was ridiculous.

“It is true,” the King confessed, “that if we could have things exactly as we wished, we would rather have other vessels, but under the present circumstances the expedition must not be abandoned on account of this difficulty.”

Again Medina Sidonia accepted orders. Again Philip turned to God for aid. Again the fleet got under way and on July 23, 1588, the Invincible Armada moved northwards slowly — most of

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the ships were bad sailers—in the half moon formation which Philip had decreed. It was an impressively powerful display which elevated the spirits of Santa Cruz's old lieutenants — Santa Cruz's successor was too sick to care. Bigger ships had never sailed the sea. One of them was actually of 1,250 tons, carried thirty guns and needed nearly one hundred sailors to work her. She and others only slightly smaller towered up out of the water like floating castles, original minds who observed them said, enormous, awkward, perfect targets.

This last fact only became fully apparent as they sailed up the Channel with the English ships running circles around them, firing with deadly accuracy into the terribly exposed hulls. The pirates would not come to grips, and the Spanish soldiers, dying in hundreds while they stood to arms waiting to board the enemy, cursed them for cowards.

The islanders could not be goaded into giving up their advantage, and the Spaniards were a bit shaken as they came to anchor on the night of August 7 in the open roadstead of Calais. They were nervous largely because their Captain General was setting them a bad example. His signals had been irresolute, disorderly; he had abandoned one of the best ships and a popular captain to the enemy. The running fight up the Channel had upset him. He had been brought up to suppose that the mere sight of Spanish power sent foreigners scuttling for shelter. Now he was here in Calais Road with a treacherous shore on one side and the English ships, which had certainly had the best of the argument so far, on the other. The Duke sent quite frantic messages to Farnese to come out and help, but Farnese was a soldier. He knew his flat boats would be completely helpless in such a battle. He swore that Medina Sidonia was a fool and replied that he expected the fleet to clear a passage for him. Medina Sidonia, waiting in the uneasy Calais anchorage, thought the answer smacked of irony.

He had no time to argue the point. While the Spaniards rested a little and wondered what to do next, the night was made suddenly

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hideous by bursts of flame. Eight fire ships, sails full set and all alight with blazing pitch bore down upon the Invincible Armada, close-packed in the narrow roadstead. Santa Cruz would have known enough to have these attackers towed out of harm's way, but his successor had never dreamed of such a weapon. He set an example of panic which was unanimously followed. Ship after ship, without thought of squadron formation or battle order, cut her cables and ran for the choppy, open sea where the English were waiting.

At the moment that they were jostling each other with a great creaking of timber and straining of yards to get out of the way of the fireships, now drifting harmlessly towards land, King Philip was writing a few afterthoughts to Medina Sidonia.

"I think well to repeat here and impress upon you how important it would be for you to enter and make yourself safe in the Thames itself."

Long before that letter was delivered the Invincible Armada had something more important than the Thames to think about. Any refuge would have been hailed with delight. When morning broke on the eighth, the splendid fleet was scattered in confusion with only forty of the big fighting ships left together to oppose the entire English force. In the heat of the battle, the Spaniards forgot their panic and remembered their discipline. Admirals who had served under Santa Cruz fought their ships as squadrons, but bravery and experience were not enough against superiority of weapons. Fortunately, the English were not as well trained as their enemies. They had not yet mastered the new style of warfare they had so suddenly invented.

They did more than enough damage, despite their lack of discipline. For a time it appeared that the entire armada, unable to bear up into the wind, would perish on the shoals, but a sudden shift of the breeze sent them careering slowly northwards. Though their ammunition was practically exhausted, the seamen were for turning to give the English another battle, but Medina Sidonia had

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had enough. Santa Cruz's old warriors forgot his rank and cursed him in language that the Inquisition would have punished severely, as he ordered a retreat. There was only one route open to fugitives—a long haul around the north of Scotland, west of Ireland and, God and the early autumn storms willing, back to Spain.

The English followed no further than the Scottish border. They, too, had exhausted their powder, and they returned to a wildly rejoicing nation while the Invincible Armada dragged slowly on its disastrous way. The great, proud ships were battered, leaking, short of sails and spars and rope. The men were starving, thirsty, dying of pestilence and wounds. The coasts of Scotland and Ireland were strewn with wreckage of the largest ships that had ever sailed the seas. Scot and Irish savages prowled along the shore, killing the survivors as they crawled to land, and in places the beaches were covered with the frozen, stripped, white bodies of the slain. Less than half the ships and no more than a third of the 30,000 men came back after many weeks to Spain.

The tale of disaster travelled more slowly than is usual for such news. Philip, waiting and praying at the Escorial, heard that the Armada was in the Channel, that guns had been thundering at sea. Then for a long time he heard nothing reliable. There was a story that the English had been annihilated, another that there had been bad weather, another that nothing definite had happened, another that the armada was refitting in Scotland, another that Medina Sidonia had sunk fifteen of Drake's ships.

"I hope to God it may be so and that you have known how to follow up the victory," Philip wrote his Captain General concerning this last rumour. "I confidently look for God's favour in a cause so entirely his own."

A few days later a letter from Farnese informed Philip that "the enterprise of England" had failed. How miserably, how irretrievably, the King did not know, but his information was sufficiently discouraging that he tried to keep it a secret. The processions and appeals to God for victory continued, even after rumours of the

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defeat began to circulate; the news could not be suppressed. Loud above the obedient droning of the prayers, there rose from the country a tempest of indignant cries and complaints. The people wanted a scapegoat. They blamed Medina Sidonia and Farnese and the victuallers and the Council of State and Santa Cruz's old officers. They blamed nearly everybody except Philip, who blamed no one. His Majesty, still secluded from the eyes of men, was reading the full extent of the disaster. From force of habit he corrected the spelling and called attention to minor discrepancies in the reports of officers who had been fighting the English and the weather for weeks, who were starving, sleepless, ill and wounded when they wrote.

Equally a habit was the marvellous calm with which he took the blow. The few who were admitted to attend upon him thought perhaps he looked a little older, feebler than before, but that might have been the severe attack of gout from which he suffered. They heard from him no exclamation of sorrow or anger. They saw him reading or standing by the little window of his room that looked down into the body of the church where mass was being celebrated. He was so serene that they wondered if he appreciated the magnitude of the calamity. He refused to listen to the cry for a victim to satisfy the public's crude notions of justice. He was sure everyone had done his best; it was God's will that the armada had been destroyed.

"I sent it against men, not against winds and hurricanes," was the nearest to a complaint that he uttered.

By mid-October there was nothing more to keep from the public. The remnants of the Invincible Armada were straggling into port, and from wrecks of ships that seemed to float by a miracle, ghosts and skeletons of men came ashore to tell the story of the great tragedy. Philip decided that under the circumstances the prayers for victory were a little incongruous. He countermanded the ceremonies now that the ships had come home, "some of them somewhat badly handled owing to the long and troublesome

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voyage which they have made." After this masterpiece of understatement, he continued:

"And seeing that it is our duty to thank God for all that it has pleased Him to do, I have returned Him thanks for this and for the pity He has shown to all, for owing to the violent storm which attacked the fleet a much worse issue might reasonably have been looked for, and I attribute this favour to the devout and incessant prayers which have been raised to Him. But seeing that it is impossible for me not to feel some regret both for the damage to the ships and for the suffering of those on board them, I consider that the prayers and public orations have done their work for the present and may now cease."

However, Philip did not wish the Lord to think him lacking in gratitude just because he could not understand the divine purpose. No doubt, as the Duke of Medina Sidonia had said, "since this enterprise had been so fervently commended to Him, the result must doubtless be that which will be most advantageous to His service and that of Your Majesty." Therefore, it behooved a pious man to show his appreciation. In place of the prayers for victory, every church in Spain was to have a solemn mass of thanksgiving "and let all ecclesiastics and other devout persons continue in their particular and private orations, commending to our Lord with all fervour each action of mine, so that it may please His Divine Majesty to direct them to that issue which shall be most to His service, the exaltation of His church and the good and preservation of Christendom, which is my only object and desire."

Not even King Philip could command sincerity in these services of thanksgiving. Still isolated, unapproachable, patient in the Escorial, he might really believe it was all for the best. He could talk of refitting the fleet for next spring. But he could not carry the nation with him. Spain mourned aloud and with such abandon that the Venetian Ambassador, reporting the phenomenon of the King's sublime faith, added:

"The cry of his people goes up to Heaven."

XXVII

The Golden Moment Passes

HEAVEN itself was not more unresponsive to the cry of his people than Philip. He had said he felt "some regret" for the loss of the Armada, and that was as much sympathy as he expressed for the sufferings of his subjects. He had his attention fixed on higher things, and it did not occur to him that common mortals deserved any sympathy from him. They had done no more than their duty in obeying their sovereign's commands. He felt himself to be a magnanimous monarch in not expecting them to do more. His message to the Cortes, in which he suggested that something must be done, was a scrawl of only half a dozen lines in which the reference to the disaster was contained in these words:

"I have consumed my patrimony. The cause is God's and touches the honour of myself and my kingdom."

Having invited the Cortes to repair the damage, Philip abandoned himself more than ever to his papers. He thought that this was the way to renew the nation's strength. Except for a tremendous flow of edicts, orders and advice from his pen, the people would hardly have known they had a King, for they never saw him. Even foreign ambassadors were denied audience. Only a few of the Council of State were, after many weeks, admitted to interrupt the royal labours. In His Majesty's cabinet a great quiet prevailed.

Everywhere else it was different. The nation was alive with an intensity which had been unknown for a generation and more. The first numbing surprise, the first stunning shock of grief passed, and

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the cry of mourning was drowned by a cry for revenge. Spain became united in that spirit of self sacrifice which only war seems able to engender. The people forgot that they were poor. They remembered that Spaniards were a race of conquerors and had been humiliated. It was intolerable that the insult should not be wiped out with the blood of Englishmen. Individuals and municipalities that had for years denounced the tax rate with fervid eloquence, eagerly offered more than their share to avenge the catastrophe. Those who still had money pressed it as a loan upon the government which had exhausted its legitimate credit. Those who were as poor as the government offered men for the new fleet or food to supply it or the labour of their hands to build it. Not since Ferdinand and Isabella had completed the Reconquest had there been such a frenzy of patriotic excitement in the peninsula. Spain was prepared to put forth her strength in real earnest, aflame with the hot enthusiasm that hardly recognizes the obstacles over which it triumphs. The nation — “wakened, not weakened,” a contemporary thought — needed only a leader to brave the whole world.

Philip, old and gouty, pedantic, unimaginative, solitary, was without one single quality that such a leader ought to possess. Bent over papers, jotting down comments and corrections, engrossed in details, shrinking from the gaze of men, he never even knew that there had been a glorious opportunity which he missed. An enthusiast, splendidly reckless, eager for action, one in feeling with common folk, a little mad but with his madness attuned to the popular passion might have led his country to victories which would be all the more glorious because of the defeat which had preceded them.

Philip, who had never had a real enthusiasm in his life, who prided himself on his prudence, scarcely understood that a wave of belligerency was sweeping over the land. Certainly he did not partake of it. He was still relying on Time. Nor could he adapt his broken down system of administration to the new spirit.

The Cortes, joining the craze for revenge while still animated

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by parliamentary distrust of government spending departments, offered millions for a new armada, even for such an armada as Santa Cruz had planned, with the sole provision that agents of the legislature should superintend the expenditure in order to avoid speculation. The King thought too highly of his royal dignity and authority to consent. In language that chilled all patriotic warmth, he told the Cortes to mind its own business, to vote the millions in God's name but not to dare hint again at any encroachment on the royal prerogative. The spokesmen of the Spanish cities, brought back to earth by this rebuff, reverted to their more normal attitude when asked for funds. They had not, in their excitement, thought about means of raising these millions from an impoverished although willing people. Now they argued and figured and protested until all desire for sacrifice had gone out of them. They finally agreed on a vote of 8,000,000 ducats spread over four years, but when definite taxes were proposed to realize this sum, they began the weary debate all over again and the treasury remained empty.

The golden moment was gone. Popular enthusiasm, left to waste itself in words and empty gestures, vanished as completely as Spain's sea power. The people sank back into lethargy, each man thinking in these bad times only of his own preservation or mourning his own losses. Now that they had been given time to recover their usual apathy, they began to understand something of their calamity. Spain was a ruined country. Farms were abandoned, cities decaying, men starving and out of work. Every ship to America was crowded with those who retained enough energy to seek a new fortune. The towns were full of shabby idlers talking about the great days of the past, and a shrewd observer wrote:

"The truth is that the Kingdom is totally exhausted. Scarce any man has money or credit, and those who have it do not employ it for trade or profit but hoard it to live as sparingly as possible in hope that it may last them to the end. Thus comes the universal poverty of all classes. There is not a city or a town but has lost

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largely in population as is seen by the multitude of closed and empty houses and the fall in the rents of the few that are inhabited."

The war fever had died while Philip considered what to do next, and although there was a show of activity in the shipyards, although there were more royal proclamations about God's cause, although the leadership of sea affairs was entrusted to men who knew something about them, the people shrugged their shoulders and sneered:

"Last year we had an armada without a chief; this year chiefs but no armada."

Even the news that the English, flushed with last year's victory, were fitting out a splendid force to conquer Portugal for Don Antonio failed to rouse the spirit of combat. The people waited with the patience of despair for what might happen, although at last Philip really tried to inspire them to defend his realms. His inspiration was of a poor quality. He could only send out orders to rush reinforcements to the Cardinal Archduke Albert in Lisbon and to deport some seventy of the most influential Portuguese nobles into Spain lest they rally the people to rebellion.

Luckily the English were quite as incapable as the Spaniards of a great, sustained naval effort far from home. Nor was it intended to be quite as overwhelming as the first alarmist reports to Spain had indicated. Elizabeth, never very daring, entrusted the venture to a joint stock company in which she and most of her ministers took shares. The naval command was committed to the popular hero, Drake; the land forces were led by Sir John Norris, a hard old soldier who had seen service in the Flemish wars. Drake, unequalled in the foresight with which he prepared and the daring with which he executed an enterprise that needed only a few hundred men, was out of his element, rendered cautious by more responsibility than he had ever had before. Neither his genius nor his experience were of the sort which fit a man to handle an expedition of nearly two hundred small ships and over twenty thou-

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sand men. The victuallers proved to be of the same greedy breed as their Spanish colleagues, and after a week at sea the men began to sicken from rotten food, bad beer and foul water.

However, they managed to get started in good time. At the end of April, Norris took his men ashore at Corunna—the leaders could not resist the temptation to loot—although Lisbon was their goal. They sacked the lower town, cutting the throats of five hundred citizens who surrendered, and wasted nearly three weeks in vain, half-hearted assaults upon the upper city. The soldiers, mostly untrained ruffians who had been recruited by promises of plunder under the incomparable Drake, were usually drunk on Spanish wine, the only form of booty left in the impoverished country. When they were fit for duty they devastated the rural districts around Corunna, killing every human being they found.

Little richer than when they left home, they set off for Lisbon. Drake landed the army again, nearly 14,000 men, forty miles from the capital so that the Portuguese along the coast might be encouraged to join during the march. Albert, informed by his uncle that aid would be slow in coming, was terrible in his determination to repel the invaders. He had only two or three thousand men to fight the English and intimidate the natives, but he performed the latter task while Norris was wasting time at Corunna. Ruthlessly he killed, imprisoned and fined all suspected of inclinations to treason. Hardly any Portuguese rallied to Don Antonio.

Three days after Norris reached the city and opened a formal siege, the first faint trickle of reinforcements sent by Philip—only five hundred soldiers but almost all the mighty empire could collect on short notice—slipped through the English lines. With the veteran's contempt for undisciplined troops, they insisted on sallying out at once while Albert kept up a lively fire from the walls. The five hundred were, of course, beaten back, but they took the heart out of Norris's sick and hungry rabble. Two days later the siege was raised. Norris dared the Spaniards to come out and fight like men. The gallant young Earl of Essex challenged any gentle-

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man to single combat. Norris was ignored; Essex's herald was informed he was lucky not to be hanged for an impudent fool. The invaders packed up and departed.

Then the Spaniards did come out, harrying the retreating army sadly. The unhappy troops embarked in a dead calm which held Drake's ships in helpless immobility while a Spanish galley dashed out to capture three of his ships and burn another before the breeze rose. The food for the fleet was all rotten by now, and men died in hundreds every day. Only 5,000 soldiers got home again, about the same proportion as had survived on the Invincible Armada. They died from the same causes — bad victuals and overcrowding.

Spain had small reason to rejoice over the repulse of the English. The country's complete helplessness was apparent to the world. She was protected only by her great name and the remarkably poor pickings that an invading army could hope to acquire. It would never be worth while to attempt more than a raid on coast cities, and there was a strong suspicion that Spain aroused could still be a mighty foe. Yet in the stagnation of all effort, not even the coast cities were put in any condition to defend themselves. Philip issued innumerable orders to see to it, but his officers hardly attempted to obey since the sinews of war never accompanied the instructions.

Only the annual plate fleet could call forth any semblance of vitality, and that was a nervous vitality. Spain lived for the arrival of the American treasure, which was mined in ever-increasing amounts, but she had lost command of the seas and worried horribly until the gold and silver came safely to port. An escort powerful enough to cope with the English was out of the question.

In this emergency, Philip proved again that with many years of drilling, he could learn. He took a lesson from the English. He ordered the precious cargoes consigned in new, very fast little vessels so heavily armed they could beat off an ordinary privateer and so speedy they could escape from any man of war. Thanks to these craft, the English never succeeded in taking a whole plate fleet, although they tried often.

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If Philip had learned anything else than this from the great failure, it was not apparent. His routine remained exactly the same as before; his calm was undisturbed, even when he received the final blow of the Pope's refusal to pay his promised subsidy. Sixtus sensibly said that as Spanish troops had not landed in England he was not bound. He could not remember having urged the expedition. Olivares raged and stormed in the most disrespectful manner. He was full of bitter schemes for punishing the Holy Father, but Philip would not forget for a moment that he had once fought a war only so he might be considered the most obedient son of the Holy See.

His life was not at all changed by the disaster; he could afford to keep his temper. His servants might not be paid, but he maintained as of old the ponderous, pompous, monotonous splendour of the Burgundian court. Every Cortes protested against the expense and begged him in lengthy, subservient petitions to return to the simple ways of the old Spanish kings. Philip liked the burdensome etiquette and display rather less than his subjects, but his father had given it to him, and his father had been a very wise man. To every petition, Philip returned the same answer: "We have seen this and will consider what is fitting." Yet he avoided the ceremoniousness of court functions whenever he could; gout and age gave him ample excuse to indulge a taste for solitude. He preferred to live as quietly as is permitted to royalty. The severe, drawn, cold expression of his face was lightened only when someone praised Princess Isabella's looks or Catherine made him a grandfather — this happened nine times — or young Philip walked gracefully before him in a religious procession to welcome the holy relics of a saint.

He worked as conscientiously as ever, still believing that prosperity and power could be had by writing for them; for example, by granting the request of the Cortes for an embargo on "baubles, glassware, dolls, fancy knives and other knick-knacks from abroad." He and the Cortes agreed that the people wasted too much money on such trifles. Over his failures, Philip grieved no

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more than he had exulted over his successes. Shut off from reality by his exalted rank and his deliberate choice of seclusion, interrupted only by secretaries bearing reports, he felt himself aloof from the turmoil and suffering of the world. Unpitying, almost uninterested, he contemplated human concerns only as a reflection of the divine.

He knew that these apparent reverses must be furthering God's inscrutable purposes. No doubt the Lord wished to chastize mankind for its sins and test the faithful with this scourge of heresy. It comforted him to know that he himself had always performed his duty to the Almighty. He prayed for strength and guidance that he might continue to do so. This was as a King. As a father he felt genuine if mild regret that he had not been vouchsafed the pleasure of setting a crown upon darling Isabella's head.

Suddenly — it was September 3, 1589 — he saw it all clearly; Isabella had been kept from the throne of England in order that she might mount the throne of France. On this day he received news that Henry III had been murdered. It was disquieting to hear of such an end for one of the Lord's anointed, but there might be compensations for the dangerous example. With the last of the Valois dead, only the Salic Law and the renegade Henry de Bourbon stood in the way of the Princess's succession. Philip shut himself away more securely than ever, forbidding anyone to send him so much as a petition, while he considered his duty. It did not take long; his duty was plain. He must give Isabella her rightful place.

XXVIII

The Last Triumph

THE conquest of France! It was a rash undertaking for one who was called the Prudent and had just failed so completely to conquer England. Having accustomed his people over a reign of more than thirty years to be cautiously slow, Philip was swept into a war for which it was impossible to have been less prepared. He was feeling his age, and he knew he had only a little time in which to perform God's work. Nevertheless, he could not hurry. He knew war was coming, but he did very little about it.

He was not quite sure just what to do first. Perhaps it would be better to crush all opposition at once, but that was a little too risky. Perhaps the partition of France might pave the way to an easier conquest. Suppose he were to begin by giving Isabella only a portion? Brittany did not recognize the Salic Law and so belonged to the Infanta by right. The rest could be divided between his son-in-law Savoy, the Duke of Mayenne, the murdered Guise's brother, and Henry de Bourbon until Philip was ready to take it away from them. The Huguenot Henry would not compromise. He had already proclaimed himself King Henry IV and proceeded to express his determination by a series of victories over the Catholic chief, Mayenne.

While he waited to make up his mind, Philip recognized Henry's uncle, Cardinal de Bourbon, as King Charles X. The feeble old priest, feeble in both body and mind, was his nephew's prisoner and died within six months. Whereupon Philip formed a league

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with the Pope, despite the bitter experience of the armada. Under the terms of this agreement, the King of Spain was to name the new ruler of France; the Pope was to pay for an invading army and name its general. At the last moment His Holiness backed out, and again Olivares cursed Sixtus in his very presence for breach of faith and Philip refused to protest otherwise than politely. He decided, now that Henry was rapidly winning France to his side, to assert his real aims.

"The Infanta, my daughter," he wrote, "has undoubted rights not only to certain portions but to the whole of the Kingdom of France. The Salic Law and the customs of France cannot be alleged as obstacles."

He would no longer give Henry his French title of Vendôme, let alone Navarre, but referred to him contemptuously as "the Béarnais," from the place of his birth. He brushed aside as puerile the argument that a heretic could succeed to the throne. He ordered Farnese to drive the man out, and he devoted one of the richest American plate fleets to the work. Enough of the treasure trickled through the corrupt officialdom of Spain to raise an army and enable Farnese to prove in two campaigns that he knew more about war than Henry but less about the winning of French hearts. Margaret of Parma's brilliant son died, the Huguenot King decided Paris was worth a mass, the French Catholics gladly accepted his generous, politic forgiveness and the Pope accepted Henry as an obedient son of the Church. France was united after thirty years of civil war which left the country so desolate it might envy even ruined Spain, and Philip was protesting to His Holiness against recognizing the insincere conversion of a relapsed heretic who deserved nothing less than the stake.

"Let His Holiness be undeceived with regard to the supposed sincerity of the Béarnais," wrote His Catholic Majesty. "We might believe in it if he only asked to retire into a monastery and do penance, but as it is the means for him to succeed to the throne, it is clear it is only a pretence."

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However logical that may have seemed, a new Pope — Sixtus had died to the accompaniment of open rejoicing in Spain where he had never been forgiven for his niggardliness after the armada — absolved Henry for his sins. Isabella had lost another crown and Philip was left with a war on his hands. He could console himself with the reflection that he had kept France Catholic, his ostensible purpose, and that the Béarnais was scarcely more able to afford hostilities than he.

Defeated by his enemies abroad, Philip faced the prospect of being thwarted by a particularly annoying foe at home. Antonio Perez was defending himself with a cleverness that smacked of the diabolical. One of Escovedo's murderers was found willing to give evidence against the former secretary, but Philip did not propose to have the fellow condemned for this crime. He permitted Perez to buy off the Escovedo family. For 20,000 ducats the son forgave Perez "out of duty to God."

It was only a preliminary to the real trial. After only a few years of pondering, Philip had a plan. The King called upon the criminal to prove at this late date the accusations which had induced His Majesty to order the execution of Escovedo. Don Juan's name was not mentioned, nor would it be in Perez's reply, for Philip had been genuinely clever in wording this last attack. He did not offer any evidence which could compromise his reputation, and if Perez did so in his answer, he could be considered to have divulged State secrets — a capital offence. Yet if the dead hero's name were kept out, Perez could hardly make a satisfactory explanation. So it seemed. However, the wily fellow parried even this blow. He replied that the men who could prove the truth of his accusations against Perez were all dead.

There was nothing left but to torture him into a confession, no matter how the King's reputation might suffer. Eight turns of the rope stretched the prisoner's joints sufficiently to make him a most obliging witness against himself. He said nothing against His Majesty and as a reward he was permitted to have the company of

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his wife a few hours at a time during his convalescence from the torture.

One day, while the courts were leisurely preparing to condemn him on his own confession, Perez walked out of prison, clad in his wife's gown and long black veil. Horses waited, and by the time the trick was discovered, the fugitive had a good start. Pursuers arrived too late by minutes to catch him on the border between Castile and Aragon, and in Aragon the whole weary process had to be gone over again with added difficulties presented by the laws of the Kingdom.

Aragon possessed privileges against which Spanish rulers had chafed for a century. Ferdinand and Isabella had yearned for an Aragonese rebellion which would permit them to abolish the obstacles to absolutism. Charles had regretted that only Castile was concerned in the revolt which had been smashed at Villalar. A rule of habeas corpus still prevailed in Aragon and the courts were largely independent of the King. Even a sovereign was expected to prove his case against a subject. Another law stipulated that during the King's absence the government must be administered by a native of Aragon.

On this last point there was a long standing dispute with Philip, who was seldom in this kingdom and insisted he could appoint whom he pleased as viceroy. He was putting the matter to the test, having sent a Mendoza, the Marquis of Almenar, to represent him, and the Aragonese were greatly stirred about the liberties of their country. They welcomed Perez, a native of Aragon, as an unfortunate who was being persecuted by the arbitrary power against which they were protesting. They could not refuse to jail a man accused by the King of capital crimes, but they could and did refuse to surrender him to the sentence of death passed by the Castilian court after the prisoner had fled.

Philip had to institute a new suit in the antagonistic tribunals of Aragon. Here Perez was bolder than he could have been in Castile. He pleaded the royal warrant for Escovedo's murder and threw

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upon the King the burden of proving that it had been extorted by fraud. He even asserted flatly that His Majesty had ordered him to commit many crimes, murder and forgery among them, and he offered to furnish proof of his charges. The court asked for a refutation.

"I certify," Philip replied, "that the crimes of Perez are as enormous as ever a subject has had it in his power to commit against his King and lord."

The obstinate judges demanded more proof than the royal word, and Philip could only write:

"If it were possible for me to give an answer in the same public way that Perez has done, his guilt would be made manifest. My only object in the prosecution has been the public good. I cannot answer him further without betraying secrets which must not be revealed, involving persons whose reputations are of more importance than the punishment of this man."

The only reputation at stake was his own. He was determined to save it, in spite of the unpleasant revelations in the Aragon court. His Council advised him to have Perez killed secretly, and thus end the whole miserable business. Philip replied that means of murdering the traitor should be devised, but first he had another card to play. He would give legal machinery another chance, the legal machinery of the Inquisition. In the course of twelve years' imprisonment, Perez had been heard to utter some extremely suspicious exclamations. He had sworn: "If God the Father put an obstacle in the way of my justifying myself, I would cut off his nose." After the agony of the torture chamber he had cried: "God sleeps! God sleeps!" Philip submitted the remarks to the wisdom of his confessor. This expert wrote an elaborate report — he knew the King's predilection for detail — setting forth that the first remark was not only blasphemous and scandalous but alarmingly reminiscent of the Waldensian heresy in that it attributed to the Deity corporal existence and human members; to wit, a nose. The second ejaculation was equally heretical as implying that the Lord

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did not have that perfect care of justice which was His, according to the Church.

Obviously then, this was a case for the Inquisition. Philip sent his confessor's report to the Holy Office with a note requesting speedy action. Even the Inquisitors of Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, where Perez was confined, objected on the ground that the prosecution was political. Their superiors commanded them to obey, and they removed Perez to their prison. Instantly the mob was aroused. Yelling that the privileges had been abused, they descended upon the Inquisition headquarters and threatened to burn the building unless the prisoner were restored. They had their way and carried Perez in triumph to his own room in the city jail.

They might have been able to justify part of this procedure legally. There was no excuse, however, for an attack on the Marquis de Almenar, who had tried to argue with the crowd and died as a result of his injuries. That was rebellion, but Saragossa was not to be cowed. The mob went howling through the streets, roaring about their sacred liberties. Perez, who had been boasting he would make Aragon a republic unless restored to liberty and wealth, was released to escape alone over the Pyrenees and received a hearty welcome from Henry IV, while the citizens of Saragossa practically forced their chief justice, Juan de Lanuza, the principal Aragonese officer who served independent of the crown, to put himself at their head against the oppressor.

Philip was nursing his gout at the Prado, hobbling painfully on a stick about the lovely gardens on which he had lavished so much care, when news of doings in Saragossa was brought to him. Perez had fled, and that was hard to bear calmly, but the Aragonese were delivered into his hands. It was a fair exchange. He restrained his indignation as he permitted his attendants to help him to his desk.

He thought it one of the wise dispensations of a far-sighted Providence that he had an army on hand. He had scraped it together with great difficulty to serve in France, but now it could do better

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work nearer home. The rabble of Saragossa, with the reluctant Lanuza at their head, came out, took one look at the soldiers and fled back into the city. The orderly, steel-clad ranks met no opposition as they marched into the capital, bearing the gracious royal message: "My will has always been and is still to observe the privileges and to use all kindness that shall be possible." Of course, Philip added, clemency could hardly be expected to stretch to those who had defied him and the Inquisition. His general, moved by the meek submission of these citizens who had been such fire-eaters a few weeks before, advised him to grant a generous indemnity and promise to respect the privileges of the Aragonese, "about which they have run mad."

The King waited a month before he sent his answer. It was not his habit to forgive. Certainly he could not overlook this splendid opportunity for putting an end to these old-fashioned doctrines of the rights of the people to interfere with the will of the sovereign. The spirit of the age was all towards centralization of authority, and Aragon should be an obstacle no longer. Ignoring the general's plea, Philip sent commissioners to arrange for the abolition of all inconvenient laws and terrorize the people into acceptance. The commissioners carried, in addition to their formal papers, a memorandum written in His Majesty's own hand:

"You will cause Don Juan de Lanuza, chief justice of Aragon, to be taken and you will have his head cut off. I desire to hear of his death as soon as of his arrest."

It was done — and punctually — for the Inquisition coöperated to avenge the insult of the mob and reëstablish its prestige. Some of the highest nobles of Aragon were sacrificed, and the people were decimated as by a pestilence. The very hangman was executed by his own assistant. The whole programme of terror was carried out so thoroughly that there was no objection when the Aragonese Cortes, summoned by Philip, abolished the privileges for which the mob had promised to die. The King even denied the Cortes the customary honour of his presence. He permitted the kingdom to retain

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all the old forms, but the officials who had been the safeguard of the sacred liberties were henceforth appointed and removed at royal pleasure.

Only when this had been ratified, would Philip consent to enter Aragon. He wished now to be preceded by a general pardon, but the Inquisition, once aroused, was not to be lightly appeased. The Holy Office refused His Majesty's repeated requests for clemency, insisting no one would be forgiven who would not beg for it in person and thus publicly confess his fault. It was not quite what Philip wanted, but he had to be content.

He remained sufficiently implacable not to be willing to visit Saragossa. The capital was moved to Taragona where, in an interval of comparative freedom from gout, he permitted himself to be invested in the splendid trappings of royalty and showed himself to his people. They were as pleased to see him as if the famous privileges had never existed. There were the usual bullfights and processions and an *Auto de Fé*. There were the usual cheering crowds, the usual elaborate ceremonies. Those who might have sighed for the lost liberties were dead.

Consequently, there was only one slight flaw in the last triumph Philip was ever to gain on earth. He had established his unquestioned authority over the Aragonese as his ancestors had vainly sought to do for a hundred years. He had united the entire peninsula into a single unit, obedient to a single will and that will his. He was King of Spain in every sense of the word. But as he sat enthroned high above the people, surrounded by tapestries and gorgeously attired gentlemen, looking down upon the rows of convicts furnished by the Inquisition for this celebration of the royal visit, he saw that Antonio Perez was there to be burned only in effigy. The savour departed from his victory over the mob. One man had escaped the vengeance of King Philip, and King Philip was a lover of thoroughness.

XXIX

Delusions of Grandeur

WITH the last triumph of his statesmanship, vanished the last remnants of Philip's health. He was always ill; pain seldom left him, and his shrunken body yielded with difficulty an occasional ounce or two of blood to the lancet. The gout spread to his arms; fevers returned with increasing frequency and violence.

Yet the days on which he could not work were few. Most of his time was spent at his desk. His writing had become rather more illegible than usual, but he was as industrious and serene as ever. As he bent over his papers, he was a pitifully dried-up little old man with a bald head, quite unable to walk, but his mind was that of the young King with the golden hair and graceful step who had succeeded the Emperor forty years ago. His mind had not aged, perhaps because it had always been old. His manner, too, was unchanged. Pain could not affect his calm nor his habit of lengthy deliberation nor his kindness to servants. Fever—it must have been the fever—made him rather more optimistic than he had been in youth.

He was very far from despair even when money became so scarce in the Kingdom that men could not pay their debts. He had a remedy for such a condition. He ordered a complete moratorium until the plate fleet arrived, and he was rewarded for his refusal to worry, for the fleet proved to be by far the richest ever seen, so rich that it lent a fictitious glow of prosperity to the moribund economics of Spain. Closely following this good cheer came glad tid-

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ings that seemed especially designed to brighten Philip's sixty-ninth birthday.

An English expedition had been fitted out at great expense under Drake and the only slightly less dreaded Hawkins to catch this wonderful plate fleet. The attempt ended in miserable failure and the death of both leaders. The seas appeared to a Spaniard to be much safer now that the two peerless buccaneers were gone.

The wars in France and Flanders also took a brief turn for the better. Archduke Albert was directing both for his uncle, having left the peninsula just when Quiroga vacated the See of Toledo at last but before he had time to be consecrated in it. His brother Ernest, who had succeeded Farnese in the Netherlands, died in the midst of his troubles, and Albert was despatched to take his place. The Cardinal Archduke had become so indispensable to Philip that men said he would renounce his ecclesiastical status and marry the Infanta Isabella. Meanwhile he was still a Churchman and had signalized his rule in Flanders by capturing Calais from the French. It was the greatest exploit by either side in this slow, languid, wasting war which neither could afford.

All this good news, arriving within the space of a few days, ended a superstitious scare at Court. Philip was so ill that he had been obliged to perform his Easter devotions from his bed, and on Good Friday there had been an eclipse! Surely, said the Court, this blotting out of the sun must portend some great evil, but it was now obvious that the evil was for Spain's enemies, and the King's birthday passed merrily with the King sufficiently recovered to sit up and watch the dancing.

He could also sit up and work. He was confident that at last his patience and dutiful attention to God's cause were to be rewarded with victory. He had passed the test of adversity, and no doubt the Lord meant to continue to smile upon the efforts of Philip, His servant. The royal treasury was full, thanks to the huge windfall from America, and if the royal debts were left unpaid a little longer something worthy of Spain's great name might

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be effected. Philip resolved to have another try at England. Of course there would be no question of a second Invincible Armada, but at the very least the expedition ought to be able to take Ireland and save the unfortunate island for the Catholics. From here Elizabeth could be harried unceasingly. So again the shipyards were busy, the work proceeding as slowly, badly and dishonestly as ten years before.

As usual the English were more prompt in getting under way. Very early on a July morning, a courier rode into Toledo, where Philip had been carried to meet the Cortes, with a report that Essex's English fleet had taken Cadiz, burned all the ships in the harbour and sacked the town, one of the very few in Spain still worth looting. Philip was asleep after an unusually severe bout of pain and his officers refused to disturb him. The courier bore, in addition to facts, rumours that the English would hold Cadiz as a base for further operations inland. No one would venture to do anything because all knew that the King would want to direct any action. The Council waited helplessly until he should be awake and dressed.

The danger stimulated Philip beyond all expectations. His attendants marvelled that he seemed to have found new life; he actually managed to walk a few steps for the first time in weeks. Here was a situation that required the activity of his pen, and his few steps took him to his desk where he at once began to write orders to this one and that for troops to converge on Cadiz, for big guns in case the invaders tried to hold their conquest, for precautions to guard the new fleet now being built. As he wrote, the English were on their way home with their loot, which was just as well, for the King's orders were obeyed more slowly than written. Essex's expedition was not equipped to make embarrassing conquests, and the English did not know a new Spanish armada was in the making.

Indeed, Philip kept the secret of these ships so well that the English never heard of them until they were lost. The armada



PHILIP'S ROOM IN THE ESCORIAL

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started out well enough with the blessings of the nation, for this war was popular after the burning of Cadiz. The people were by no means heated to the fury of patriotism that had followed the destruction of the Invincible Armada, but they were sufficiently stirred that Prince Philip caught the infection of enthusiasm and begged to be allowed to take command in person against the English. His father peremptorily refused; he did not like his children to take risks.

The King was very hopeful, for he had still to learn that God was not always so obliging with the weather as His servant would like, and that it was sinful tempting of Providence to send navies to sea late in the season. Early in October, he ordered special prayers for the success of the royal plans (which were not named) and the strains of the psalm "Contra Paganos" were heard in every church. Towards the end of the month the fleet slipped out on its mission to surprise England. That country was quite unprepared and not at all worried, for the Essex expedition was supposed to have revealed the harmlessness of Spain, but the elements fought for Elizabeth. The autumn winds provided her with a stronger bulwark than any navy, and thirty of the Spanish ships were lost as the entire armada fled before the storm. The greatest treasure ever brought from America had been dissipated.

With a wonderful perseverance, which if he had been a more successful man would have won the admiration of posterity, the King would not acknowledge that he was beaten. Next year, he said, he would try again and he considered where he would get the money to do so.

His creditors would have been the despair of a ruler less inured to debt. They had been getting twenty per cent interest on the last loans. Flemish and Italian bankers and the German Fuggers held most of the royal Spanish paper and the normal revenues of Spain were pledged to them so far in advance that they would never get their principal. Naturally they would lend no more to equip still another fleet. In this emergency Philip cut himself loose

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from both debt and credit at a single stroke. He cancelled all his mortgages, announcing that he would keep his taxes for himself. He would get along without borrowing and the heretics should see what Spain could do when unburdened by interest payments. It was the first time since he inherited his father's obligations that Philip had been free of the bankers.

Without them, he found, Spain could not do as much as he had thought. The revenues were woefully small and only the utmost stretching of them would enable the collection of 12,000 men and nearly two hundred very little ships—the small French vessels were no longer disdained. Again the fleet put to sea late in the season to surprise Ireland and prepare that island as a base for the invasion of England. It was again an opportune moment if the weather held, for most of the English navy was lurking about the Azores in hope of intercepting the plate fleet. The Spanish ships, unopposed, were actually within sight of England when the usual change of wind drove them back. This armada was luckier than its predecessors, however, for there was little loss.

The country was losing its illusions about the irresistible might of Spain. Even Philip, in moments comparatively free of fever, seemed to realize that he was no longer feared. So many of his enemies had prospered while he had grown poor and old and weak. His grip was so feeble now that he was not sure of being able to resist a ridiculous threat of revolt in Portugal, a revolt led by a Lisbon friar and a Castilian pastry cook. The cook resembled the young crusading King Sebastian, and the Portuguese peasantry had always refused to believe Sebastian was really dead. They had evolved a very pretty legend of his escape, his wanderings in exile and the certainty of his one day returning to claim his own.

The pastry cook was neither the first nor the last to capitalize the story, but he introduced what might have proved an additionally popular note of romance. He and the friar secured the jewels and the support of Don Juan's illegitimate daughter, Ana, whose relationship to the hero of Lepanto might be expected to

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attract adventurers. Ana had none of her father's charm, much of his ambition and even less common sense than he had possessed. She was very weary of life in a convent, where she had been placed in childhood, and she was readily persuaded by the Portuguese friar, who confessed the nuns, that God meant her to become Queen of Portugal by marrying Sebastian.

Of course Philip heard about it; his secret service was the last branch of his administration to disintegrate, but he was by no means sure he could find the forces necessary to suppress the conspiracy. He wrote a great many letters suggesting expedients for sending troops that were not enlisted by means of a transport service that was not organized. He need not have betrayed his weakness so openly. The rebellion collapsed without a struggle, enabling him to decree death for the cook and the friar, the whipping post or the galleys for their followers, and the loss of the title of "Excellency" for his niece.

A King who could not find the forces to deal with such a trifling plot could hardly be expected to fight an energetic war with France. The struggle had degenerated into a series of depredations upon inoffensive people by roving, unpaid armies. The Pope, alarmed by the way in which the two strongest Catholic countries were ruining each other, offered to mediate. He approached Philip first, for the King of Spain was known to hate war even when he was better able to wage it than now. Philip thought it did not become the Most Catholic King to treat with a relapsed heretic, as he insisted upon calling Henry. It took some time to argue these scruples away. Then Henry proved a stumbling block. He insisted on including his English and Dutch allies in the peace, and this Philip would not tolerate. The negotiations dragged along as slowly as the war until at last it appeared that Henry was weakening, that he was unwilling to fight for others now that his own case was won. Philip was agreeing to favourable terms, including the restoration of Calais, and Henry had plenty of work to keep him busy in France without wasting his strength in foreign war.

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The Béarnais was safe on his throne at last, and Philip's favourite child still had no kingdom to call her own. She was more than thirty, too — very old for a royal maiden, especially a Hapsburg, to be unmarried. She had been the greatest catch in Europe ever since Elizabeth of England had definitely retired from the matrimonial market, but Philip could not bear to part with her. Now that he knew death was soon going to make separation inevitable, he was eager to see her settled with a husband and states of her own. His paternal solicitude on this score prompted him to the most statesmanlike decision of a long life, although he did not appreciate it. He announced he would bestow the Netherlands and her cousin, Albert, upon Isabella as soon as the Cardinal Archduke could be released from religious vows.

For nearly a century, Spain and the Netherlands had been tied together, limping along, full of hatred because of the drags each had imposed upon the other. The Dutch had broken away to play their own hand and become a great power. The Belgian provinces were losing their trade. Spain, drained by the long, hopeless struggle to subordinate these people to her interests, was rapidly sinking from her proud preëminence in Europe. No man could possibly rule two countries whose destinies were in part bitterly opposed and in part hopelessly divergent. Philip had done it rather more ineptly than most, but not even his father had been able to do much better in essentials. No king could if he took a proper view of his duties in that age when monarchs were supposed to rule.

Consequently, the decision to divide his heritage was a far wiser one than Philip could understand, for it offered both Spain and Flanders an opportunity to go their respective ways in peace. Yet the King was beset with fears that he was not doing his duty by the empire which he had inherited and which he had nearly ruined by efforts to keep it together. He eased his conscience in this regard by hedging the gift to Isabella with conditions which might preserve the unity of his domains. Her descendants were never to marry without the consent of the King of Spain; if her heir should

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be a woman, she should marry a Spanish prince; if her direct line died out, the states were to revert to the Spanish crown. As she and Albert were childless, the incubus was soon restored to Spain, but Philip was content. He had made Isabella a sovereign ruler.

XXX

Lesson in Mortality

TOO ill to move, Philip lay in a great canopied bed in the palace at Madrid worrying about Isabella while round him the doctors fussed hopelessly, trying in vain to think of something that would be a change from bleeding the patient, whose veins seemed to have run dry. The King paid them little attention. He was muttering that if he died his son would never consent to give up the Netherlands, and the papers had not yet been drafted for Philip's signature. He was afraid he had waited too long, that his old ally, Time, had deserted him.

He was wrong. Time, who played him false when he did not know it, was on his side now. Unmolested by the physicians, he recovered sufficiently to dictate the instrument for the cession of Flanders to Isabella. His children and a few witnesses were present, and young Philip with his father's eyes upon him signed the document, swearing upon the Gospels and a crucifix to observe its conditions faithfully. He was a good boy but careless, Philip thought, as he listened. The sick man felt much better and he smiled, whispering that the Infanta looked remarkably pretty. When the witness for Flanders kneeled to kiss her plump little hand, the King called to her to place a hand on her new subject's shoulder. Such, he remembered, was the custom in the Low Countries.

The ceremony had cheered him so greatly that for the joint celebration of his seventy-first birthday and Isabella's new honours, he invited the Court to hold the festival ball in his immense

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apartment. Propped up by pillows against which his lean bald head seemed very small, he nodded approval as he watched the ladies and gentlemen moving with slow and stately grace through the complicated measures of the dance. There was only one faint note of discord in the extremely restrained, decorous sporting. Young Philip wanted to dance with other ladies than his sister, and of course the King would not permit such a forgetfulness of rank on a state occasion. He was, however, noticeably pleased as the Prince led Isabella out upon the floor. They were like their father, he remarked, remembering how fond he had been of this diversion and how well he had danced. Those days seemed more than fifty years ago.

He sent them away at last, but he was restless. He, who had been accused in early manhood of oversleeping, was no longer able to sleep at all. For a few weeks more he continued to consider affairs, dictate letters, listen to reports, all of which were gloomy. He even thought of attempting an excursion to Segovia, but changed his mind, saying that he would prefer to make the journey to the Escorial since he must go there one day and would rather do it living than dead. So to the Escorial he went, carried in a litter on the shoulders of footmen to save the pain of jolting, for his gout was very bad.

He had become familiar with pain, accepting it with the serenity that had greeted less personal disasters. He lay on his small, common, not very comfortable couch, so placed in the bare little room that in his illness he could gaze down into the church and see the altar. He did not curse his lot, even when the withered, overtaxed body broke out in gangrenous sores; he knew that he would soon pass into a better life. His knee, enormously swollen by gout, had been cut and was festering; his arm was useless; he was covered with ulcers; fever burned in the meagre frame. As fast as news could travel, the world learned that Philip of Spain was near death.

The doctors remained with him although they were quite power-

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less to cure him or relieve his agony. They did not even try. They refrained from washing the running sores in order to save the patient the agony of movement, shook their heads wisely and assured the dying man's children that he could not possibly live more than four days.

He survived for nearly eight weeks, passing through every gradation of torture to a certain numbness beyond, never speaking a harsh or bitter word, never crying out, never complaining. He endured, with the fortitude of a martyr, agonies as horrible as any which men had ever suffered by his orders. He was spared only one discomfort of most dying kings; his room was not crowded with courtiers worrying about the future. Few could bear the stench from his unclean body and only those who had business in the sickroom invaded Philip's privacy.

Patiently as always, the King waited for death. He was well prepared. His will, an enormously lengthy document, had been made four years before. In it he called upon all the saints to intercede for his soul's salvation; he provided in minute detail for all his servants; he gave directions for a simple funeral and elaborate memorial masses. He had also drawn up two packets of advice for his son, urging the Prince to safeguard religion and rule his people justly.

"I pray you," he added, "have a great care and regard for your sister."

Now he had done with writing; the tireless hand had scrawled its last memorandum. He regretted nothing, would change nothing, had no more earthly desires. He would not even hurry the end to save himself pain. However long he might linger, it was none too long to prepare his soul for eternity.

Day after day in the comparative solitude which he had always sought, King Philip lay with his face turned to the little window through which he could see the altar. Murmuring his prayers, he was grateful that he could hear the monks chanting the hymns which were pleasing to God. When they had finished, it was very

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quiet in the room. It was almost equally quiet outside. Men spoke in hushed voices, rapidly, furtively, about the changes that would inevitably be made by a new King.

Among lesser folk, whom such changes could hardly affect, there was premature mourning for "Philip the Prudent." His people had been told of his virtues so often and had had so many proofs of his good intentions—they had only to read the vast catalogue of royal proclamations for their good—that he would have been popular even without the glamour that surrounds the unknown. Few of his subjects could remember the early days when he had been seen of all men in procession or court or festival. He was a legend, and no other news could compete in popular interest with the bulletins of his progress towards the tomb. Famine swept the land, but outside the empty bakers' shops hungry folk spoke of Philip. False alarms that the English fleet was about to sack another city were less alarming because citizens of threatened districts were anxiously awaiting the courier from Escorial. The terms of the treaty with France were published without meeting the protests that might have been expected if the King had not been dying.

The people were not informed fully of the horror of the little room through which the tones of mass resounded mellowly and where a man was literally rotting to death. So slowly did death approach that it was more than a month after gangrene set in that Philip believed himself sufficiently far gone to take extreme unction. The Prince and Isabella were summoned to watch, and both wept as the priests gathered round their father, who for days had scarcely been able to whisper but from somewhere mustered strength to make his responses in a normal tone.

The priests left, and the Prince was about to follow them when the voice emerging from the mass of slow decay which was the ruler of the mightiest empire on earth called him back. King Philip was about to give his last advice, and although he himself

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was the object lesson, he spoke in the calm, even manner which had distinguished his utterances throughout life.

"I had meant to spare you this scene, but I wish you to see how the monarchies of the earth end," he murmured with some difficulty after the strain of the sacrament. "You see that God has denuded me of all the glory and majesty of a monarch in order to hand them to you. You are young as I was once. My days are numbered and draw to a close. The tale of yours God alone knows, but they too must end."

He seemed to be trying to speak further but his strength was exhausted and he could not. Perhaps it was hardly necessary to point the moral more plainly; the miserable condition of his body was a sufficient lesson in mortality. At any rate, Philip had done his duty. He considered nothing but his own soul now, and during his last ten days he spoke only of the next world. He begged his children not to shed so many tears; he was confident that he would be granted far greater happiness than he had known on earth. His only wish was to receive viaticum again, but he could no longer swallow. At last, just before midnight on September 12, 1598, the watchers were sure only a few minutes remained to him. Hastily they prepared to light a specially blessed candle which he had procured long ago to illumine his last moments, but Philip could still speak.

"Not yet," he muttered, and they drew back while the minutes dragged on into hours.

The King's face was still turned towards the altar. His breathing was scarcely perceptible, but his eyes blinked occasionally. He seemed to be waiting. Then, just as the blackness of night lightened slightly and the choir in the church below sang the first notes of early mass, his lips moved.

"Give it me," he whispered. "It is time now."

They slipped the candle into one limp, almost fleshless hand and a plain wooden crucifix, the crucifix that the Emperor Charles had kissed in his last moment on earth, into the other. The Em-

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peror's son was no longer capable of such a devout gesture, but he gazed steadily at the bit of stick. He was still looking upon it when he gasped quickly twice and although his eyes remained open, it was obvious that he saw the Cross no more. The choristers were still chanting the praises of the Lord.

The Scapegoat

NEVER had the Spanish people mourned any ruler save Isabella the Catholic as they mourned King Philip. For nine days there were continuous prayers for his soul in every church; for nine days and nights the bells never ceased tolling a melancholy, monotonous dirge of death. These were the usual formalities of a royal funeral, but popular feeling was displayed more spontaneously and sincerely as Philip, with the complete lack of pomp he had ordered, was buried beside three of his wives and five of his children in the Escorial.

The number of his years and the length of his reign were in themselves enough to win popularity. No nation has ever resisted the appeal which great age makes as it battles with its infirmities to remain at the head of affairs. Men become accustomed to the old, familiar chief; they take pride in his durability; they enjoy telling the hoary stories of his idiosyncrasies; they respect his vast experience; they sympathize with his sorrows and share his joys; they admire the venerable tone he imparts to governments. But Philip had a stronger hold on the affections of his people than that he was seventy-one and had reigned for more than forty years. All his life he had shown a steady bias towards Spain and Spaniards; he had been just and generous; he had set a highly approved example of piety. Most of his people partook to a greater or less degree of his bigotry and they had not yet learned to blame him for their declining greatness. In 1598 they would overwhelmingly have endorsed the verdict of the Venetian Ambassador:

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"Although change is usually popular, yet nobles and people, rich and poor, universally show great grief. On great occasions, in the conduct of wars, in feeding the civil disturbances in France, in the magnificence of his buildings, His Majesty never counted the cost; he was no close reckoner, but lavished his gold without thought. In short, he has left a glorious memory of his royal name, which may serve as an example not only to his posterity and his successors, but to strangers as well."

The rejoicing of his enemies was as splendid a tribute as the sorrow of his friends. Protestant Europe and Moslem Africa received the news of his death with profound gratitude. Hardly anyone disputed his reputation for wisdom, prudence and skill.

Before many years had passed, all that was changed. As Spain grew weaker and weaker, men traced the beginning of the decline to the reign of Philip II and said he must have been responsible for it. Within a century the Dutch, whom he had despised, assumed a larger share in the disposal of his throne than Philip's imbecile great-grandson, who occupied that throne. During the intervening years of religious warfare even more cruel than he had known, Philip became a legend. Posterity, rushing to extremes, argued that he was either a saint or a devil.

Catholics as bigoted as he had been saw nothing but perfection in his every act. A holy man, he was sometimes defeated by diabolical wiles, they said. Protestants, more vociferous and more generally heeded, described him as a fiend revelling in blood, lust, treachery and persecution. "The Spider of the Escorial," they called him and, because he was always working, said that he must be always plotting evil. What was black murder, criminal delay, outrageous suppression of free thought by Philip became triumphant justice, admirable caution, enlightened defence of the Truth on the part of English Elizabeth. Philip was a wicked liar; William of Orange was a subtle statesman. Philip, who never shrank from carrying out what he thought was the will of God and was painfully consistent in matters of faith, was a hypocrite.

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Elizabeth, Orange and Henry of Navarre, who changed their religion to suit their politics, were godly persons. Philip, who burned people for holding harmless opinions which he considered blasphemous, was a ghoul. Calvin, who also burned people for holding harmless opinions which he considered blasphemous, was a Reformer. Philip was trying to sneak into Heaven by the back-door when he asked to be buried in a frock of the Third Penitential Order of St. Francis. Columbus and Cervantes displayed their genuine piety by making the same request. Philip gratified a shameless vanity by using the public funds of ruined Spain to build the Escorial in a desert. Henry of Navarre, whom France calls "the Great," proved himself a man and a devil of a fine fellow by using the equally public funds of an equally impoverished people to gratify his mistresses.

In addition to proven crimes, it was written as incontrovertible fact that Philip had murdered Don Carlos, killed Isabella of the Peace, debauched Ruy Gomez's wife, poisoned Don Juan, egged Alba on to ever increasing brutality in the Netherlands, organized Mary Tudor's bloody heresy hunt. The King of Spain had enough death and destruction on his soul, but ten generations of historians united to heap upon him the blame for most of the misery of the sixteenth century.

Yet Philip had qualities which would have won him immortal glory if he had been a little luckier. The colossal industry, the love of simplicity, the humility, the piety, the abstemious life, the strong domestic affections, the patience, the perseverance — how posterity would have applauded them! But these attributes are worthless in the management of an empire unless their possessor has the goddess of chance on his side. Philip was decidedly an unlucky King. At a time when religious preoccupations had made subjects singularly restive, he was called upon to rule dominions far too large to be kept together by any known system of statecraft.

Spain was not big enough to play the bully indefinitely to half the world. It had been one thing for the Hapsburgs to amass vast

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domains by conquest and marriage. It was quite another to hold the spoils together. Philip was born to the more difficult task. He bungled it badly, but no ruler or statesman of his generation showed any signs of understanding the realities of the situation well enough to have invented modern imperialism or something equally at odds with the spirit of their age.

Perhaps in Philip's place a Cecil or an Orange might have risen to the occasion, but Philip had no imagination. He took the policy that was given him in youth and he applied it more ruinously than would have been possible if he had been a fiend or a fool or indolent. If he had been any of these, he would not have been so stubborn in identifying his cause with God's. He would have bent a little to the storm. Spain would have lost the hegemony of Europe but might have preserved internal strength and prosperity.

Consequently, even in Spain Philip's reputation was not safe, for it was set upon too lofty a pedestal. The country's fall from preëminence in Europe obviously dates from his reign. Therefore, he is the most convenient person to charge with the paralysis of trade and industry, the reckless financing, the draining of the nation's energies by colonization and war, the deadly incubus of an intolerant Catholicism. His ancestors were too glorious, his descendants too negligible to be accused of destroying an empire. Philip, sharing neither the genius of his predecessors nor the vices of his successors, had the mistakes of both as well as his own failures set to his account.

His name is associated with the horrors of the Inquisition more than any other ruler's, although the Holy Office was founded by Isabella and finished its dirtiest work before Philip was born. He is made responsible for the bankruptcy of Spain, although the country was insolvent under his father, who promulgated more unsound economic regulations than all the rest of the Spanish kings put together. Philip's memory is execrated because a seemingly omnipotent Spain became the helpless prey of every little upstart country,

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although her power came to be despised only long after Philip was dead.

The world, which pays tribute of profound respect to success, has criticized Isabella and Charles lightly. Philip III, Philip IV and Charles II were incompetents and therefore ignored. Philip II could neither be excused for his triumphs nor dismissed with contempt. It was easier to label him "the Spider of the Escorial" and revile him as his country's curse. This reasoning caused the most instructive moral of his long life to be quite completely missed. The theory that he was an inhuman monster obscured the fact that he was a very ordinary sort of man, set apart from the common millions only by his rank, his sense of duty, his somewhat more than normal fanaticism and his imperviousness to the influence of better minds. It is strange that no moralist with a bent for interpreting the divine will has explained Philip as the Lord's warning against entrusting great power to sublime mediocrity. It is less strange that the warning has not been heeded.

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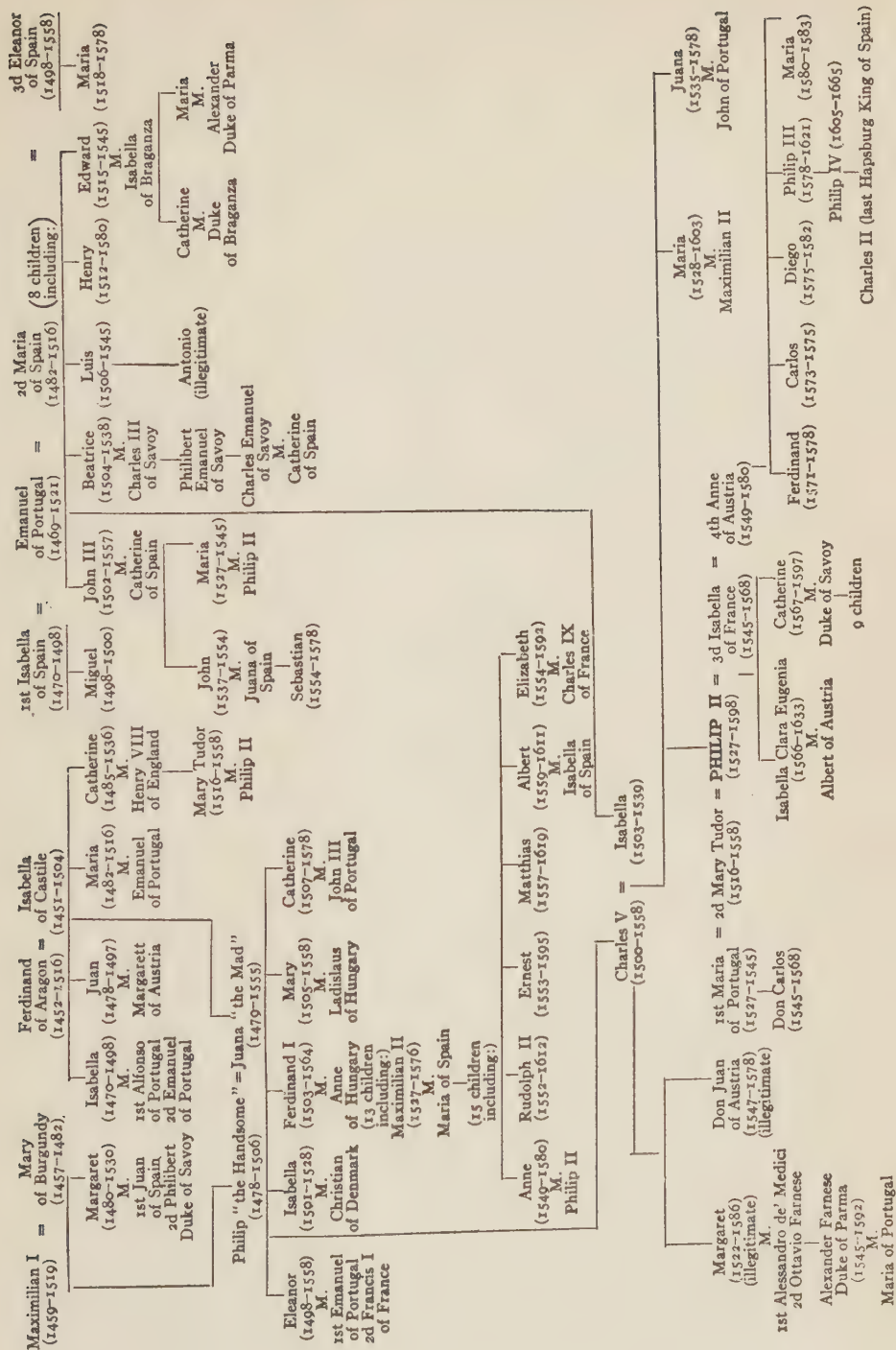
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